NON-PROFIT PUNK ROCK - WE DO OUR PART

RAZORCAKE

#106

PUNKS AND MENTAL HEALTH

MIGUEL CHEN
JONAS CANNON
JES SKOLNIK
JAMIE ROTANTE
HALEIGH BUCK

RAZORCAKE is a magazine dedicated to DIY punk, independent culture, and amplifying unheard voices. As a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization, we're sustained by subscriptions, donations, advertisements, and grants. All support is greatly appreciated. We feel when we work together, life is a little more bearable. On one side is a terrifying culture of manipulation, and on the other side are all of us.

MOST RECENT ISSUES: razorcake.org/back-issues

#103, April / May 2018

#104, June / July 2018

#105, August / September 2018

OPEN SUBMISSION POLICY / HEY YOU, *YEAH YOU!* razorcake.org/contact

Anyone has the potential to be a Razorcake contributor. If you don't see or hear what you'd like covered, lend us a helping hand. If you're knowledgeable about DIY punk, are open to the editing of your work, can meet deadlines, and follow instructions, we'll consider your contribution. We have openings for interviews, articles, podcasts, photos, comics, web columns, videos, reviews, and editorial illustrations. All creative content is done on a volunteer basis.

Razorcake does not tolerate racist, sexist, homophobic, transphobic, or ableist bullshit—and we've held these ethics since our start in 2001. Diversity makes us a better punk organization. We're encouraging people who are marginalized—by gender, sexuality, ethnicity, class, and personal experience—to submit material to Razorcake. Let's work with each other.

SUBSCRIBE: razorcake.org/subscribe or rip out this page and send in the info below

Subscription rates for a one year, six-issue subscription:
U.S. – econo: $17 • U.S. – 1st class, much faster: $23 • Prisoners: $23 • Canada: $25
Mexico: $33 • Anywhere else: $50 (U.S. funds: checks, cash, or money order)

Name _____ Email _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If you want your subscription to start with an issue other than the next one, please indicate what number.
Return this info with your payment to: Razorcake, PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042

SPONSOR A SPACE AND HELP BRING ZINES INTO NEW PLACES!

→ YOU GET A TAX DEDUCTIBLE RECEIPT

→ A LOCATION OF YOUR CHOICE GETS ZINES FOR FREE TO GIVEAWAY TO THEIR PATRONS

→ AND *EVERYONE* ENJOYS THE POWER OF A NON-PROFIT DIY PUNK ZINE FOR FREE!

Please consider sponsoring a space to receive complimentary issues to give away for free by covering the cost of us printing and shipping the magazines. A $150 donation will sponsor a space to receive 25 copies of every issue for an entire year. This $150 donation is tax-deductible.

If you would like to get a bundle of 25 copies that you give out to whomever you wish, we'll send them directly to you. Even if you don't know of a space or getting 25 copies of an issue is too much for you to give away, we'll find one on our end, then tell you who we're sending them to. If you know anyone who this might apply to, please hit them up and promote Razorcake to them.

Thanks to these new sponsorships! Normal Heights Barber Shop, San Diego, CA; Jorge in G-ville, FL; Outer Space in Arcata, CA; and re-sponsorships at The Black Cat, Washington, DC; and Celebrated Summer in Baltimore, MD.

QUICKEST WAY TO DONATE:
Paypal: payments@razorcake.org
Check / Money Order:
Razorcake, PO Box 42129,
LA, CA 90042
MORE INFO:
razorcake.org/sponsor-a-space

"How Are You Doing?"

If I asked, "How are you doing?" and you answered me truthfully, my guess is we'd better set aside a couple of hours. That's because there's no such thing as perfect in life; life is rarely easy.

We've all got our own shit to sort out and important things—such as how we're handling life's challenges or even just an undeniable feeling that something's off—can be hard to discuss. Those thoughts get put off or ignored and then repressed. It's easier to talk about ever-present, ever-constant surface distractions than engage in deeper conversations about your well being.

Months back, Kurt Morris approached me with the idea of dedicating an entire issue of *Razorcake* articles to punks and mental health—similar to what we did with the trans punk issue—to shed light on an important topic, to give it more than lip service, and to hear about it from several people in their own voices. I knew Kurt would treat the interviews compassionately. His interest in mental health isn't merely academic nor touristy. He has skin in the game, having struggled—and continuing to struggle—with bipolar II disorder and a desire to share what he's learned in an effort to help others.

Mental health is as legitimate a concern as physical health, yet it's hard to *see*. The process to diagnose can be lengthy and may require life-long treatment. A compound fracture broken leg is obvious. A compassionate response is, "Let's get that fixed pronto!" A "broken" brain is invisible to the naked eye—and sometimes it's even invisible to expensive medical machinery. It requires different forms of treatment to be "repaired," and even then, it's not always a one-and-done solution.

Yet, physical and mental health are undoubtedly interrelated. I have been suffering from chronic pain and fatigue over the past thirty years. It's a condition I have to be constantly mindful of, to know when the pain's talking and when I need to stop and rest. It's a precarious balance of okay days and awful days, but I know without a shadow of doubt if I wasn't surrounded by supportive family, friends, and a sliding scale psychiatrist after the suicides of two friends and a nasty divorce, the possibility of killing myself would have skyrocketed. I'll never forget their love for me, showing me my own self worth when I couldn't. They reminded me I was not alone.

I have a few hopes with this issue. I want to help destigmatize mental health, help people get more comfortable talking about it, and dissolve the shame many feel when we know there's something wrong with us, all in a bid to make it more comfortable for anyone struggling to ask for help.

I also know some of us want to help others in pain—not ignore them or dismiss them—but don't know how best to do it. Hopefully, people who read this issue can gain awareness—or sympathy even—of someone they know who is struggling. The initial steps for caring are straight forward. Don't judge. Listen. It then, admittedly, gets more complicated since mental health is a personal journey. There are various paths to wellness, yet no blanket solution for a right we should all have—the right to be well.

One thing's for certain though: The punks I know are tough, resilient, and smart.

–Todd Taylor

Razorcake
PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042
razorcake.org
gorskypress.com
IG: @razorcakegorsky
FB: facebook.com/razorcake
Twitter: @razorcakegorsky
youtube.com/RazorcakeGorsky
razorcake-records.bandcamp.com
gorskypress.bandcamp.com

Razorcake/ Gorsky, Inc. Board of Directors: **Todd Taylor, Sean Carswell, Daryl Gussin, Yvonne Drazan, Jen Hitchcock, Jimmy Alvarado, and Jim Ruland**

Advertise in #107
Collecting ads right now!
Ad rates start at $40
razorcake.org/advertising

Cover design by Haleigh Buck
@haleigheyboy

If, when you wake up in the morning you want to be alive more than you want to be dead, then you have found something that works. **–Jesse Michaels**
Whispering Bodies: A Roy Belkin Disaster

Congratulations Willie and Jen!

THANK YOU: ***"Somebody out there has to have the key. I just have to find that person," thanks to Haleigh Buck for the cover illustration; "Learn where all the local, low-cost clinics are in your community" thanks to Bone Dust for Donna's illo.; "He looked at us the way a teenage fool looks at a cop who has pulled him over, a look of betrayal so fierce that to this day it fills me with shame," thanks to Bill Pinkel for Jim's illo.; "Mental health is not some cartoony shit out of a Ramones song or a Jack Nicholson movie," thanks to Alex Barrett for Nørb's illo.; "He just wants to be listened to, that's all," thanks to Codey Richards for Dale's illo.; "We will run so much faster than them / And dance upon their graves again," thanks to Roque for the Puro Pinche Poetry illo.; Let's just say that if the tractor wasn't listed as a Massey Ferguson, the Chicken would be in the poo spreader for real thanks to William Douglas for the parade photo; Ultimately, it's not the reflection in other people's eyes, it's how we see ourselves thanks to Simon for Hannah's illo.; "Love your friends and favorite bands with everything you've got, and never forget the ones we lose. Long live Steve Soto" thanks to Martin Wong; Sincere and deep thanks to Kurt Morris for proposing the theme of this issue, pulling together all of these interviews about mental health, and providing a broader context with his introduction. The following folks helped with photos and graphic design for the interviews with Haleigh Buck, Miguel Chen, Jonas Cannon, Jes Skolnik, and Jamie Rotante: Lauren Denitzio, Eric Baskauskas, Dylan Davis, Jane Kelly, John DiGerolamo, Alan Snodgrass, Jamy Cabre, Jennifer Federico, Alex Wrekk, Kim Kelly, and John Demczuk.***

"For as many times as you see a cinder block in front of the kick drum in the punk world, it's amazing how few times you actually see a cinder block in front of the kick drum on an album cover." –Rev. Nørb, Devious Ones, *Plainview Nights* LP. ***Thanks to 106's rotation of music, zine, and book reviewers: Ty Stranglehold, CJ Miller, Theresa W., Kayla Greet, Ryan Nichols, Chad Williams, Sal Lucci, Art Ettinger, Mark Twistworthy, Matt Werts, Paul J. Comeau, Juan Espinosa, Chris Terry, Ian Wise, Mike Frame, Sean Koepenick, Jimmy Alvarado, Rich Cocksedge, Kurt Morris, The Lord Kveldulfr, Keith Rosson, Matt Average, Sean Arenas, Garrett Barnwell, Nørb, Steve Adamyk, Camylle Reynolds, Indiana Laub, Billups Allen, Anna Farr, Designated Dale, Michael T. Fournier, Matt Seward, Jim Woster, Adrian Salas, Jimmy Cooper, Tricia Ramos, Iggy Nicklbottum, and Craven Rock.***

DIY punk can't be fully captured, understood, or expressed by men. If you're a woman, womyn, girl, grrrl, transgender/agender/non-binary/ genderqueer writer who's knowledgeable about punk, punctual, and open to editorial processes, drop us a line about doing reviews, interviews, articles, or webcolumns for Razorcake. Diversity will only make us a better punk publication. Please help us out. (razorcake.org/contact)

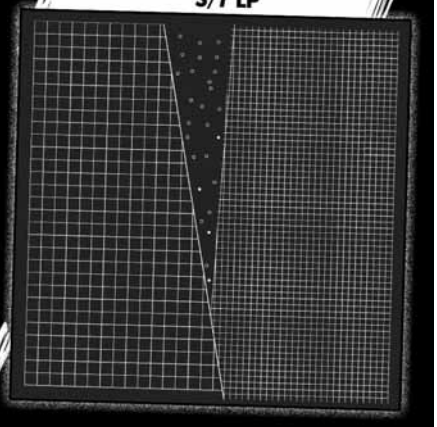
12XU

MISSING PAGES
LONG WAY DOWN 7"

ROCKET 808
DIGITAL BILLBOARDS 7"

BORZOI
A PRAYER FOR WAR LP

CHARNEL GROUND
S/T LP



UNHOLY TWO
THE PLEASURE TO END ALL PLEASURES LP

12XU.NET | 12XU.BIGCARTEL.COM | 12XURECS.BANDCAMP.COM

Dirt Cult Records
www.dirtcultrecords.com

7"

LP

7"

LP

Releasing commercially successful
records since 2000-something

LP

cassette

LP

7"

7"

cassette

RAZORCAKE

Issue #106
October / November 2018

COLUMNS

6 **Donna Ramone** *Never Let Me Forget*
8 **Jim Ruland** *Lazy Mick*
11 **Kiyoshi Nakazawa** *Won Ton Not Now*
13 **Ben Snakepit** *Snakepit*
14 **MariNaomi** *Asian Goth Punks Rule the World*
16 **Rev. Nørb** *American Grilled Cheese Review*
18 **Designated Dale** *I'm Against It*
21 **Dan Monick** *Photo Page*
23 **Art Fuentes** *Chico Simio*
24 *Puro Pinche Poetry y Cuentos: Gritos del Barrio*
Edited by Ever Velasquez and Eugenia Nicole
26 **Rhythm Chicken** *Dinghole Reports*
28 **Chris Boarts Larson** *Photo Page*
30 **Hannah** *Guest Column*

FEATURES

32 *Steve Soto Obituary* **by Martin Wong**
34 *My War: My Path to Mental Wellness* **by Kurt Morris**
38 *Haleigh Buck* **by Kurt Morris**
46 *Miguel Chen* **by Kurt Morris**
52 *Jonas Cannon* **by Kurt Morris**
60 *Jes Skolnik* **by Kurt Morris**
68 *Jamie Rotante* **by Kurt Morris**

FAVORITES // REVIEWS

76 Top 5s *For the record there are enough beach bands now*
78 Record *Plop it on, wince, music starts, mind blown.*
104 Zine *Oh the toner!*
109 Book *"Destroying something a lot of us love because it's actually more problematic than we thought" territory*

This issue is dedicated to the memory of Aretha Franklin and the marriage of The Rhythm Chicken and Mrs. Hen

The following folks stepped forward to help us do our part over the past two months. Without their help, Razorcake wouldn't be what it is.
Todd Taylor, Daryl Gussin, Kari Hamanaka, Rishbha Bhagi, Ever Velasquez, Nicole Macias, Donna Ramone, Marcos Siref, Derek "aspirations for banana crate luggage" Whipple, Dayna Castillo, Matthew Hart, Chris Baxter, Kayla Greet, Jimmy Alvarado, Yvonne Drazan, Dale Drazan, Josh Rosa, Jennifer Federico, Samantha McBride, Megan Pants, Griffin Wynne, Seth Swaaley, Skinny Dan, Robert El Diablo, Alice Bag, Marty Ploy, Rachel Murray Framingheddu, Rene Navarro, Billy Kostka III, Jason Willis, Matt Average, Joe Dana, Juan Espinosa, Sean Arenas, Adrian Salas, Adrian Chi, Aaron Kovacs, Julia Smut, Jenn Witte, Dave Eck, Tim Burkert, Jeff Proctor, Nighthawk, Toby Tober, Sal Lucci, Kevin Dunn, Jennifer Whiteford, Steve Thueson, Cassie J. Sneider, Bill Pinkel, Kurt Morris, Laura Collins, Eric Baskauskas, Bianca, Russ Van Cleave, John Di Marco, Michael T. Fournier, Jordan Kamin, CJ Miller, Simon Sotelo, Susan de Place, John Miskelly, Andy Garcia, Camylle Reynolds, Craven Rock, Replay Dave, Adam Ali, Chris Devlin, Emma Johnson, Tim Brooks, Patrick Houdek, Louis Jacinto, Chris Boarts Larson, J.V. McDonough, Jon Mule, Chris Terry, Jackie Rusted, Art Fuentes, Mitch Clem, Dylan Davis, Becky Minjarez, Keith Rosson, Paul Silver, Matt Werts, Stacy Medina, David Ensminger, Danny Rust, Jamie L. Rotante, Daisy Noemi, Eden Kittiver, Jessee Zeroxed, Garrett Barnwell, Nørb, Chris Mason, Tim Jamison, Codey Richards, Kiyoshi Nakazawa, Nicole X, Shane Milner, James Rosario, Martin Wong, Eloise Wong, Jules Weiss, Lorien Smith, Matty Weaver, Rosie Gonce, Elly Dallas, Benny Hope, Clay Doran, Sophia Zarders, Rick V, Jenn Paige Gordon, Ollie Mikse, Phil Gerigscott, Charlie Murphy, Danny Keller Meyer, Will Malkus, Taleen Kali, Dino Everett, Jeremy Jones, Ethan Shapiro, and Shelby Hohl.

Individual opinions expressed within are not necessarily those of Razorcake/Gorsky Press, Inc.

Razorcake *is bi-monthly. Yearly subscriptions (six issues)* are $17.00 econo rate or $23.00 first class mail. Plus you get some free gooch. These prices are only valid for people who live in the U.S. and are not in prison. Issues and subs are more for everyone else (because we have to pay more in postage). Visit razorcake.org for a price. Prisoners may receive free single issues of *Razorcake* via Prison Lit. Project, c/o Bound Together Books, 1369 Haight St., SF, CA 94117.

Moving? Have a subscription to Razorcake? Please do us both a favor and contact us before *you move. Econo mail doesn't forward and we won't resend the issue.*

Want to distribute Razorcake? Visit razorcake.org/wholesale Domestic prices start at $8.50

Enriching Lives Los Angeles County Arts Commission

This issue of *Razorcake* is made possible in part by grants from the City of Los Angeles, Department of Cultural Affairs, is supported by the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors through the Los Angeles Arts Commission.

I vowed that next time, any time, I would do something.

But What Do I *Do*?

Nothing keeps me up at night like the mental health of my friends and family.

When I notice someone I care about having a rough week with depression, I want to wrap them in a heavy blanket and do all of their work for them until it passes. When I saw the unstable, conspiracy-based YouTube videos of my partner's coworker, I wanted to send them to his parents so they might get him the help he needs. Or when a couple I love are having difficulty in their marriage due to the undiagnosed emotional explosions of one partner, I want to move into their house and somehow fix it all with my presence.

I never actually do those things. Those knee-jerk ideas I have are based on my mentally healthy bias and privilege (and love of blankets). I am incredibly lucky and have rarely experienced any anxiety, let alone a mental illness. I'm incredibly ill-equipped for any situation when someone I personally know is suffering from mental illness. My arrogant "I can fix it because I care the most!" reaction is so naïve. My track record proves I shouldn't be trusted to care for a car, let alone a human being. I went to school for art history, for fuck's sake.

So, what do I *do*?

My younger cousin was exhibiting signs that something was wrong when she was about seven or eight. She didn't understand things like social cues or personal space and seemed more immature than her younger sisters. Thanks to stigma, no one did anything proactive and her mom and aunts coddled her as "sensitive." As she grew older, things worsened. She started to have spells where she would stare at nothing for hours. She would wander off in the middle of the night. They took her to a doctor who said she might be epileptic, because she had a seizure once. I wondered if my aunt and uncle had downplayed her behavior when talking to her doctor.

When she hit puberty, no one could ignore her condition any longer. She started to steal knives from kitchens and stab things like windows. She repeatedly tried to kill one of her aunts and would often become inconsolable when that aunt ever entered the same room. One night, she ran down the road about ten miles, got to a bridge, and jumped thirty feet into the water. Only after these terrifying events did she get taken to a doctor, diagnosed as schizophrenic, and given medication. My family to this day claims she was completely normal until the sudden, violent events. "Nothing could be done," they claimed.

She was exhibiting illness long before anything tragic occurred. I saw it, but I never mentioned it out of fear of being rude. I never knew what to do, and in the end I did nothing. I vowed that next time, any time, I would *do* something.

Last year, a friend started to sink deeper and deeper into what, to me, seemed like bipolar fantasies. I tried talking to them about it. We weren't that close but I still attempted to talk with them time after time after time. Most times, they would get upset with me and got offended. Other times, I ended up frustrated and angry. They thought I wanted to change them. I thought I was helping them. After a while, the emotional toll of being around them started to wear me down, especially with how often they tried to recruit me for their next idea—all of which were very expensive, poorly planned, and with an immediate deadline. I started to distance myself. I couldn't help, they refused to see a doctor because they couldn't see any issue with their behavior, and when I objected to these wild ideas, they got so irritated that we often stopped talking for long stints. Folks reminded me, "You're not responsible for this person, or their wellbeing." I know, I know… but I can't just ignore this. Or can I? Should I?

What do I *do*?

Enabling bad behavior is one thing, but enabling mental illness is like letting someone with a broken hand play guitar. It doesn't matter how much happier they are playing guitar, their fucking hand is broken and only going to end up further damaged. And if they don't tend to that hand now, they might end up with a hand that can never play guitar again.

If someone I'm walking with trips and sprains their ankle, I know what to do. I know to keep weight off the ankle, ice it, elevate it, wrap it. There is an information toolkit in my brain for these situations. When I don't have an idea of what to do, I have a smartphone and I know the best places to search for health information (Full disclosure: I work at a medical library and this is a PSA: Use medlineplus.gov for health-related internet searches and stop reading trash—for your health). I've searched for information on how I can best help in scenarios and there isn't much reputable information out there for bystanders. I need that toolkit. We all need that toolkit.

I understand ways I've responded to mental illness in the past aren't completely correct. Now, I have ideas of what not to do, but even those aren't concrete. The only responsible response I have is, "I'm not a doctor; you should see a doctor." It's a shit way for anyone to address a health problem, yet feels like the best thing to make clear: I'm not a professional; you need a professional. But what good is that advice when this friend never asked for my advice? Or thinks their illness is part of their charm and personality? Or is not even aware they have an illness?

What do I *do*?

There are a few things I do know. We're punks. We get health information from zines and hate doctors because they're expensive and part of a massive capitalist behemoth. We're DIY and want to maintain our health by ourselves, too. Big Pharma is bad, medical professionals are rich Republicans, health insurance is a scam, and the government is behind all of it. It isn't as black and white as that, though.

Big Pharma may be problematic but the stuff in that medicine can heal human bodies. Some medical professionals are rich Republicans, and some work for little pay to give aid to war victims—I promise

There isn't much reputable information out there for bystanders. I need that toolkit. We all need that toolkit.

BONE DUST

there is a kind, smart, and incredible doctor within ten miles of everyone reading this. Health insurance in the United States is broken, but if you got it, use it. If you don't got it, go to your local library and learn where all the local, low-cost clinics are in your community. If you need a therapist, use the Psychology Today website to search for someone in your area who fits your needs and your wallet. And for every piece of garage legislation that keeps us from having socialized healthcare, remember the government funds the National Institute of Health, the Center for Disease Control, The National Library of Medicine, and the Department of Health and Human Services. On the flipside, I've read multiple zines that told me to put a clove of garlic in my vagina if I have a yeast infection (Note: OBVIOUSLY DON'T PUT GARLIC IN YOUR VAGINA).

Yet, despite knowing all of this, I'm still so unsure of what to do or how to help. When the people I care so deeply about make a thinly veiled suicide "joke" or have a panic attack in my car while I'm driving, I can't just say, "Go to a doctor" and think that will do anything productive in that moment. And until I know definitely, until I have that toolkit, until everyone knows exactly what is necessary when our loved ones are showing the signs of mental illness, I will keep listening, researching, and asking:

What do I *do*?

–Donna Ramone

Cause and effect is folly when memory is so haphazard.

Cause and Fuck You

Monsters, Metallica, and Mental Health

My cousin's mental health deteriorated after his mother died of cancer. As callous as it sounds, as a two-pack-a-day smoker of unfiltered Pall Malls, the manner of her death felt inevitable to me.

My cousin hated to fly and he was riddled with guilt that he, the oldest of her three children, had not flown from Los Angeles to New York to see her during her short and intense battle.

Mark had his reasons. He was expecting his first child and his anxiety about flying was compounded by his anxiety of leaving his pregnant wife at home. A lose-lose situation.

I'm not suggesting a cause and effect relationship between my aunt's death and my cousin's suicide. That's not how psychosis works and, as I found out later, there had been other manic episodes and other unsuccessful suicide attempts, but I don't know how else to tell the story.

The fact remains that not long after his mother's passing and his daughter's birth, Mark was hospitalized. During his hospitalization, I stayed at Mark's house.

I can't remember how many nights, which is strange because other things about that time are so vivid. Nor can I remember how many nights Mark was in the hospital. Cause and effect is folly when memory is so haphazard.

I do remember this: Mark's stay at the hospital occurred after he'd gone off his meds. That was never good.

*

I remember driving to work on mid-Wilshire from Thousand Oaks after spending the night at Mark's. I was new to L.A. or at least L.A. traffic. I wasn't prepared for how many cars would be on the freeway.

I knew I had to leave early in the morning to "beat traffic," a futile battle that never ends and no one ever wins, but I couldn't wrap my head around the number of people on the road. It felt like thousands of people were driving to work. We weren't sitting on the freeway, bumper to bumper. Far from it. We were speeding down the freeway at seventy miles per hour.

I remember marveling at how such a thing was possible: human beings operating machines that propelled them at great velocity while inches apart. How had we learned to do this thing that no one could have imagined when the concept of "automobile" was invented? I thought of the millions of bits of data being processed every second, how one wrong move would turn the commute into a catastrophe. How did we come to trust people with our lives every time we pressed the accelerator?

I marveled at the adaptability of the human brain, the amazing things it could be taught to do. You only have to go back one hundred years or so for this everyday reality to be the source of pants-shitting terror for the ordinary citizen.

How do we do that? How do we turn off our brain's danger signals, or condition them to go quiet when we fire up our deathboxes?

Why was Mark's brain so different from my own, from the people on their way to work? Did they think about death the way Mark did? Yearn for it? Because I didn't. At least not anymore.

*

As a teenager, I remember being so moved by Metallica's "Fade to Black" that I wrote the song down on a piece of paper and folded it into my wallet. That way, when I died, people would know something about me. What would they know?

I had no idea.

Sometimes I would take the paper out to show people when I was drunk. I think I was trying to communicate that I felt things intensely.

*

I was a reckless driver.

I worked at a car dealership my senior year of high school in the rental and leasing department. Ostensibly, my job was to wash cars but my boss, a friend of my father's, gave me all kinds of other chores to do like go to the DMV or pick up his dry cleaning. I didn't mind being his errand boy because he did favors for me. He knew I took the bus to work so he would give me cars to take home at the end of the night and bring back the next day. There was never any paperwork.

This did not please my father, who had never owned a new car. It bothered him to see me pull up to the house with all the windows down and the radio blaring in a newish Buick Skylark or LeSabre. I didn't get it then, but I do now.

Most of the cars were rentals, but sometimes a lease that didn't work out would make its way to the rental fleet. There was a Skylark Grand National station wagon that had a V8 under the hood. The lady who ordered it complained it had too much power. I'd slip it into neutral at a stoplight, rev the engine, drop it into drive as the light turned green, and leave everyone in the dust. I loved that stupid car.

*

It was not unusual for my boss to ask me to ride with him to pick up a car. He never gave me details. He'd drive and we'd talk about my parents, my girlfriend, my plans after high school. As we approached the car, he'd tell me to get in the driver's seat and follow him. Afterwards, he usually took me to a nice place for dinner and we'd continue our talk.

I had more meaningful conversations in those days with my boss than I did with my parents. I was full of teenage rage. I found my parents capricious and inflexible and I couldn't wait to get out of the house so I could start my *real* life.

After dinner, my boss would pick up the check and we'd go our separate ways. He never let me take the car we'd just picked up home, even if the car we'd driven was much nicer, even if it was his personal car, as it often was on these nighttime excursions.

It wasn't until many years later that I realized what he'd been up to: I'd been conscripted as a teenage repo man.

*

One day I got pulled over twice in the same day on the same stretch of highway by the same cop. The second time I was driving a blue Buick LeSabre with T-tops. A ridiculous car.

You know the panic you feel when you get pulled over? A feeling of helplessness that is followed by a feeling of anger mixed with stupidity because it is both the question ("Why me?") and the answer ("You're a dumb ass")?

Multiply that feeling by a million as you wait for the cop to get out of his car so you can see if it's the same highway patrolman.

BILL PINKEL

"Fade to Black" doesn't really work without music. With music, it works too well.

It was the same cop.

He didn't recognize me right away because I was driving a different vehicle. He'd been suspicious that I was driving a rental car without any paperwork the first time he'd pulled me over, even more so the second time when it finally dawned on him that we'd already met.

"Didn't I pull you over earlier?" he asked.

What was I supposed to do? Lie?

*

One night, while I was driving my father's 1978 Caprice Classic on the freeway listening to "Fade to Black," I unhooked my seat belt, closed my eyes and counted to ten.

When I opened my eyes, nothing had changed. The car hadn't strayed from its lane. The road ahead was clear. I was almost disappointed to be alive.

But I never did it again.

*

After Mark's death, the lyrics to "Fade to Black" started to make a lot more sense to me. Here's the second verse in its entirety.

Things are not what they used to be
Missing one inside of me
Deathly lost, this can't be real
Cannot stand this hell I feel
Emptiness is filling me
To the point of agony
Growing darkness taking dawn
I was me but now he's gone

This, as near as I can tell, was my cousin's complaint. When he was on his meds, he felt absent. He couldn't write, couldn't feel. When he went off his meds, he felt too much. I don't want to reduce my cousin's illness to heavy metal lyrics, but these words are more direct than anything I could hope to say about his condition.

One thing I won't say is that his mental illness was a "demon" that he "battled." My cousin loved monster movies. He knew demons and wrote about them in his movies. What took him down was much, much worse than something with a heartbeat.

*

"Fade to Black" doesn't really work without music. With music, it works too well.

*

For years I had a recurring dream of speeding down the highway and passing a cop car on the side of the road. No matter how hard I hit the brakes, stomping on the pedal with my feet, the car never slowed down.

This is a fairly typical anxiety dream, a feeling that one's life is out of control, but for some of us it means something different.

*

Here's something I don't think I'll ever forget: the look Mark gave me when I went with his brother to see him in the hospital. He looked at us the way a teenage fool looks at a cop who has pulled him over, a look of betrayal so fierce that to this day it fills me with shame.

–Jim Ruland

ALL AGES RECORDS
LONDON'S ONLY INDEPENDENT
PUNK & HARDCORE RECORD STORE
OPEN EVERYDAY 11:30AM - 6:30PM
27A PRATT STREET, CAMDEN, LONDON NW1 0BG, UK
TEL. (+44) 207 267 0303
www.allagesrecords.com
shop@allagesrecords.com

KNOW IT ALL ASSHOLE JERK.COM

YOU FORGOT UGLY LAZY AND DISRESPECTFUL

OUT NOW!!!

Slovenly RECORDINGS SLOVENLY.COM

DES DEMOMAS
BAY OF PIGS EP

HERE COME TOMMY AND THE COMMIES
LP

GINO AND THE GOONS
SHE WAS CRUSHED EP

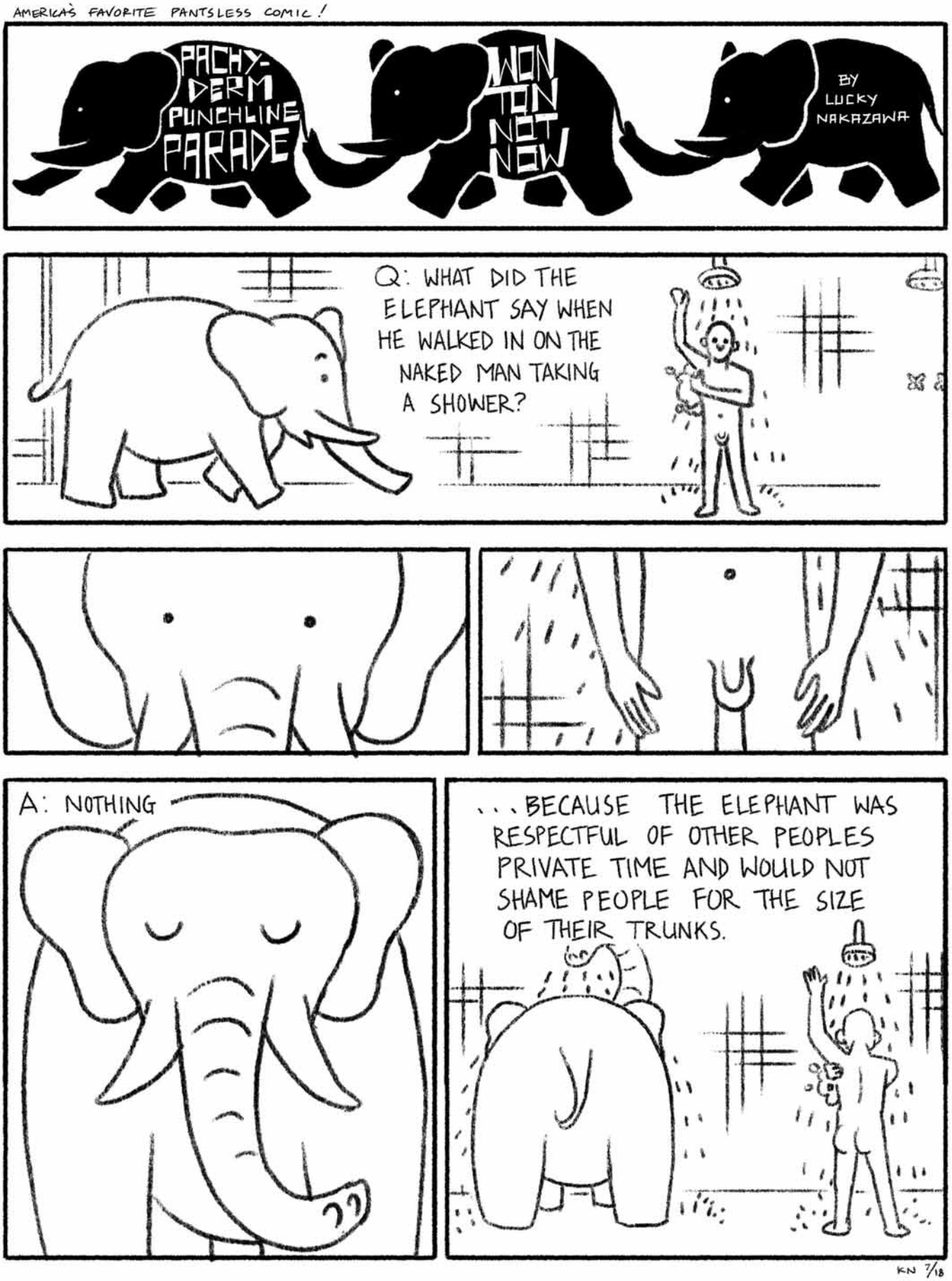
DESAHUCIADOS
LP

PUPPY AND THE HAND JOBS
I EAT ABORTIONS EP

THE DIRTIEST
CENTO SHOT EP

LES LULLIES
LP

AMERICA'S FAVORITE PANTSLESS COMIC!


PACHY-DERM PUNCHLINE PARADE
WON TON NOT NOW
BY LUCKY NAKAZAWA
Q: WHAT DID THE ELEPHANT SAY WHEN HE WALKED IN ON THE NAKED MAN TAKING A SHOWER?
A: NOTHING
...BECAUSE THE ELEPHANT WAS RESPECTFUL OF OTHER PEOPLES PRIVATE TIME AND WOULD NOT SHAME PEOPLE FOR THE SIZE OF THEIR TRUNKS.
KN 7/18

TIA CARRERA

IMPROVISED HEAVY METAL BLUES
SKATE-ROCK JAMS FROM AUSTIN TX

AUSTRALIANCATTLEGOD.COM

AUSTRALIAN CATTLE GOD RECORDS

This is the Japan / U.S.A. Split Alliance of BRONxxx and DONE FOR.

Hailing from Osaka, Japan BRONxxx (Not to Be Confused with the Southern California Band The Bronx) is a Hardcore Skate Punk band that combines the styles of Japanese Hardcore with the infusion of the Southern California Skate Punk scene and culture. Though they are a Skate Punk band they claim to not be very good at it naming themselves Poser #1. For fans of bands Like JFA., DS-13, DFL, Ill Repute, and Sheglank'd Shoulders, BRONxxx brings you 5 intense songs that will certainly make your brains and ears jump from your skulls.

DONE FOR is a Hardcore band hailing from Los Angeles, CA. Members of this band came together from other bands combining the influences of Hardcore, Skate Punk, Thrash, and Metal. Influenced by bands like Youth Of Today, Crow, Razor, The Faction, Hated Youth, and Koro, DONE FOR brings you a batch of songs all the way from North America's Southern California scene that will surely make you never forget their name.

osakabronxxx@gmail.com

TORMENTING THE STUPID SINCE 1979

FISH KARMA AND/OR THE DERAILLEURS
Time To Say Goodbye - Digital LP
COMEDIC FOLK PUNK

THE DARTS
Subsonic Dream/Bullet - 7"
GARAGE PSYCH ROCK

DEAD ENDING
Shoot The Messenger - LP
FIERCE POLTICAL HARDCORE

ITCHY-O
From The Overflowing - LP
AVANT -GARDE ELECTRONIC CHAOS

ARNOCORPS
The Unbelievable- EP
ACTION ADVENTURE HARDCORE

JELLO BIAFRA AND THE GUANTANAMO SCHOOL OF MEDICINE
White People And The Damage Done - LP

ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES

ALTERNATIVETENTACLES.COM
PO BOX 419092 SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94141 U$A

MY EIGHTY-NINTH COLUMN FOR RAZORCAKE BY BEN SNAKEPIT

THE SNAKEPIT GUIDE TO ONE OF MY FAVORITE BANDS!
SHELL SHAG
SHELLSHAG IS A BAND COMPRISED OF SHELL...
.. AND JEN SHAG.
THEY STARTED PLAYING TOGETHER IN 2000.
THEY'VE BEEN PARTNERS EVER SINCE.
CONSTANTLY ON TOUR AND RELEASING RECORDS ON THEIR LABEL, STARCLEANER.
YER TOWN
THEY HAVE RELEASED 7 RECORDS (AS OF THIS WRITING)
THEY ALSO PRODUCE A YOUTUBE SHOW CALLED SHELLSHONIC SHAG-O-VISION
SHAG-O-VISION
(I RECOMMEND S2E10)
SHELLSHONIC SHAG-O-VISION SPECIAL GUEST BEN SNAKEPIT
BUT THE BEST PART IS SEEING THEM LIVE.
YOU CAN ACTUALLY FEEL THEIR LOVE FOR WHAT THEY DO, AND FOR EACH OTHER.
THEY'LL BE ON TOUR WHEN THIS COMES OUT. GO SEE 'EM!
TELL EM I SENT YA!
SHELL SHAG

BENSNAKEPIT@GMAIL.COM

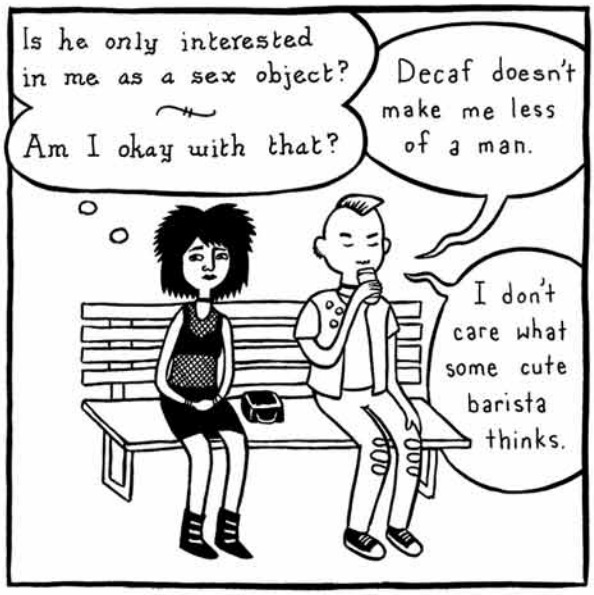
ASIAN GOTH PUNKS RULE the WORLD!

Starring:

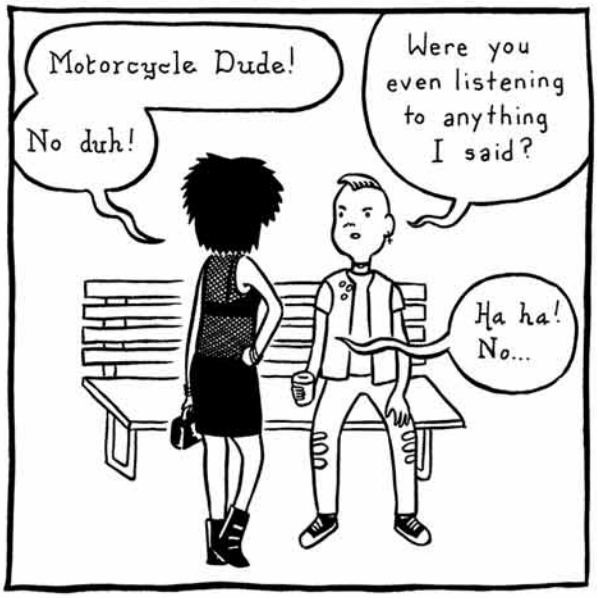
&

BY MARINAOMI

That was the first time Motorcycle Dude even looked my way.
I mean, some of us like the taste of coffee...


Is he only interested in me as a sex object?
Am I okay with that?
Decaf doesn't make me less of a man.
I don't care what some cute barista thinks.

I'm gonna talk to him.
To who? The barista?


Motorcycle Dude!
No duh!
Were you even listening to anything I said?
Ha ha! No...

Wish me luck!

GOOD LUCK WITH THE CONDOM NOT BREAKING!

MARINAOMI

"SOFT PRETZELS, AND... AND A STRAWBERRY ORANGE JULIUS!!"

DO YOU REMEMBER WALTER? or THE TIME I TRIED TO BREAK SOMEONE OUT OF A MENTAL INSTITUTION

Back in the '80s, I published a fanzine. And, in the Years Of The Snail, one needed to write letters in order to order fanzines. Sometimes these letters were terse, brief scrawlings, clearly written by those to whom written communication was not a source of joy; other letters were longer and more involved, occasionally leading to an ongoing correspondence between parties. Walter, from somewhere in New York state, wrote me rambling, six-page letters in his madcap, tilted penmanship, packed with ridiculous parenthetical asides and obscure references to music and comic books. I fancied us birds of a feather, and, when Walter mentioned he was thinking about moving and getting a fresh start on life, I mentioned, almost idly, he could always move to Green Bay; the cost of living was relatively low and we had a good amount of couch space in our large-but-crummy apartment if he needed someplace to stay until he got his situation squared away. It came to light that Walter's picking-up-of-the-tent-stakes-and-moving-to-Wisconsin plan faced a hurdle a bit more challenging than the norm: Walter was a patient at a New York mental institution. Twenty-six years old, Walter claimed his mother had institutionalized him after, reelin' with the punk rock feelin', he had shaved his head. Needless to say, this was an outrage up with which I would not put. Walter hatched a scheme whereby I would pose as his uncle—"Norbert Loyd"—and request that my dear nephew, Walter, be released to stay at my palatial Wisconsin estate for an indeterminate period. For reasons that truly escape me, lo these thirty-odd years later, *this sounded like a good idea to me at the time.* Thus, I sent letters as "Norbert Loyd" to the institution where loyal *Sick Teen* reader Walter lay unjustly quarantined, talked on the phone to his caseworker, and made my pitch for Walter's freedom—all to no avail. By this time, I'd spoken with Walter on the phone a few times; my roommates had talked with him a bit as well. We all agreed he came off as a bit of an oddball, but didn't seem like he needed to be locked up somewhere. *We've all seen* One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*! We know how you people operate!* It was, then, somewhat of a pleasant surprise to receive a phone call from Walter, informing us that he had been taken on a field trip (?) to the bank (?!), and simply wandered off. He was now a free man, and headed our way. That was great news, I told him, but my roommate Pat and I had a band, and we had an out-of-town gig that weekend (my other roommate, Jeri—Pat's girlfriend—would be accompanying us). No one would be home from Saturday afternoon until Sunday evening, so it would be best if he timed his arrival with that in mind. Walter agreed, but hours later, I received a frantic phone call from the Philadelphia Greyhound station. "I HAVE TO LEAVE *NOW!!!"* It was Walter, in a state of near panic, his voice so anguished that I'd thought perhaps he'd killed a man in a fight over who drew Spider-Man better, Steve Ditko or John Romita. When I inquired as to the reason for his agitation, Walter shrieked, "IF I STAY HERE I'LL SPEND ALL MY MONEY!!!" What could be at the Philly Greyhound station that could lead him so swiftly to the brink of financial ruin, I asked, to which Walter almost sobbed "SOFT PRETZELS, AND... AND A STRAWBERRY ORANGE JULIUS!!" It was at this point that I first began to suspect that getting Walter out of his institution and into our spare room was not the win-win situation I initially imagined it to be. I informed my roommates that Walter's arrival time was during the period when we'd all be gone. We agreed to leave the door unlocked for him and give him directions from the Greyhound station—an easy route involving all of two streets, running perpendicular to each other. Walter had none of it: "I DON'T KNOW GREEN BAY!!!" It's cool, it's just two streets, Main and Broadway. Walk west, turn left. 426, up the stairs in back. "I DON'T KNOW GREEN BAY!!!" Okay, we'd see him Sunday evening, if he'd rather sit at the bus station for the better part of a day than walk the mile to our apartment. I began to feel a strengthening sense of unease. Sunday evening, we returned to town. The deal, as laid out by Pat, was as follows: If Walter looked "like he's all right," we'd all ride back together. If he looked other-than-all-right, I'd get out of the car, walk him back to our place, and try to get a read on him. As we pulled into the Greyhound parking lot, Pat didn't even get a word out before I said "yup," and got out of the car to meet our new pal. Walter was a mess with a disquieting baby face, looking a bit like a mostly beard-free Jesus run through an exceptionally unflattering Photoshop filter. He hadn't been kidding about the pretzel and the strawberry Orange Julius; large, decaying swaths of both were evident on his shirt. We walked back to my place in reasonably good spirits; he didn't seem like a bad guy, although, given his idiosyncratic manner and a general obliviousness to social cues, it was difficult to imagine him staying with us in some punk rock approximation of harmony for any extended time. We would need to get Walter on his feet and set him up with a job and a place of his own in a hurry; that much was clear. I brought him home, introduced him to my roommates, and we engaged in our usual pastime: drinking beer and listening to records. Walter passed on the beer, proclaimed that the *Doggy Style II* album sounded "more metal than punk," and sat quietly off to the side eating potato chips all night. In the morning, Walter's utter lack of social skills became acutely evident when he followed me everywhere I went, chattering incessantly as I prepared for my day, which consisted of school in the morning and afternoon, and work at night. Walter followed me into the bathroom, jabbering away, and I'd have to say "Walter, can you please not follow me into the bathroom?" Walter then positioned himself outside the bathroom door and picked up where he left off when I emerged, however long that took me. He followed me into the kitchen as I made breakfast, followed me into the bedroom *(Walter, can you please not follow me into the bedroom when I'm trying to get dressed?)*, all the while blathering away about something that might've been cute in a letter. This jabbering took place with Walter clad in nothing but a pair of droopy grey whitey-tighties and a polo shirt with the collar popped. As a delightful bonus, the shirt was backwards, with the popped collar obscuring his mouth and making him look like a heretofore undiscovered member of the Bazooka Joe gang. The "okay, this ain't gonna work" moment came when he followed me into my room (again) to show me how he had fat thighs, standing on one leg and hiking his drooping underwear up the other leg, to dispel all doubt. When I got home that night, Pat pulled me aside: "He ate my groceries!" We were all in our early twenties and poor as hell; to eat another roommate's groceries was a cardinal sin. I asked Pat what groceries Walter ate, figuring maybe I could get him a few extra slices of bologna to keep the peace. "ALL of them!" Walter had, in the course of a

ALEX BARRETT

He came off as a bit of an oddball, *but didn't seem like he needed to be locked up somewhere.*

day, eaten all Pat's food for the week. I explained to Walter that it was uncool to eat someone else's groceries here, and, shocked, Walter explained that he thought he was doing no wrong—that I'd pointed out each roommate's cupboard, and he'd stayed out of them, only taking from "the common area." The... *common area?* Walter gestured at the refrigerator. "The common area!" Only then did it dawn on me that Walter was twenty-six years old and had never lived anywhere but with his parents or in a mental institution. He had NO CLUE how people lived on their own, how you went to work and got paid and bought food and paid bills—the questionable joys of adulthood. He was clearly unable to make his way in the world by standard means, and was certainly not institutionalized over a haircut. By Tuesday, Jeri, citing a disturbing Walter experience, was staying at her sister's until I'd gotten him out of the apartment. By Wednesday, Pat joined her. In the meantime, Jeri called and asked if Walter was on any kind of medication. I hadn't given the matter a thought. *Was he still taking his medication?* I had no clue about that either. I told her that the guy didn't even understand how groceries worked, I doubted he was on the horn to Walgreen's getting his prescriptions transferred. Jeri had been in contact with Green Bay's Brown County Mental Health Center, and they said that if Walter was on some kind of medication, and quit taking it, all manner of bad things could happen. I hadn't thought about that, either. I hadn't thought about anything, other than how punk it would be to get this guy out of the mental institution and have him hang out with us. I had fucked up, big time. I left a note for Walter, saying that both my roommates were scared to return until he was gone (which was true) and that I'd reported his presence to the cops (which was a lie), asking him to leave and lock the door behind him, which he did. I felt pretty shitty—you would too if you if you encouraged someone who couldn't support themselves to travel 1,200 miles across the country and then tossed them out on the street less than a week later—but it had to be done. Unsurprisingly, Walter wound up in the local health facility for a while, but shortly thereafter his rich mother died and left him quite a bundle. Thusly bankrolled, Walter lived on his own, and stayed in town for a number of years, haunting the record stores, making a few friends, and popping up at the odd show, and we remained on somewhat friendly terms. My lesson, however, was duly learned: Mental health is not some cartoony shit out of a Ramones song or Jack Nicholson movie. It's not a FUCK THE MAN or FIGHT THE POWER issue; it's complex and if you don't know what you're doing, you can seriously fuck shit up for everyone involved. Six words for anyone who might wish to learn by my example: *Kids, don't try this at home.*

Love,
–**Nørb**

"Don't let the buttholes get you down."

Talking and Listening

When I was a kid in grade school reading (what seemed outlandish at the time) write-ups about some of my favorite bands, my soon-to-be dissolved naïve outlook towards the world was always piqued with the same question: "Why would any of these lucky people in these bands ruin such a good thing?" Well, even before I started high school, I discovered that people, no matter what occupation, aren't cerebrally hard-wired identically. When I say this, it has nothing to do with levels of intelligence. I say it specifically in the terms of mental health, speaking in particular of the many variations of mental illnesses.

That being said, let's keep one thing clear throughout this entire column—one type of mental illness isn't better *or* worse than another, and that fact should always be kept in perspective when dealing with anyone afflicted on any level. Some variations can literally be crippling while the symptoms of others can be treated with hard work and medical persistence. Like some of the more common physical diseases, mental illness affects each person differently, and therein lies the crux of getting people the help they need.

Not too long after I got my first set of drums in the eighth grade, I was quickly hooked on rocking out with pals and/or friends of theirs who had guitars. Throughout high school, I always tried to get something happening permanently. It was around this time that I started noticing that some of the people I ran into weren't wired the same.

There were those who loved to drink and others who loved their weed, your typical high school shit that teens often get into. There were also a few who were part of the heavier narcotic contingent, to the extent it made me wonder how the hell they could keep it together enough to play an instrument. Nonetheless, I plugged onward, learning the tell-tale signs along the way of who to commit time playing with and those who were spinning everyone's wheels.

It was also during these high school years I started to scrape the tip of the enormous iceberg of mental illness. I also began to notice a good number of people who were heavy duty artists and/or art fans leaned in this direction, their artistic channeling proving to be some of the best self-help therapy they could hope for. Anyone who plays/had played in a band or is a diehard music fan knows this to be true on many levels.

Right outta high school, I started up my first fully-gigging band. Less than a few years later, I was back to square one: hitting up friends, leaving and grabbing want-ads for band members in record stores, the "classifrieds" in *Flipside* fanzine, as well as newspapers like the *Recycler*, which was a bit like Craigslist, but you had to hunt the new *Recycler* down every week at the liquor stores, because they sold out pretty quick. I tried out for some oddball bands around the greater L.A. area, some already established and others trying to get something happening from the ground up.

There was one band in Downey I was feeling out for a coupla weeks. Their influences were all over the place, and I was really digging what the main kid in the band was doing. He was a pretty damn good songwriter and bass player. His songs reminded me of a cross between The Screamers and Eddie And The Hot Rods, really out there. His guitar player reminded me of Robert Prescott, the actor who played the villainous asshole in both '80s film classics *Bachelor Party* and *Real Genius*. The guitar player kept associating parts of his homie's songs to all things sexual from the first day I started plunking around with them, and not in a funny, trying-to-make-everyone-laugh way, either. Total gut feeling situation going on.

A few practices in, with a serious look on his face, he equated one of his guitar solos to the best sexual experience he ever had, adding, "You've never felt that way while playing?" Pull out my crank and start snapping rim shots on my snare drum akin to what Robert Prescott's doppelgänger was suggesting? *Fuck*, no. Something was up with this cat, something that reminded me of a kid I recalled from grade school who was getting sexually abused by the priest that I used to know personally (see my column in issue #22 of *Razorcake*, also online in our free PDF archives where I talk about that collared shit stain in great detail).

I talked with the bass player after the guitar player left. I asked him what his friend's deal was, hoping he might have some insight on his comments. I was simply trying to make sense of the constant sexual rambling. "He's always said things like that, man," he replied. "Don't worry, he's harmless. He's just running his mouth," he replied.

A few days later, I decided to call the bass player to ask if his guitarist pal had ever been sexually abused. He got quiet for more than a few seconds and I knew what the answer was. I felt bad for his friend, and I felt bad for having his pal share it with me. It was none of my fucking business, but there was no way I was going to start gigging around with someone who talks like that with anyone who will listen. That kind of talking can get your face caved in real quick by someone who doesn't want to take the time to realize that this poor rambling guy is suffering from some serious post-traumatic stress disorder. I was willing to talk with him, possibly move him in the right direction for some help, but he decided it best to go our own ways. I often thought about that situation, if he ever got the help he needed. I hope he did.

Dee Dee Ramone was considered one of the finest songwriters of punk rock's first wave, and rightly so. He was also diagnosed with bipolar disorder early on, and between this, Joey Ramone's severe obsessive-compulsive disorder, and Johnny Ramone's relentless führer-like behavior, it's a miracle the equally important Tommy Ramone lasted as long as he did, helping forge the rhythmic styling on drums for the first three LPs, as well as leading the band through the recording studio numerous times.

It goes without saying Dee Dee was a character, and anyone who got to know him knew this to be true. Sometime in the '90s, Dee Dee and his wife Barbara were living in upstate New York in Monticello, and it was around this time I interviewed him while I was writing at *Flipside* fanzine. That interview alone reassured me there was no exaggeration of Dee Dee's mental condition. If he dug you, he was a total sweetheart. But if he wasn't digging you, look out, because you'd know it immediately. We always stayed in touch after that interview, calling to see what was up, what he was working on, how his painting was going, and whatnot.

Marky Ramone, Barbara, and Dee Dee soon had a band called the Ramainz, a short-lived outfit that played Ramones tunes. Marky and I were also friendly through *Flipside*, so I was able to get my band on a couple of SoCal gigs with the Ramainz, where I got to

CODEY RICHARDS

I was able to get my band on a couple of SoCal gigs with the Ramainz, where I got to witness first-hand the dysfunction between the brothers Ramone.

witness first-hand the dysfunction between the brothers Ramone. Soon after, Dee Dee and Barbara moved here to Los Angeles.

About a year or so before he passed, Dee Dee was scheduled to play a show in Costa Mesa with The Crowd, so that weekend I headed out to Orange County to catch it. As soon as I walked up to the entrance, I heard Dee Dee screaming from the kitchen area behind the bar. I poked my head through the kitchen door and found him completely flipping out on two guys. One who was a complete shitbird, a total speed freak faux-promoter I had to deal with during the Ramainz gigs. The other was the poor bastard who owned the bar.

"Hi, Dee Dee!" I shouted, hoping he'd snap out of it long enough to cool down for a second. He suddenly stopped and turned around. "Dale, hi," he replied, eyes wild, turning around to start up again. "What's happening, man?" I said quickly, before he could start, "What's going on?" Pointing at the pair of dudes, he said, "These fuckers don't want to do what we agreed on; what time I'm playing, when I'm getting paid, and—". Speed freak suddenly interrupts—"I've been trying to tell him—". Then *I* cut him off, telling him to shut the fuck up. He'd already caused enough problems *last* time, and he needed to leave. *NOW.*

He slunk out of the kitchen and the owner started thanking me, thinking I was Dee Dee's manager. "I'm not his manager," I told him, "but I'll say this, you better hope he didn't take off," noticing Dee Dee had left the kitchen area. I knew Dee Dee was notorious for taking off the moment he wasn't having a situation like this. "Please! Whatever he needs! Don't let him leave!" the guy said as I left to go find 'em.

The club was already packed. Dee Dee wasn't inside. Fuck. I went outside and looked around, spotting him down the block, making his way towards Newport Boulevard. Catching up to him, I asked, "Where we going, Dee Dee?" "Fuck this!" he snapped, "I'm taking a bus back to Hollywood! I don't need this shit, man… I *don't!*" "Forty-plus miles on a bus back to Hollywood? Nah, c'mon, Dee Dee," I said. He stopped walking and sighed hard. "I'm tired of the bullshit, Dale. I'm just fuckin' tired. I don't need this." "Don't let the buttholes get you down, Dee Dee. That tweaker fuck ain't gonna bother you, and the owner said everything's cool. Come on, man. People came out to see you tonight, including *me,*" I said, nudging him. He stared down the block for a second, smiled, and then quietly said, "All right… thanks, Dale."

As we walked back up to the club entrance, the owner was stunned and pulled me aside. "I owe you big," he said. Shaking my head, I motioned over to Dee Dee across the club, "No, you owe *him*. He just wants to be listened to, that's all."

Talking and listening.

Please.

–Designated Dale
designateddale@yahoo.com

SPOILERS

ROUNDABOUTS
LIMITED EDITION VINYL

Airstream Futures

If I & P.R. Nightmares

Limited Edition Platunim Sepia 7" Vinyl

Available Now

MEAN CAESAR

Pre-Order Now!

Limited edition black vinyl
one side screenprinted with yellow logo.

CITY MOUSE
GET RIGHT

Limited Edition Crimson Vinyl LP

See you at Fest 2018 along with...

FEST 17
GAINESVILLE, FL
OCT 26TH 27TH 28TH
-2018-

CUSTODY Airstream Futures
DAGGERMOUTH

LITTLE ROCKET RECORDS

www.littlerocketrecords.co.uk

Dan Monick's Photo Page

Los Angeles, CA 1/25/18

Pig Baby Records

New Releases

BLOODSHOT BILL
LIMITED ED. OF 700 HAND NUMBERED
2 SONG RIPPER FROM
THE MONTREAL MADMAN

DEADBOLT
REMASTERED
1ST TIME EVER ON VINYL
1999 CLASSIC "VOODOO TRUCKER"

THE
CREEPY CREEPS
"10 BANGIN' HITS!"
ON COLORED VINYL

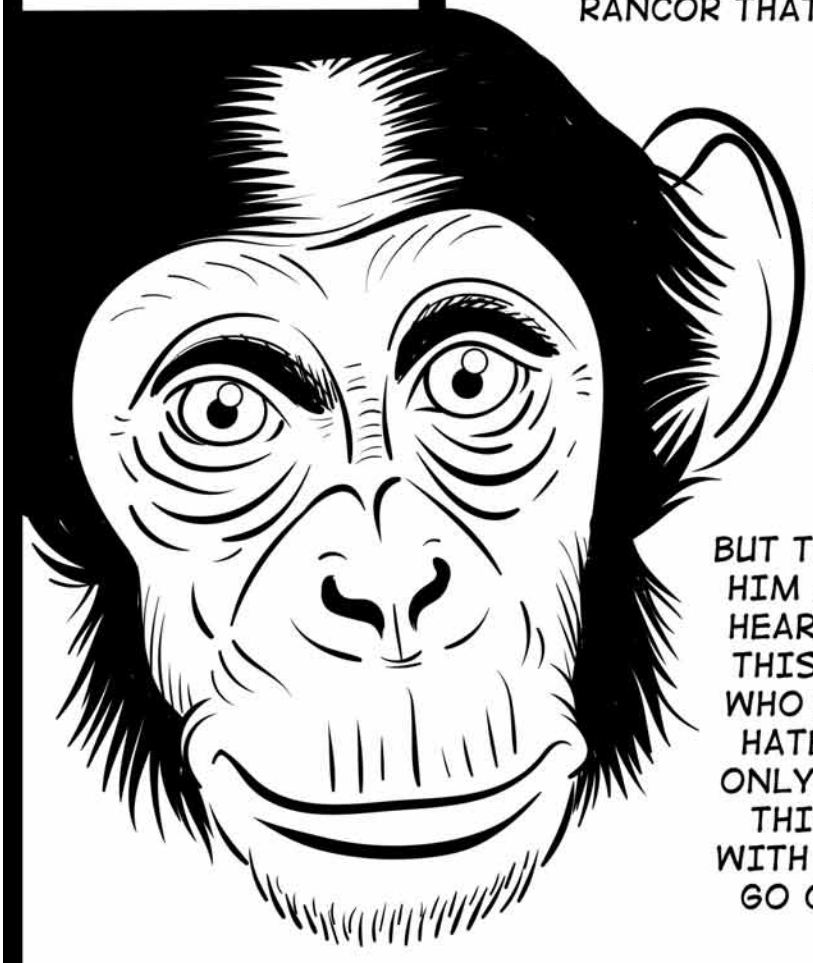
Get it all here at PigBabyRecords.com

Exclusively distributed by ILD independent label distribution

CHICO SIMIO #68

"SCARS"

-ART-



THE HARDEST THING FOR ME, WAS REALIZING THAT I NEEDED HELP. THERE HAD BEEN TIMES WHEN I FELT EMPTY AND USELESS, WITH A BIG HOLE, RIGHT THROUGH THE CENTER OF ME. NOTHING I BOUGHT, OR ATE, OR DRANK, OR DID, COULD EVER FILL IT. THIS FEELING WOULD LAST FOR A DAY OR TWO AND THEN I WAS BACK, FEELING "NORMAL". IT WASN'T UNTIL THE DAY WHEN A DEEP LONELINESS CAUGHT ME AND I STARTED CRYING AT WORK, FOR NO REASON, THAT I DECIDED I NEEDED TO SEE SOMEONE ABOUT IT. SOME OF YOU KNOW THAT I HARBOR A DEEP HATE FOR MY "FATHER". I USED THIS HATE THROUGHOUT MY LIFE AS A FORM OF STRENGTH, AS A MORAL COMPASS. I WAS "NEVER GOING TO BE MY FATHER", I WOULD ALWAYS DO AND BE THE OPPOSITE OF HIM. I SUCCEEDED IN THAT, BUT THIS HATE AND RANCOR THAT I HAVE ALSO HURT ME.

I THOUGHT THAT FORGIVENESS WAS A WEAKNESS. WHY SHOULD I FORGIVE HIM? HE ABANDONED ME, NEVER BOTHERED TO LOOK FOR ME TO SEE WHAT KIND OF A MAN I'D BECOME. SO HE COULD SEE I DIDN'T EVER NEED HIM AND THAT I'M A BETTER MAN THAN HIM. AND THAT WOULD HURT HIM, AND I'D BE GLAD FOR THAT.

BUT THE TRUTH IS THAT I DID NEED HIM AND I STILL DO. DEEP IN MY HEART I'VE BEEN AFRAID TO LOSE THIS HATE, BECAUSE IT MADE ME WHO I AM. I CAME TO REVERE THE HATE I HAD FOR HIM. BUT I WAS ONLY HURTING MYSELF, CARRYING THIS BURDEN FOR DECADES. SO WITH HELP, I AM STARTING TO LET GO OF THIS WEIGHT AROUND MY NECK.

I'M GLAD I'M TAKING STEPS TO FINALLY FORGIVE HIM AND MYSELF. IT FEELS GOOD TO BE FREE.

PURO PINCHE POETRY Y CUENTOS

EDITED BY EVER VELASQUEZ AND EUGENIA NICOLE

Our clothes are ripped and torn And on golden hooves we prance

Summer Daze

The summer comes as a reminder
of what happened
all those years ago.
You slipped away
sometime in mid August.
You said you lost your hearing
and couldn't hear us
telling you how everything
would be okay.
It was hot and unbearable
silent most of the time.
You stayed silent but absorbed
everything that came and went.
You said they came to visit you
from time to time
in between dreams and nightmares.
You said the summer
only brought pain.
That the summer was
made to forget life.
You told us that
summer was not for the weak.
Summer only takes away everything
you hold so close.
Summer for you comes as a reminder
of that scream you let out
right before you decided to
take time away from time.
You told me that it was the only way
and to wait for you.
You slipped away some time
in mid August of 2004.
You said you couldn't understand
but this was the only way.
You laid there in your queen size bed
covered with white sheets
day after day
staring at the ceiling fan
asking yourself when the pain
was going to leave your body.
Summer for you comes as a reminder.
It's slow and heavy but it builds you stronger.

–Xitlalic Guijosa-Osuna

Xitlalic Guijosa-Osuna is a Southeast Los Angeles resident poet, visual artist, and organizer.

Sisters of the Plains

We have four lungs
We have four eyes
The songs we have sung
will never die

We have two horns
We have one chance
Our clothes are ripped and torn
And on golden hooves we prance

Reflections on the water
Hearts upon our sleeve
Do not cry my sweet daughter
You are always safe with me

When the seven armies try to fight us
And this night seems to have no end
We don our silken dresses
And dance upon their graves again

Your tears are my enemies
Until they touch a smile
The gifts that you send to me
Cannot be denied, for no ending span of miles

Our reflections on the water
Our hearts upon our sleeve
Do not cry my lovely daughter
You are always safe with me

When the two legs try to ride us
And there is fire on the plains
We will run so much faster than them
And dance upon their graves again

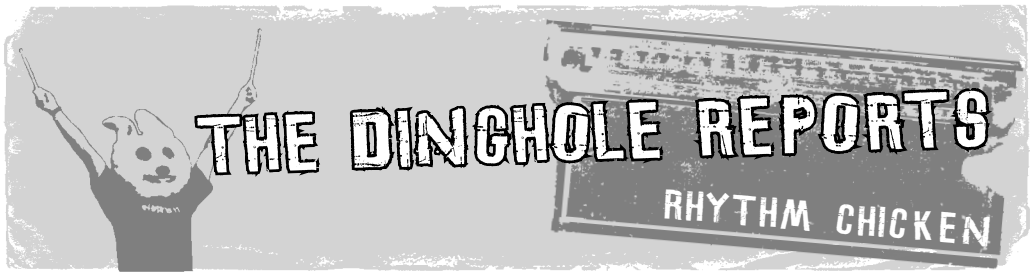
Reflections on the water
Hearts upon our sleeve
Do not cry my lovely sister
You are always safe with me

When the seven armies try to fight us
And this night seems to have no end
We will stand together hand in hand
And dance upon their graves again

–CJ Miller

CJ Miller is a writer, illustrator, and musician. She currently plays in the queer, agitprop Clueless Soundtrack *worship riot grrrl band dimber and queer hardcore band Grudgepacker. She is an instructor for Pony Sweat, the fiercely non-competitive, body positive dance aerobics class founded by her sister Emilia Richeson in Los Angeles. CJ is a co-founder and organizer for Presence, a queer community and artist focus event based out of Northeast Los Angeles. @spookymiller_*

ROQUE, IG: @roqueofmtb



Tsoupnami!

Gutter-Bunny

My Hen and I got married on June 27. She will now be referred to as Mrs. Hen! Three days later I closed up my shop and drove across the entire state of Wisconsin to see the annual D4th of July show. I had not been to the Twin Cities since 2001. For seventeen years, I had not driven any further west than Pulaski, Wis. (just outside of Green Bay). This is notable since some of the greatest Chicken gigs of the early years were in Minneapolis. The first ever photo of the Rhythm Chicken to appear in a newspaper was in St. Paul's *Pioneer Press*! This year, however, my schedule somehow allowed me to escape my soup dungeon and catch an actual serious punk rock show! Dillinger Four, Off With Their Heads, Murf, and Speedweed all played in Grumpy's back parking lot with those Green Bay elderly knuckleheads Boris The Sprinkler, revoking their AARP cards for one more show. Needless to say, the show was quite perfect, therefore no ruckus was deemed necessary. Besides, I had to save up my wing-power for the upcoming parade.

Sunday morning, Mrs. Hen and I took advantage of the wild and crazy things a real city has to offer. At Restaurant Depot we bought a new soup warmer, some dried cilantro, and a case of frozen pierogi! We found a Trader Joe's that wasn't in Milwaukee and loaded up on peanut-butter-filled pretzel nuggets! That's when the mega-monsoon hit and we started heading east to cross Wisconsin's midsection. After another five hours of driving, we were right back in the soup dungeon, wondering if the D4th of July was just a dream. I thought our venture across the state was quite the substantial trek for a punk show, but then remembered that Toby Tober *flew in from Seattle* for the same show! After seeing his "I (toilet) D 4" tattoo, it all made sense.

I was right back to the chaos of the holiday work week on Monday morning. The hordes of tourists were in town for the entire week. Every day was like trying to control a tidal-wave of soup, a *tsoupnami!* My back hurt. My feet hurt. My wings hurt. Even my veteran chicken liver hurt! Then, right smack dab in the middle of my twelve days of chaos, was the day when hundreds of Wisconsinites *know* they will most likely catch the poultry freak show. July 4, the Declaration of Independence, America's birthday, the one day when an entire town starts drinking right after breakfast in preparation to see a grown chicken with a belly full of Blatz make a percussive ass of himself while rolling down the main drag!

Dinghole Report #166: DEAD MANURE SPREADER RUCKUS (yes, that says DEAD MANURE SPREADER RUCKUS)! (Rhythm Chicken sighting #709)

Almost every year there are two certainties in Chickenland. One is that you will be able to see the Rhythm Chicken play the Fourth of July parade in Baileys Harbor, Wis. The other is that you will be able to open the next issue of Razorcake and read about the Rhythm Chicken playing the Fourth of July parade in Baileys Harbor, Wis. It really has become the most celebrated and anticipated event on my calendar every year. In the middle of my crazy summer schedule, I get to take one day off to gulp down gallons of Blatz and pretend I can drum in front of a bunch of screaming drunk yokels from a parade float pulled by a deceased polka king's tractor! It happens every year. It's totally expected. Somehow it never loses its appeal! Somehow each and every parade gig has its own distinct story, and this year's was a lulu!

Yet again, my buddy Chad (cousin of the late, great Freddy K, the Door County Polka King) arrived for the parade driving Freddy K's tractor, the most famous tractor in the county. Usually this infamous farm tool pulls a flatbed trailer to carry the Chicken and his traveling ruckus show. This time, however, Chad pulled a different type of farm tool. Average city folks might not be too familiar with what is technically a "fertilizer distribution device." Farmland veterans of the Midwest, however, usually have a wide range of spirited responses upon the mere sight of what we call a manure spreader. How do I *get* these gigs?

Upon careful inspection of this exciting new stage, I realized that an empty manure spreader has a flat area just wide enough to hold a crappy drumset. The Blatz fifteen-pack was torn into while my ruckus team helped throw together the most patriotic of parade floats. The drums were squeezed into the rolling shit-flinger. Each newly emptied Blatz can was affixed to the rusty blades of crap-tossing glory on the spreader's tail end. One large sign was taped to the side of the float which plainly demanded "TAKE YOUR CLOTHES OFF." The final addition to this semi-musical rolling shit show was plopping a dirty old Rhythm Chicken behind that sad and beaten drumset, Blatz breath and all.

Okay, let's take a step back from this scenario to remember that this was the Fourth of July in a small rural Wisconsin town. Let's remember exactly who slithered his orange racist ass into our White House. Let's ponder how America is free-falling into a new dark age of idiotic policy, blind nationalism, and ignorant pride. Here was a parade on July 4 chock full of American flags. The red, white, and blue was flowing like wine. Various politicians were parading their campaigns down the main drag. Everyone was saluting and genuflecting upon America's greatness after every gulp of beer. Suddenly, creeping right down the middle of all this Americana came the rolling reality check.

Chad was driving an old Massey Ferguson (not a John Deere, mind you) in all its dirty, rusted glory. To the older locals in the crowd, that tractor for the Polka King alone is worthy of saluting! But wait, what is this tractor pulling through our beloved parade? Noisily bouncing behind the King's tractor was an old, dirty, rusted-out manure spreader which was carrying a wildly drumming Rhythm Chicken and a candy-tossing Mrs. Hen! Even Dr. Seuss would declare this entire scene A TREASURE TO THE EYE! God bless the U. S. Fuckin' A!

As my parade helpers told me later, you could tell by the looks on people's faces whether they were locals or Chicago folks. The locals absolutely lost their minds in gut-wrenching laughter seeing the village freak in what is *obviously* a manure spreader! The sophisticated and better-educated city folks scratched their heads trying to comprehend the message this strange mess was conveying to their children. Why was that gutter-bunny drumming in that odd-looking rust bucket? I realize there are multiple levels of symbolism here, but when you are actually *in* the manure spreader, well, basically *you are the shit*! My ruckus was the metaphorical manure spread through the entire parade! Well, almost....

Our crap-tastic float of percussive waste-management had delighted and dirtied a good eighty percent of the parade route when the dark powers attacked! An evil force, almost as if beamed directly from the White House, struck the county's most beloved tractor. With a sputter and a sad hiss, our transport of polka glory died. The crowd let out some "Oooooo"s and "Aaaaaaa"s while Chad frantically jumpstarted the engine with a

WILLIAM DOUGLAS

The powers of evil may be strong, but in the end goodness always prevails.

Even Dr. Seuss after a wild bingeing on Blatz and magic mushrooms couldn't think up a story such as this.

spare battery. Freddy's tractor was revived back to life! THE CROWD WENT INSANE WITH APPLAUSE! Meanwhile, the Rhythm Chicken never missed a beat!

The powers of evil returned yet again. Just twenty feet down the parade route, the tractor gave a final combustive gasp and died for real. With the Chicken still madly drumming away from the rear, Chad stood up and addressed the parade crowd. "WE NEED PUSHERS!!!" Now *that* was the real miracle of the day. About ten husky Wisconsinites emerged from the crowd (men and women alike), and donated their muscles to the Great Cause of Ruckus. The Chicago folks just looked on from the sidelines and wondered when the parade security would sweep this mess from their view.

Here we had a group of men and women emerging from the general public to offer their help. They pushed a dead tractor with its dirty old manure spreader through a parade with a dirty old Chicken drumming in the spreader's crap basin. Now, the cherry on the top... *the Chicken never missed a beat*. I kept on drumming as if this was all planned! I was performing in a rolling manure spreader and being pushed by my people. To me, the socio-political commentary was undeniable. The powers of evil may be strong, but in the end goodness always prevails. Even Dr. Seuss after a wild bingeing on Blatz and magic mushrooms couldn't think up a story such as this.

Then on Monday July 9, Mrs. Hen and I closed on our house, the house I plan on living in 'til I die. Those were the twelve most packed days of my life, and every day since then has been testing the limits of the metal screws and rods in my spine.

So yeah. The Rhythm Chicken got married and bought a house. My punk cred is faaaaading... *fffffaaaaaaadingggg*....

–Rhythm Chicken

Chris Boarts Larson Photo Column

Chris Boarts Larson, www.slugandlettuce.net | fb.me/slugandlettuce

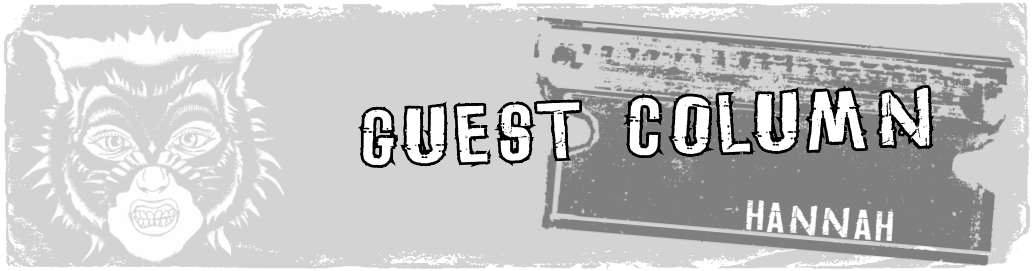
RVA Hardcore Punk 2003-2008 Collage

I've been putting together photo shows highlighting bands that have played in or are from Richmond as a retrospective of the past twenty years of photographing the Richmond, Va. hardcore punk scene. The first show covered my first five years in Richmond, from 1997-2002, when there was a lot of great hardcore but not as much punk. This second show covers the next five years, 2003-2008, which saw a surge of political crust punk and a lot more women in bands. The CLIT Fest and Kollapse Fest highlighted this shift, which I'm happy to say has stayed very much a part of Richmond.

The 2003-2008 show will be on view at Vinyl Conflict record store in Richmond, Va. starting in September. Some of the bands featured during this period are: Kylesa, Annihilation Time, RAMBO, Avail, Baroness, Born/Dead, Man The Conveyors, Direct Control, Face Down In Shit, Municipal Waste, Parasytic, Bastard Sapling, Tragedy, Strike Anywhere, Witchhunt, Red Thread, ATU, Coliseum, Two Funerals, I Object, War Cry, ATP, Light The Fuse And Run, and Eric Peterson.

All the photos from both photo shows can be viewed on the Slug & Lettuce Facebook page (facebook.com/SlugandLettuce) in the photo albums.

–Chris Boarts Larson



It's very hard to ask for help when you're still working through your worth, your value.

More Dogs, Less Boobs

Hi. I'm Hannah, and I'm addicted to dogs. I used to be in a bunch of bands, but I left L.A. for Portland, Ore. (yeah, yeah) almost three years ago. I almost never make New Year's resolutions, but this year I did: more dogs, less boobs.

The first time I told my mom I was thinking about breast reduction surgery, she cautioned me against it. The "male gaze" would be there no matter what size my breasts were; better than altering my body would be working through my relationship to the "male gaze." A short time later, her sister told her that her friends who'd had the surgery were thrilled and that if my breasts were causing me pain, I should have it done. My mom called me to express her support.

A friend of a friend told me he knows four cis women who were all having either full top surgery or reductions.

Me: "Mine are really just too big for my body."

Him, disappointed: "Oh."

Me, trying it on: "But then there is the context of the 'male gaze'...."

Him, excitedly: "Yes! That's why they're all having it done!"

My mother has a difficult time personalizing issues. For her, the first child of Holocaust survivors, it is much easier to generalize, to speak in broad socioeconomic terms. And I get that. It's sometimes easier to think in terms of the systemic issues, the invisible-yet-deadly, red-lined glass-ceilinged structure that binds us. It's painful to think in personal terms. Her parents. My grandparents.

So then my therapist asked what *did* I think about the male gaze? "I don't know," I said. It makes me want to hug myself, to protect myself, to make myself small, to cover myself. I don't want to be looked at, to be "gazed" upon. And is the male gaze different from the female gaze, she wondered? "Yes," I said. The female gaze is here—pointing to my head. In my experience, anyway.

My therapist is concerned if I end up having negative feelings about my surgery afterwards, I'll be blindsided by them. She's worried that we've yet to delve deep into the murky waters of breasts-as-sexual-objects and what those waters mean in relation to my desire to, as I first put it to her a year ago, "have them chopped off."

"So violent," she said.

And there it is—the violent line where the personal and the political meet. The violence of the male gaze. The violence of the operating room. The violence of genocide. The violence of battered and mangled emotions.

My insurance company readily agreed: My breasts really are way too big for my frame. I'm having surgery less than a month from writing this. I am so excited. I'm so fucking stoked. I'm looking forward to moving through the world differently. My body, the external part of *me*, will be changed. How this is going to affect the internal part of *me*, I don't know. Will taking this step leave me feeling like I have more agency over my own existence? Or is it "unnatural" in the way that makeup and hair color are unnatural? Do these things make women bad feminists?

The court of public opinion has already called bullshit on that—it ruled that you're only a bad feminist if you don't respect the rights of other women to do as they want—but I don't think I'm alone in secretly wondering how to reach the depths of choice, of preference, of external presentation. And I guess here's where I get all tangled up in the "male gaze." How do I truly know whether I'm doing something for myself or for my limited idea of others' perceptions of me? Can I ever truly know that?

What I'm slowly, sloth-slowly, snail-slowly learning is I have the right to make myself big, to uncover myself, to throw my arms open wide in the world. That my own experience of myself is the most important thing and I am in no way defined by other people's experiences of me. That I am valuable, that I am worthwhile.

My therapist pointed out this surgery might be one of the first things I've ever really done for myself. I cried at that, because damn it I'm thirty-eight. What the hell have I been doing all these years? And then I got angry at my exes who called me "selfish" when I dared to have strong feelings, because didn't those fuckers know I didn't even know *how* to be selfish? But I'm learning. I want my G-cups taken down to B-cups, and that is going to fucking happen, the "male gaze" be damned.

* * *

Two-and-a-half months later...

Okay, so my surgeon couldn't get me all the way down to a B, but I'm about a D, which is still better than a G. I had a rare complication during recovery that required a second operation, second full anesthesia, the works. A third drain. If you don't know what drains are, that's cool, I didn't either. My sister came into town for the initial surgery, drove me to the OR and follow-up appointments, stocked my fridge and freezer, and took the very best care of me. Two weeks after the surgery, my dog, Lucy, came home from her sitter's and got a long and serious talk about how I was thrilled to have her back home but that she needed to be gentle with me (she understood every word; she's just headstrong).

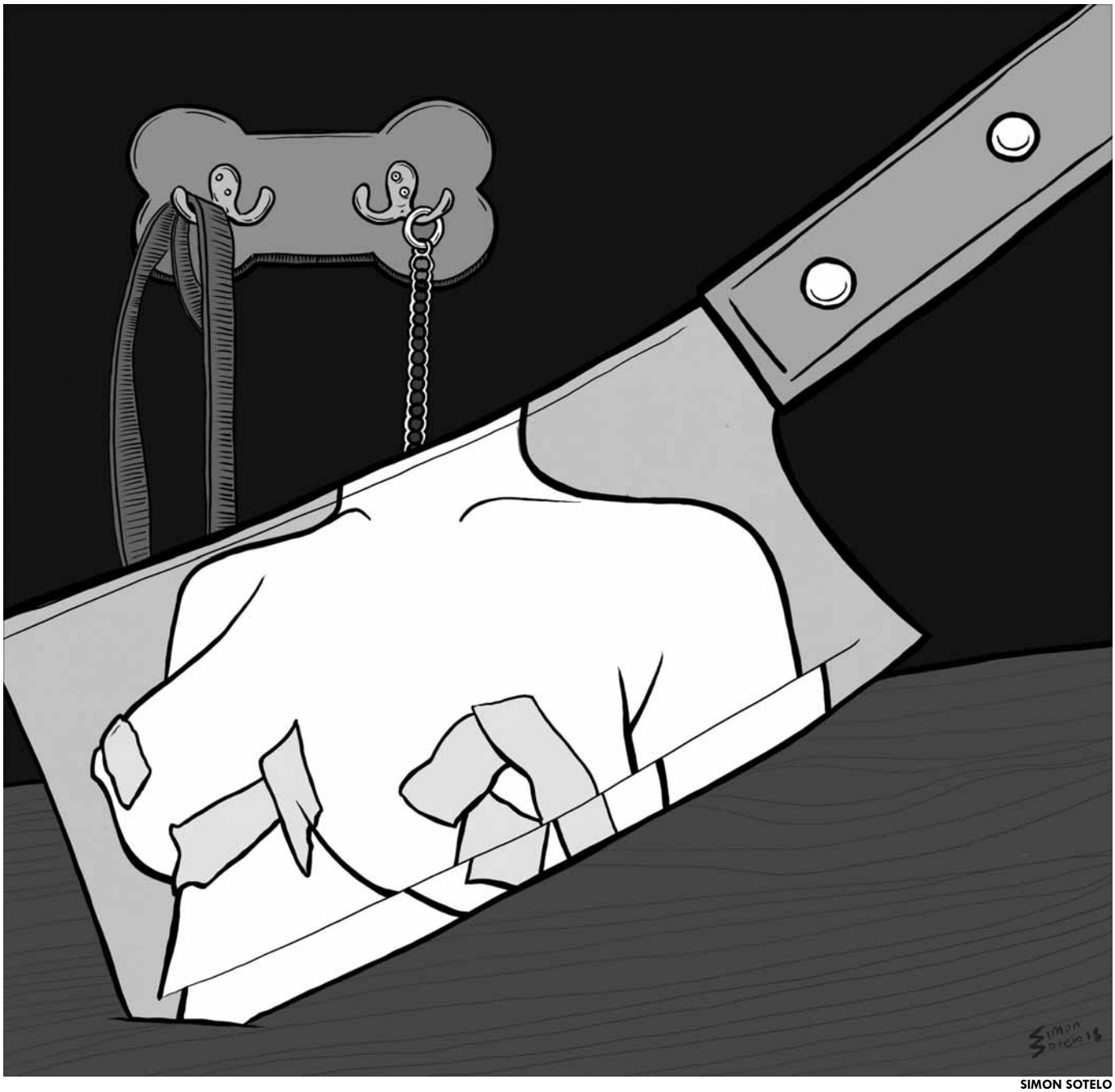
Only half a week later, at my post-op appointment, the surgeon said he needed to open my right breast back up. He made some calls and got me scheduled in the OR that afternoon. My first text was to the dog-sitter, asking if she could keep Lucy for a few days. My second text was to six friends, asking if someone could pick me up from the surgical center (I took an Uber there, but I knew they wouldn't release me without a friend or family member to take me home). Then, I went outside to my car and cried, out of frustration and disappointment. I had to ask friends for help, to bring me meals, to do my dishes, to carry heavy objects (we're talking heavy like a-gallon-of-milk heavy, and I don't even buy milk). It's very hard to ask for help when you're still working through your worth, your value.

For a brief period after the initial surgery—a couple of days, if that—I think I felt sad. It felt like someone cut off my arm or my leg. But mostly, after the bandages came off and the drains came out and I could wear cute, fitted tops over my post-surgical bra, I felt *right*. I was—I am—the right size. I fit my body. I honestly have no idea whether men look at me any differently, and I totally don't care.

Oh, and the dogs part? I started working as a dog trainer, and I'm attending a year-long dog training/canine behavior program. Follow your passions, y'all.

–Hannah

P.S. Lucy would like everyone to know that for a lot of dogs, direct eye contact can feel very threatening. Some dogs just want you to ignore them, no matter how cute you think they are. Woof.



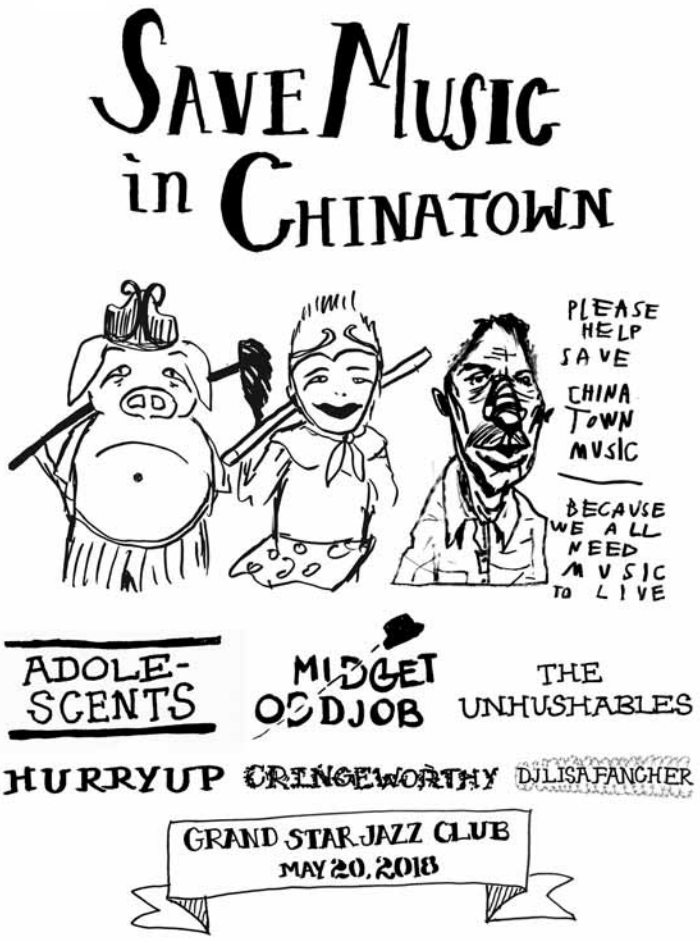
SIMON SOTELO

I was—I am—the right size.

I fit my body.

I honestly have no idea whether men look at me any differently, and I totally don't care.

STEVE SOTO, RIP



PHOTOS BY MARTIN WONG

When I met Steve Soto in 2014, the legendary bass player was completely sober and fully committed to several bands. He was a dedicated son and uncle. He was in love, or at least was on the way with a serious crush. And he played three all-ages benefit matinees on behalf of my daughter's music program at nearby Castelar Elementary for cookies and coffee. His messages to me started off with, "Hey buddy."

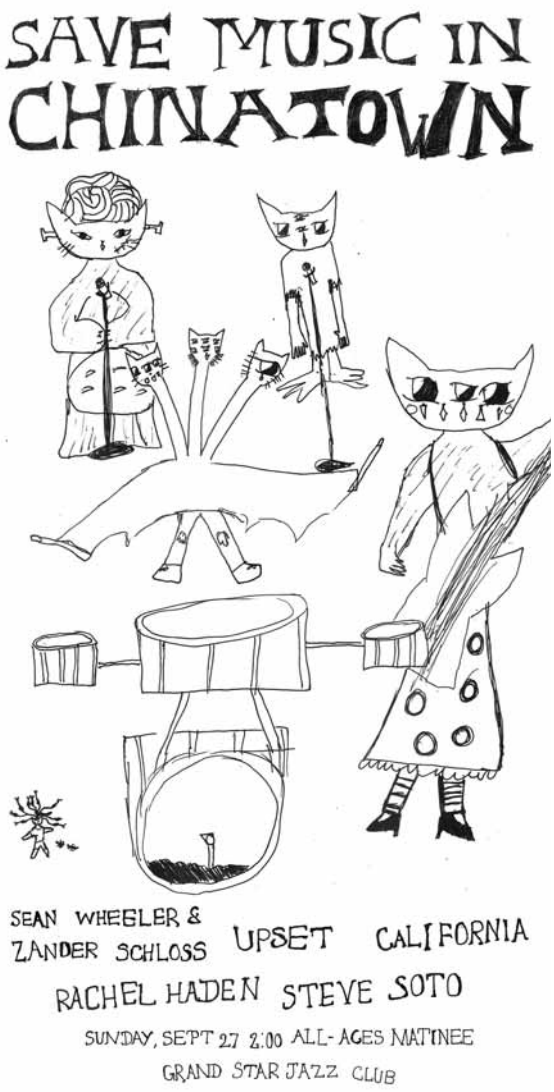
But Steve was never not a badass. What punk doesn't get the chills when dropping the needle on the first *Rodney on the ROQ* compilation? Who hasn't ripped off the intro by Brooke Shields, "Blood Stains," and "Amoeba" (followed by the Circle Jerks) to start off Side A on a mix tape?

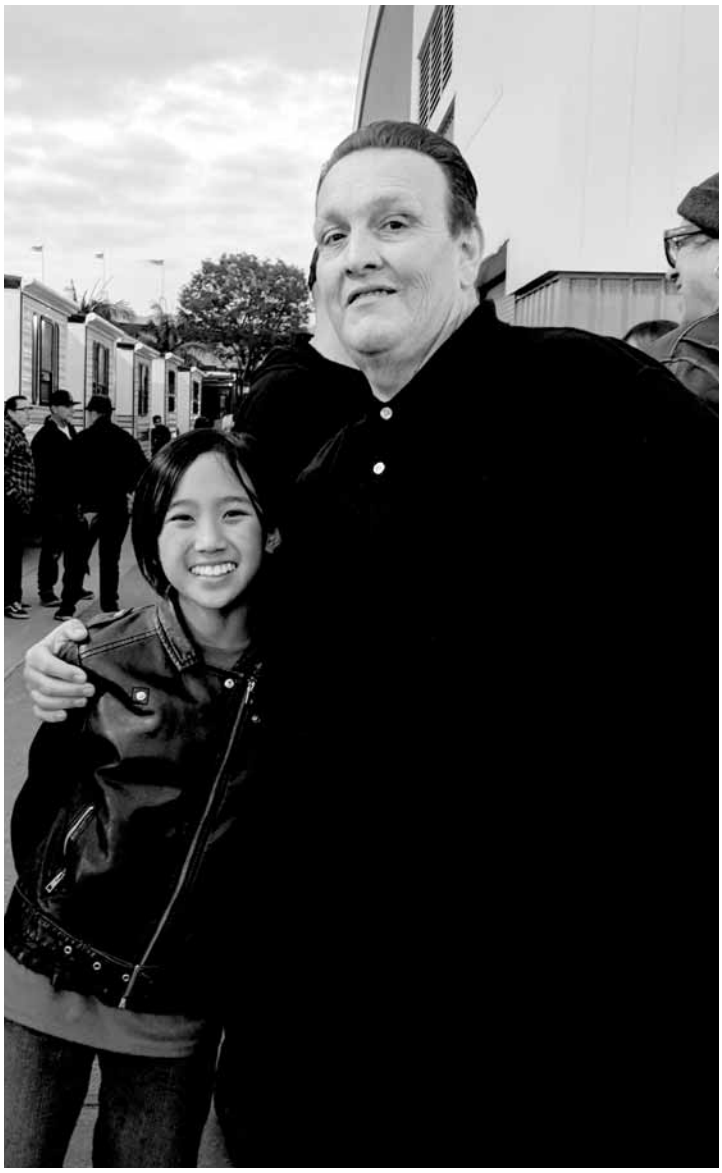
Those embryonic and essential Agent Orange and Adolescents cuts are the beginning of Soto's musical legacy. As a young teen, he was an original member of the former and went on to help start the latter. Both bands are crucial chains in the double helix of Los Angeles punk rock's DNA—even if the Black Hole was in Orange County. Yet, he was always approachable to super fans like me at the merch table after shows.

The Adolescents' self-titled debut (a.k.a. The Blue Album) is an unimpeachable part of the canon of punk, and Steve played on seven more LPs, three EPs, and three live albums with them. All have killer songs that make it to their jam-packed set lists. When Steve wasn't playing bass with the pride of Fullerton—and sometimes when he was—he lent his talents to a wide array of music: Legal Weapon (cowpunk), Joyride (power pop), Manic Hispanic (vato punk), and 22 Jacks (pop punk). And in between those great bands, he also played covers with Flock Of Goo Goo (new wave), Black Diamond Riders (soul), and Punk Rock Karaoke (you know). Steve was not only a survivor of the first generation of hardcore but a lifer in music.

I never dreamed the Adolescents would get involved with Save Music in Chinatown. I asked Tony Reflex (who wrote "I Hate Children" but in fact is a school teacher with fond memories of going to the Hong Kong Café and had been supportive since the beginning) if he knew anyone who might be into playing our fifth event, which included The Gears and Mike Watt & The Secondmen but needed a headliner. Tony suggested a solo set by Steve and quickly revealed it would be a secret show by the Adolescents. "Don't tell a soul," Steve said. Most of the little kids in attendance still don't know how lucky they were to see them while sitting criss-cross apple sauce at an ex-kung-fu movie theater turned art space without having Doc Martens land on their faces in the slam pit. There was also a bake sale.

The Adolescents are like that. They play some of the hardest music about the gnarliest themes but weave melodies out of darkness and pull humor out of despair to cope, laugh, and celebrate rebellion regardless of political regime or climate. In that spirit, they have often played tributes and benefits for friends and causes: Bill Bartell (White Flag), and Mike Atta (The Middle Class) who also died





too young, and Kelly Thomas, an unarmed homeless man with mental illness who was brutally killed by Fullerton police. We were surprised and honored but not shocked that they would play for us.

To appease fans who felt bait-and-switched and didn't get to hear acoustic versions of cuts off Steve's *An Exercise in Blue* or *Songs about Earthquakes and Girls* the first time around, he played a solo gig for us after we moved to the Grand Star. It turns out that even though he was in so many stellar groups playing an instrument, his voice was better at breaking hearts than many of the singers he worked with.

Steve unexpectedly passed in his sleep on June 27 at the age of fifty-four. He had just returned from a string of Adolescents shows on the East Coast and the band was preparing to tour Europe. He was jamming in the studio with friends that evening and was said to be excited about his bands and happy about life. No one had a clue he would not wake up.

Along with other shocked friends and family, I attended two humble but jam-packed memorials. At the church service, one section was labeled "Family" and the other, "Bands." My daughter and I sat up in the balcony where we saw each side greeting and hugging the other; and taking turns sharing stories, tributes, and tears onstage and off.

The Sunday afternoon at Alex's Bar, where all of Steve's bands played and hung out, was a private gathering as well. It's more than just name-dropping to share that his acoustic tour partner Kevin Seconds drove down from Sacramento and opened with "Sweet Youth" with two of his nephews. Bookending the weekend was CJ Ramone, who flew in from Long Island. CJ gathered a reluctant combo to play an impromptu set of Steve's favorite Ramones songs. (Steve and fellow Adolescent Dan Root played in CJ's band.) It was a bonding, bittersweet, and somewhat ramshackle moment, and the Adolescents in attendance shook their heads at once: "You know who would have hated it? Steve." Steve, the arbiter of Adolescents set lists. Steve, the guitar player or singer who records in one perfect take and tells stories the rest of the night. Steve, the nicest man in punk rock.

More than a few friends have told me that the last time they saw Steve was when the Adolescents played a second secret show for us at the Grand Star—maybe a hundred yards from the old Hong Kong Café and not much more a month before he passed. I may have missed the first wave of punk in Chinatown that rippled through Southern California and the rest of the world but truly believe this was part of a golden age, too. What else could it be?

Make every age a golden age, love your friends and favorite bands with everything you've got, and never forget the ones we lose. Long live Steve Soto.

–Martin Wong

MY WAR: MY PATH TO MENTAL WELLNESS

BY KURT MORRIS

Right about the time I turned thirteen in 1992, depression made an appearance in my life. I'd always been an anxious kid and stressed myself out with worry. But depression was different. It made me irritable. It tired me out. It caused me to doubt my self-worth and purpose, and, generally, hate my life.

Since it appeared, it hasn't let go. I've been diagnosed with bipolar II disorder. This is like bipolar I, but instead of the severe episodes of mania and depression found in bipolar I, I have episodes of depression and irritability.

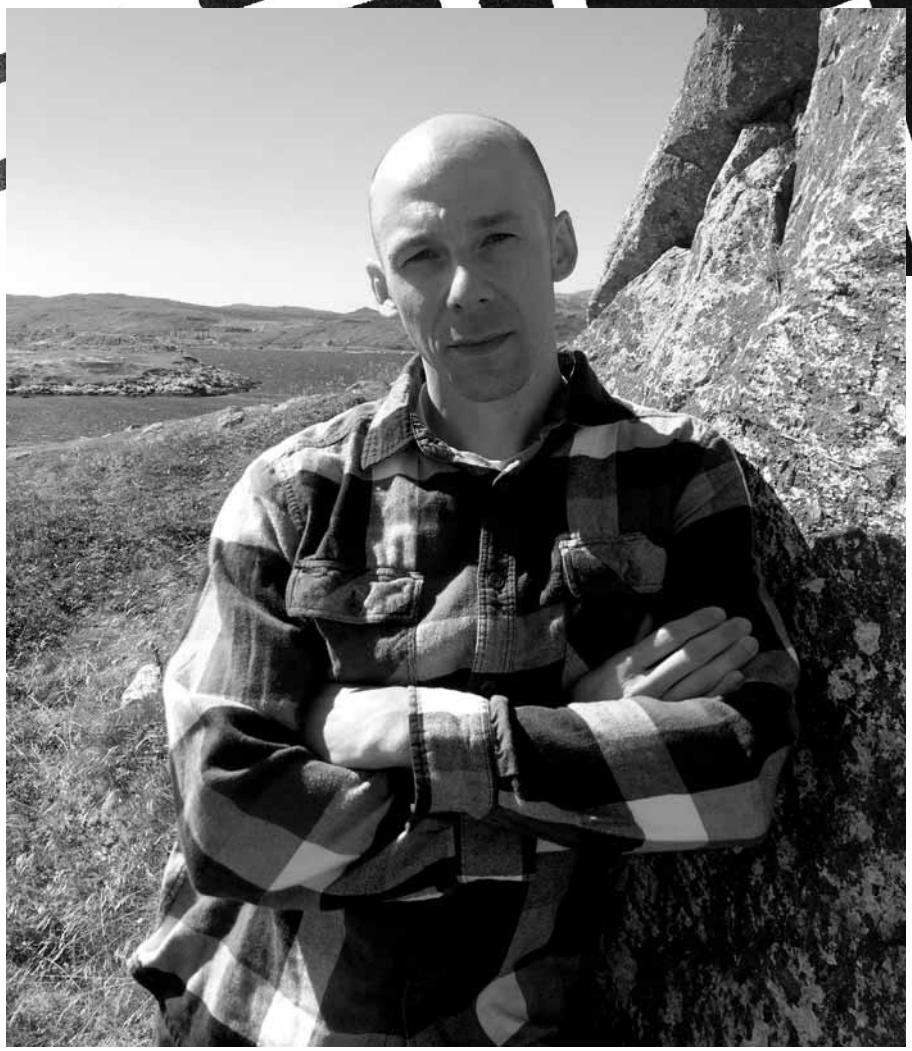
My periods of mania were often accompanied by needing less sleep, racing thoughts, and overactivity (I took on a lot of projects at once). Besides my bipolar II diagnosis, I also discovered I had rapid cycling, which meant I felt highs and lows a few times in a month, week, or even day. (Most individuals with bipolar I or II have one or two bouts of depression or mania in a year.)

Trying to find mental wellness took me a long time and I still don't feel as though I always have a handle on it. I first went to therapy in college, back in 2000, when I was twenty-one. A few weeks before my graduation, I went through a break up with my first girlfriend. I was also scared at possibilities of life without my usual routine of classes. I attempted suicide but survived. After graduation, I moved back to my hometown in Indiana to live with my parents and get my head on straight.

I began to see a therapist on a regular basis. My psychiatrist put me on different medications, changing things up every few months to help find what would work. Side effects were prevalent: not sleeping enough or sleeping too much, lowered or increased sex drive, and weight gain or loss.

I was working twenty hours a week doing customer service at a newspaper and putting together my website, Action Attack Helicopter. I was interviewing bands I admired, writing music reviews, and overseeing a staff of twenty writers.

PHOTO BY JANE KELLY
LAYOUT BY LAUREN DENITZIO



Somehow, the manic side of my bipolar disorder kept me afloat.

Things felt stuck, both in my head and my life. I knew I needed to make changes and move on with my life, but I suffered so much from anxiety. It was difficult to figure out what to do and where to go. One day my therapist suggested I check out graduate school for library science. I took it up as a dare. A few months later, in early 2003, I moved to Bloomington, Ind., ready to start a new chapter.

Relationships during this time faltered and failed. It was almost impossible to find a stable connection with anyone. Friendships were awkward—I doubted that anyone would actually want to befriend me. Dating relationships often had friction and were argumentative. My instability did not make me a pleasant person to be around.

While I didn't have mental acuity, I was doing well at school and graduated in 2005. I got a job in a library at a private university and entered into a year of severe loneliness. I had been through bouts of it in the past, but I worked afternoons and evenings with colleagues who were much older than me. There were no personal connections and few attempts at bonding. I spent a lot of time walking around the city, listening to music, or writing in my apartment (it was then I began writing for *Razorcake,* too).

After ten months, I'd had enough and moved to Seattle in 2006. I had some friends there, but worked a job doing data entry that crushed my spirit. My depression and suicidality blossomed. I saw a therapist and complained about how my work was pointless. Despite my attempts to find other work, I kept striking out. I felt like I was doing the same when searching for some stability in my mental health.

It was about this time I gave up my faith in god that had rooted me throughout my teens and early twenties. It's disconcerting to leave something I believed provided so much stability for so long. It caused me to enter into a period of existential depression which stayed with me for well over a decade. Who was I without something that had once given me such guidance? Over time, it became clear that Christianity hadn't provided me with love and support but instead a lot of guilt and shame. While it was difficult to separate myself from it, I found it helped dissipate my feelings of low self-worth and anxiety.

Although I loved being in a big city, I couldn't figure a way out of my horrible job, so I did what I did before: I applied to graduate school. I got into a university in Boston in 2008 and moved there without knowing anyone. It was a tough change because I didn't always feel I had many people to connect with, even within my own cohort. Despite moving across the country, my depression wasn't shaken off. I was still seeing a therapist, but my medications were finally consistent. (I've been on the same two meds for almost ten years now. I've also been fortunate to have the same psychiatrist for a decade and he knows me well.)

After graduating in 2010, I found a job and settled into the city. I started dating a woman with whom I had a good relationship. With my psychiatrist's guidance, we tried to take me off one of my medications. It didn't go well. I began to think of killing myself and checked into a psychiatric facility. My girlfriend at the time was there for me.

I was discharged after a week and returned to work, as well as to what I thought was a good relationship. Yet, a few months later, my girlfriend dumped me. I didn't deal with it well and again attempted suicide. I went to a different psychiatric hospital and had an amazing experience. I felt love amongst my peers and their families. There was growth on my part, and I received a reminder of the coping skills I'd learned over the years through therapy and reading self-help books.

Contrary to what some might believe, hospitalization (in the right facility) can be beneficial. It also requires a willingness to change and that's different for each person. When I checked myself into the hospital in 2011 for the second time, I knew I wanted to live.

When I become suicidal, my mind can only see the catastrophic. I despair and can't see any positives, only what's going wrong. But there are tools I've learned over the years. I take deep breaths and focus on those breaths. I recognize it's mind over mood and my mood isn't reflective of reality. I can and do find stability through phrases like, "This, too, shall

FIRE HEADS
(Madison, garage, punk, smackdowns)

WOOD CHICKENS
Meat Puppets meet the Minutemen!

SEGER LIBERATION ARMY- LP
Tom Potter and crew are back with an LP's worth of Seger System favorites!

THE HUSSY
I See Just Fine EP
The Hussy's first record in two years!

COMING SOON

White Savage **Sweet JAP**

BIG NECK records

NOW AVAILABLE

BASEBALL FURIES
All American Psycho

TWIN GUNS - LP

GALLERY NIGHT

Big Neck Records
39877 Thomas Mill Rd
Leesburg, VA 20175
bigneckrecords.com
bigneckrecords@usa.net

SWEET KNIVES
(Pssssst...Lost Sounds Reboot)

HEAVY LIDS
Bleed Me EP
Scum, Sci Fi, Punk from New Orleans

FIRE RETARDED -
Scroggz Manor LP/CD
Featuring Bobby Hussy from the Hussy, stoned, garage, fuzzed out, punk, rock!

HEAVY PSYCH ROCK
Trio from Dublin, Ireland.

COMING SOON

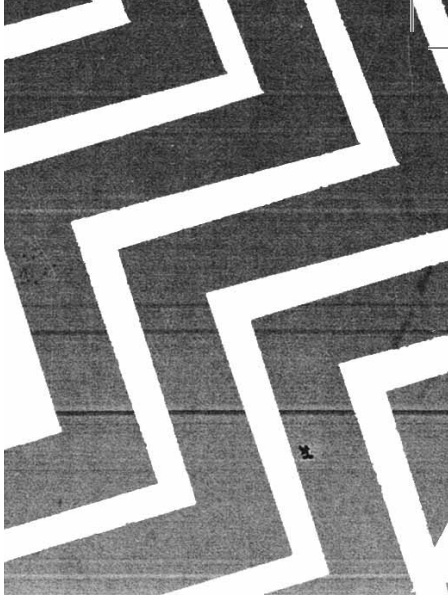
Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb

Richard Vain-Ex-Ponys

Gino and the Goons

Facility Men

Wood Chickens



IT HIT ME ABOUT A YEAR AGO: I WANT TO HELP OTHERS WITH THEIR MENTAL HEALTH ISSUES. I'VE GOTTEN THE BASICS DOWN ON HOW TO LIVE WITH MENTAL ILLNESS,BUT I KNOW NOT EVERYONE DOES.

pass." I call friends who can walk me through what I'm feeling and stabilize me.

I left the hospital and, although shaken, I attempted to find steadiness in my life. It's not always easy, though. While I understand how to handle when I feel an active interest in killing myself, it's the larger issues that are difficult to tackle. The primary way in which this occurs is in dealing with my existential depression. It's a feeling of aimlessness and emptiness that wears me down. I desire to know that there's a reason for me being here. Otherwise, what's the point in even existing? I don't have kids or a job that provides me with great meaning. So what am I supposed to latch on to?

And then it hit me about a year ago: I want to help others with their mental health issues. I've gotten the basics down on how to live with mental illness, but I know not everyone does.

I'm not alone in struggling with mental illness. Millions of people suffer from schizophrenia, borderline personality disorder, anxiety, obsessive-compulsive disorder, post-traumatic stress disorder, and many other issues. Nearly one in five adults live with a mental illness, according to the National Institute of Mental Health, which is part of the U.S. government's Department of Health and Human Services. That's approximately forty-five million people over the age of eighteen. The age group with the most prevalence of mental illness (22%) are those who are between eighteen and twenty-five. They're followed by those twenty-six to forty-nine (21%) and those fifty and older (15%). Mental illness is also higher among women (22%) than men (15%).

The more people who speak up on how to create healthy mental wellness, the less of a stigma there will be. This stigma all too often drives people underground and away from sharing their experiences, preventing them from receiving the help they need.

Also, sharing about my mental health can hopefully give people ideas on how to address their own issues. It can shine a light on areas within the mental health field that need improvement. These include lack of quality insurance coverage and government funding for good mental health, and abuses by pharmaceutical companies' pricing of medications.

I still deal with a general depression and am overactive when it comes to projects and accomplishing things. I think about suicide sometimes, too, but never with any desire to act upon it. I get very irritable on occasion. Yet, the severity of my bipolar II experiences when I was in my teens and early twenties has dissipated.

In late 2016 I threw myself into writing and speaking about my mental health. I began with comments on social media. It grew to me sharing my experiences at storytelling events such as The Moth and in articles for some websites such as The Mighty and Tonic. I'm not sure what caused me to want to share all this, but it's been very rewarding and gives me purpose and meaning.

I knew there had to be a way to talk about mental wellness through *Razorcake.* The punk scene is not immune to mental illness. If anything, it seems to attract more people who deal with anxiety, depression, obsessive-compulsive disorder, and post-traumatic stress disorder (to name a few).

One of punk's many strengths is its ability to be straightforward with its thoughts, emotions, and ideas. Thus, it's not difficult to find bands singing about mental illness. Since its first days in the 1970s, Joey Ramone sang about electroconvulsive therapy in "Gimme Gimme Shock Treatment." Keith Morris yelled about his brain needing some work on Black Flag's "Fix Me." But mental illness affects more people in punk than a person who writes lyrics for a band. Those who write comics or zines, put on shows, run record labels, and have their own punk podcast can all suffer from poor mental health. Schizophrenia or an eating disorder don't care who you are.

Thus, when putting together ideas of whom to interview, I knew I wanted to get a wide range of ethnic, gender, sexual, and racial backgrounds. I also wanted people who are involved in the DIY scene in various ways. So, I interviewed people from all walks of the punk life: writer Jamie Rotante, musician and writer Jes Skolnik, zinester Jonas Cannon, musician Miguel Chen, and comic artist Haleigh Buck. Each of them brings their own stories with mental illness and all spoke with me about their history with their disease and how they've dealt with it.

Mental health is a complicated issue with many angles and opinions on it. Please don't construe what is here as a suggestion on what you should do if you have a mental health issue. You are your own individual—what I and the various interviewees speak about are things that worked for us. Your experience doing the same things may vary.

At the end of the day, though, if there's any message I want to get across, it's that there is hope. As you'll read in these interviews, not everyone has found the one answer about how best to deal with their depression, anxiety, or PTSD. But we've all found ways to continue living. I don't think any of us would deny life is difficult—in fact it's downright fucking horrible at times. And the bad times sometimes outweigh the good.

But there are people who care and people who love us, whether we believe it or not. There are people who would be sad if we weren't around. But most importantly, our existence is good because we provide joy and happiness to others and to this world at large. I don't want to extinguish that in myself, nor do I like to see it extinguished in anyone else.

I'm amazed the number of times I thought things were hopeless but after eating a meal or getting some sleep, I was able to turn things around. So if you're reading this and feeling overwhelmed, I'd encourage you to go through the steps at this website: youfeellikeshit.com.

And if nothing else, if you're feeling depressed or suicidal and need someone to speak with, please call the National Suicide Prevention Lifeline: 1-800-273-8255.

JOHN DIGEROLAMO

Haleigh Buck

By Kurt Morris

Photos by John DiGerolamo and Haleigh Buck

Layout by Eric Baskauskas

Haleigh Buck was born in New Jersey and has bounced around a lot (she lived out of her van for a while). She now proudly calls Baltimore home. Like many comic artists, she started drawing in elementary school. She did zines in middle and high school, and worked on comics in her early twenties, starting with an anthology of various short comics.

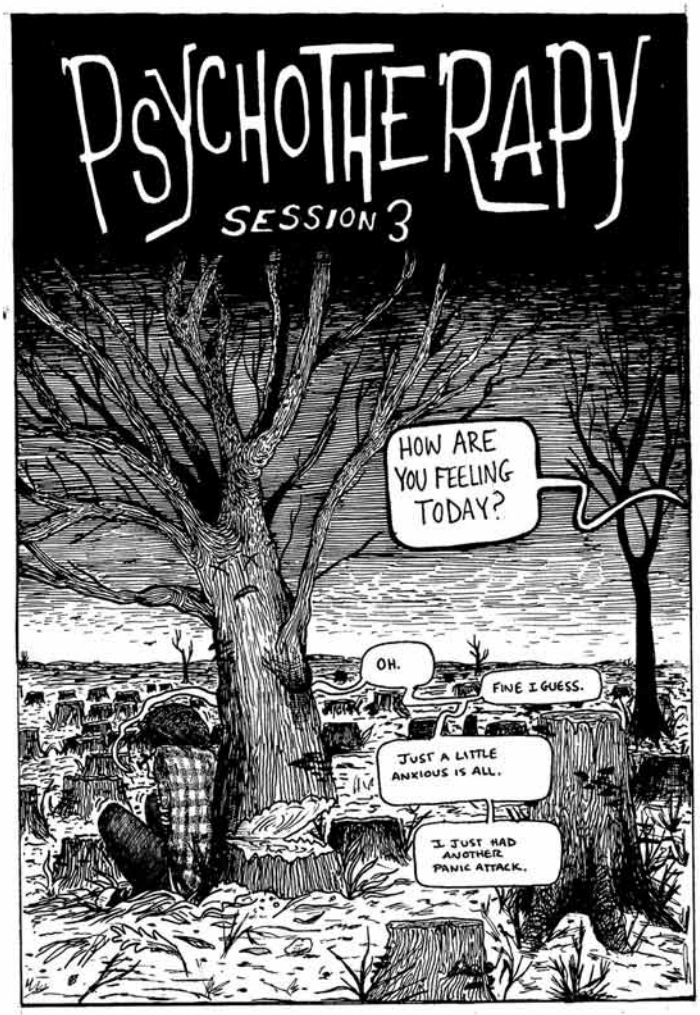
It wasn't until 2011 she began to get serious about her work, creating entire comics with what she calls "legitimate plots." Since then she's created *Cretin Comix*, *Herman the Hot Dog* ("The dumbest thing I've ever done"), *Cryptic Love*, and an art zine called *.003*. She's also been part of JT Yost's anthology *Bottoms Up*, and Atomic Books' *Mutant Funnies*. She regularly attends comic fests like Small Press Expo and has an adorable chocolate Lab named Frankenstein.

Haleigh and I spoke about the comic that brought her to my attention, *I Feel Weird*, in which she recounts experiences with her suicide attempts. We also spoke about finding reasons to live, therapists that lock you in their office in the dark (and ones who talk with you about tacos), the state of mental health care for lower-income Americans, and the stereotypes of women and mental illness.

Kurt: At what point does someone say to themselves, "I'm going to write a comic about suicide, anxiety, and depression"?
Haleigh: I think it was just a few weeks or months after the last time I tried to commit suicide: January 2016. Drawing is the only thing I had to do because I couldn't leave the house. I couldn't get myself to do anything. I just started drawing in my journal daily things that were happening to me. Then my brother was like, "Just make it a book," and I was like, "Okay." It actually helped because if you've ever talked to a therapist, well, ninety percent of the time it sounds like they're never listening at all. So you just write it down and it's like, "Well, that's out now."

Because I worked at Atomic Books before that, I gave them the first comic and it got crazy because everyone was super into it. They wanted more and more and more. Then it just kind of spiraled from there. I guess I just had to do it. I know it sounds dumb. It sounds like a stupid answer, but I pretty much had to.
Kurt: It was like a coping skill.
Haleigh: Yeah. Because I wasn't going to get help from anybody else anyway. So I might as well help myself. And it's funny to look at shit and say, "Well, of course that happened, because if you go back three pages, this happened. And that's why you're acting like this, you idiot. Don't do A, B, and C again."
Kurt: You said that nobody else was going to help you. Why did you think that?
Haleigh: I grew up with "figure it out on your own" or "do it yourself." After I got out of the hospital, the hospital staff tried to set me up with a therapist. The closest I could be seen was six weeks after, which is crazy. But I didn't have insurance so I just had to deal with it. Instead of waiting around for someone to fix me, I tried to fix myself until I could hopefully get the actual help I could've needed.
Kurt: Well, let's back up a bit—what is your actual diagnosis?
Haleigh: I saw one psychiatrist—and this was a really bad one. She locked me in a closet; it was a whole thing.
Kurt: Wow!
Haleigh: It was a whole experience. She said I had PTSD and was also depressed and had severe panic disorder and also obsessive compulsive disorder. I already knew I had OCD from just being alive and being observant. The anxiety thing didn't really come into frame until after I got out of the hospital. The depression thing didn't really make sense either. It's not a manic thing but it felt like it, I guess. I think the PTSD thing is kind of bullshit.
Kurt: Why do you say that?
Haleigh: At some point she told me I had PTSD from the riot in Baltimore and that's why I tried to kill myself. And I said, "That has nothing to do with any of this. That's not the case at all." In fact, that particular day I happened to be three or four towns over and was not involved. It didn't affect me in any way except that I couldn't be at work as late (because of a curfew). I also had to make sure my house wasn't bombed or something, which wouldn't have happened anyway.

I think she was more concerned with the fact that I lived in Baltimore and wasn't really listening to the reasons behind why I did what I did.
Kurt: When did this happen?
Haleigh: It would've been February 2016. I saw her about six or seven times before she gave me my diagnosis, which also was a tree. Everything was labeled on a tree. I was a maple, which, apparently, is depression and anxiety.
Kurt: Of course.
Haleigh: Yeah, because that makes medical sense. I was sick and tired of waiting so I finally asked her, "What's my fucking tree?" and she told me. Then she tried to explain to me what the root of my issue was and a bunch of other ridiculous shit. And then the



SO, LETS TALK ABOUT THIS ANXIETY YOU HAVE.
SIGH
WELL..
I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHERE TO EVEN START.
DO YOU REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME YOU HAD A PANIC ATTACK?
YES
I WAS THREE
WHY AM I HERE?
BABIES FIRST EXISTENTIAL CRISIS
I DON'T REMEMBER EXACTLY WHAT I WAS UPSET ABOUT.
I WAS PROBABLY JUST HAVING A FIGHT WITH ONE OF MY SIBLINGS OR SOMETHING
FROM WHAT I DO REMEMBER, I WAS HYPERVENTILATING SO BAD, MY POOR MOM THOUGHT I WAS HAVING A LITTLE TODDLER HEART ATTACK.
WOW! THREE? THAT'S PRETTY YOUNG!
I'M SURE THE MORE SESSIONS WE HAVE TOGETHER, IT WILL PROBABLY ALL MAKE WAY MORE SENSE.
WHAT ARE SOME THINGS, THAT TRIGGER THEM?
CAN YOU NAME A FEW THINGS THAT MAKE YOU UPSET OR ANXIOUS?
OK
REALLY, IT'S JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING AT THIS POINT.
MAYBE SOMETHING LIKE, CONFRONTATION? OR, THE QUESTION OF WHY I PANIC
OR...

next day she locked me in a closet and I stopped seeing her.

Kurt: Why did your therapist lock you in a closet?

Haleigh: Because I was pretty agoraphobic and I couldn't leave my friend's house. So I kept showing up late to appointments because it took a lot out of me to get in a car and go to a therapy appointment. Because I kept showing up late, or sometimes not even at all. At one point I got there and she said, "We've got to have a serious talk." She and my psychiatrist at the time—we were all in this room—and they both reamed me out about being late all the time or not showing up. They turned off all the lights and yelled at me some more. Then they left, locked the door of this tiny-ass little room, and then went about their day. I was stuck in this room and was like, "What the hell?"

Kurt: So this was actually an office that was incredibly tiny, not a literal closet?

Haleigh: Yeah, not a literal closet. It was a five by five room or something like that. It was a very tiny room. I was like, "You can't lock someone with anxiety in a small, dark room. What the fuck is going on?" Then I'm screaming and hitting and they said they were going to up my medication. I said, "You're not doing shit. I'm leaving!" It was a whole thing. It was fun. [laughs] That's when I stopped seeing them and I started seeing another person. He was basically like, "You obviously have anxiety, you obviously have OCD, you're obviously depressed, but I don't see the PTSD part." And I was like, "Yes, I agree."

Kurt: So you've been experiencing this for as long as you can remember?

Haleigh: Yeah. At least the OCD and the anxiety.

Kurt: Since you were a really young kid?

Haleigh: Yeah. I had my first panic attack when I was three or four. I didn't know what it was. A couple years would go by and then I'd have another bad one. It kept going like that. Then, all the sudden, in 2015 I was having six to eight hospital-worthy panic attacks every day for almost the entire year. That's why in November of that year I decided I was going to end my life because I didn't see a way out of it. I didn't want to feel like that anymore. After a while your muscles hurt and your brain stops working. You're not eating and people are looking at you weird. You're freaking out for no reason. It was not worth living at that point.

Kurt: Yeah. Wow. So you said there was a suicide attempt, but how did you come back from that to say, "Okay, now I want to live?"

Haleigh: It was less about me being alive after that, because I was like, "Okay, you gotta do one more really big project and then you can die. You can't let this get the best of you." So I started doing the comic (*I Feel Weird*). I just finished the third one and I've got about nine left to go. Hopefully, it'll be a couple years. It's dumb, but maybe by the time that's done, I won't feel like this anymore. It won't be looming over my head. But, mostly, I didn't want the anxiety and depression to win.

Kurt: Yeah? Why is that?

Haleigh: I thought it was a really lame way to go out. I always wanted to go out in a blaze of glory, like most people. And what a lame way to just be like, "Yeah, I'm done."

Kurt: I agree.

Haleigh: My mind crosses back over quite often. I'm still not one hundred percent. But I try to remember when I didn't feel like a fucking monster all the time. Then I tell myself, "You did this before. Try it again."

Kurt: Is that one of your coping mechanisms? To tell yourself how you made it through?

Haleigh: Yeah. I guess. It sounds so stupid but I try and remember a time when I wasn't flipping my wig.

Kurt: [laughs] You're a Hüsker Dü fan, aren't you?

ACCIDENTALLY SETTING THE HOUSE ON FIRE WITH MY DOG INSIDE. NOT BEING ABLE TO BREATHE ON OUR OWN PLANET SOON. NUCLEAR WAR. NUCLEAR WASTE. BRAIN ANEURYSMS. CANCER. POISONED FOOD. GETTING DRUGGED. MY LITTLE BROTHER DYING BEFORE I DO. SHELLFISH. THE PROBABILITY THAT ONE DAY, I'LL START TO HEAR OR SEE THINGS THAT ARE NOT THERE, SEALING THE DEAL FOR SURE THAT I AM COMPLETELY INSANE. THE FEELING OF DÉJÀ VU. MY LACK OF INTELLIGENCE. NEVER FINISHING ANYTHING. SPELLING MISTAKES. PEOPLE TOUCHING ME. CLOSE TALKERS. SUN FLARES. TALKING IN PUBLIC. BEING IN PUBLIC. TALKING. DROWNING IN MY OWN FLUIDS. DYING IN MY SLEEP. OVER POPULATION. TRUMP BECOMING PRESIDENT. CAR WRECKS. THE EARTH DRIFTING FURTHER FROM THE SUN, CAUSING EVERYTHING TO GO DARK AND FREEZE TO DEATH FORCING WHATEVER AND WHOEVER IS STILL LEFT ALIVE TO LIVE UNDERGROUND TO KEEP WARM BY THE CORE OF THE EARTH, TURNING EVERYONE INTO PALE, SUNLESS CAVE PEOPLE ON A GIANT FLOATING HUNK OF ROCK SPINNING OUT OF CONTROL AND FURTHER INTO THE ABYSS. BEING FORGOTTEN. BEING REMEMBERED. STRANGERS ACTING KIND TO ME. GMO'S. EYE CONTACT. THE HAIR ON MY BACK AFTER A PANIC ATTACK WHEN I STUTTER. MY HAND GETTING MUTILATED. GOING BLIND. THE FEELING THAT NONE OF THIS IS REAL, MEN. WOMEN. CHILDREN. A RIP IN TIME AND SPACE. PISSED OFF DOGS. THE AIR PRESSURE IN MY TIRES. BLACK HOLES. ONE DAY I MIGHT ACCIDENTALLY OR (EVEN WORSE) INTENTIONALLY KILL SOMEONE. TUNNELS. BRIDGES. BEING TOO BORING. NOT BEING ATTRACTIVE ENOUGH. ALWAYS BEING SOMEHOW GOOD ENOUGH TO FUCK OR HANG OUT WITH IN SECRET BUT NEVER BEING GOOD ENOUGH TO DATE. GAS LEAKS. BAD BREATH. THE QUICKLY APPROACHING DEATH OF THE OCEAN. SOMETHING I DID WHEN I WAS YOUNGER. SOMETHING I'LL DO IN THE FUTURE. I'M ALREADY DEAD AND THIS IS HELL. RADIATION. FATAL BUG OR ANIMAL BITES. NEVER GETTING OUT OF DEBT. EXTREME WEATHER. OLD PHOTOS. ACNE. SUPER-VOLCANO UNDER YELLOWSTONE ERUPTING. DROUGHTS. DRINKING TOO MUCH. SMELLS THAT REMIND ME OF MY CHILDHOOD. BLOOD CLOTS THE EVENTUAL PASSING OF MY DOG PROFESSOR FRANKENSTEIN. MASS FARMING. THE THOUGHT THAT MAYBE SOME STRANGERS CAN READ MY THOUGHTS AND SEE WHAT A HORRIBLE PERSON I REALLY AM. MY BEST FRIEND WILL NEVER GET BETTER AND BE BEDRIDDEN FOR THE REST OF HER LIFE. TOXIC SHOCK SYNDROME. DRUNK DRIVERS. LEFTING ONE OUT IN PUBLIC. EXTINCTION OF BEES. EVERYTHING I HAVE EVER SAID. ANY SMALL PAIN OR CHANGE IN MY BODY. PASSING OUT IN PUBLIC. PEOPLE WHO SUGGEST I TRY YOGA. DOCTORS. PLASTIC. THE OVERWHELMING AMOUNT OF GARBAGE I SEE EVERYWHERE. FILLING OUT JOB APPLICATIONS. THE SHEER STUPIDITY OF HUMANS. THE PROCESS OF EATING DAIRY PRODUCTS. BRIGHT PATTERNS. FLUORESCENT LIGHTING. SMOKING. ASPHYXIATION. NEVER HAVING ENOUGH TIME TO READ A BOOK AGAIN. WORKING TOO MUCH. NOT WORKING ENOUGH. NEVER HAVING A STABLE PLACE TO CALL HOME EVER AGAIN. THE HOURS I'VE SPENT IN MY BED WATCHING T.V. BECOMING SUCH A RECLUSE THAT I DIE IN THE WOODS AND NO ONE FINDS ME FOR MONTHS. BLOOD SUGAR LEVELS. SMALL DARK PLACES. SHITTY PUNK SONGS I USED TO PLAY. TAPEWORMS. TYPHOONS. REPEATING MYSELF. SMELLING BAD. PEOPLE FEELING PITY FOR ME. IF I'M SELF-SUFFICIENT ENOUGH. THINKING ABOUT HAVING A PANIC ATTACK. TALKING TO MY DAD. ANCIENT DISEASES DEFROSTING IN THE ICE CAPS AFTER THEY MELT. ANYONE ON A CELL PHONE. CELLPHONES. HEIGHTS. THINKING ABOUT THE MURDER OF MY 18 MONTH OLD GOD-DAUGHTER. NOT BEING GOOD ENOUGH FOR ANYONE. LOUD NOISES. LACK OF CONTROL IN ANY SITUATION. LOSS OF BRAIN FUNCTION. BEING TO SKINNY OR BEING TO FAT. CRASHING MY VAN. NEVER BEING BRAVE - OR "NORMAL" AGAIN. OVER FISHING THE OCEANS BUT SIMULTANEOUSLY KNOWING SOON I WON'T BE ABLE TO ENJOY FISH ANYMORE AND THE GUILT THAT COMES WITH IT. GETTING DEMENTIA. WIDE OPEN SPACES. SKATEBOARDING IN PUBLIC. LAYING ON MY DEATH BED WITH NO ONE AROUND TO PULL THE PLUG. CHRISTMAS. NOT HAVING HEALTH CARE TO COVER THIS AND HAVING TO PAY OUT OF POCKET WHICH WE DAMN WELL KNOW I CAN'T DO. THAT SO I WOULD HAVE TO STOP COMING TO THERAPY AND WHAT IF I GET WORSE AND TRY TO END MY LIFE AGAIN. ALL OF MY JOKES ARE BAD. I'M ACTING TOO NICE AND IT LOOKS SUSPICIOUS. NEVER GETTING OFF THIS MEDICATION. NEEDING THE MEDICATION. NEVER FINDING A FRIEND WHO CAN STAND TO BE WITH ME FOR LONG PERIODS OF TIME. DEHYDRATION. STRANGERS-FRIENDS-FAMILY THINKING I'M LIKE THIS TO FIT IN TO SOME WEIRD TUMBLR INTERNET MEME FAD THING OR I'M JUST ACTING SAD FOR LAUGHS. GOING TO THE GROCERY STORE. EATING MEAT. BUGS CRAWLING INTO MY EARS WHEN I'M ASLEEP. BEING UGLY ON THE INSIDE AND OUT. BEING FOLLOWED. NEVER LEARNING HOW TO BE BETTER AT ANYTHING. DRINKING TOO MUCH CAFFEINE. ASTEROID HEADING FOR EARTH. NEVER BEING TAKEN SERIOUSLY. HAVING TO BE THE ONE WHO HAS TO TAKE CARE OF MY MOM WHEN SHE CAN NO LONGER TAKE CARE OF HERSELF. INSIDE JOKES. ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE. FRIENDS THINKING I JUST HANG OUT WITH THEM SO I CAN USE THEM. THE BIKER GANG THAT HELPED RAISE THE KIDS IN MY HOUSE. FINDING OUT WHERE I LIVE NOW. LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS. BUT HUMANS GET THERE AND FUCK EVERYTHING UP. TONSIL STONES. ANGRY WORKERS AT RESTAURANTS. YOU NOT LISTENING TO ME OR TAKING MY PROBLEMS SERIOUSLY OR EVEN WORSE YOU DO, AND PUT ME IN AN INSTITUTION FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE. PICKING OUT ANY OUTFIT OR PUTTING ON ANYMAKE UP WHEN I LEAVE THE HOUSE. NEVER GRADUATING HIGH SCHOOL. HAVING AN IMPACT ON MY LIFE. I'M JUST SOME ASS HOLE. OVERLY MOIST FOODS. LACK OF SUNSHINE. DANCING. REMEMBERING WHAT HAPPENED IN THAT ROOM WHEN I WAS SEVEN. NEVER RESOLVING OLD BROKEN FRIENDSHIPS. REUNIONS. WEDDINGS. FUNERALS. BABY SHOWERS. COOKOUTS. DATES. EATING THE WRONG MUSHROOM ON A HIKE. MY TASTE IN MUSIC THROUGHOUT MY ENTIRE LIFE. NEVER HAVING TIME TO SKATE, KNOWING THAT THIS IS ALL POINTLESS AND ONE IS EVER REMEMBERED AND THEN FINALLY GIVING UP FOR GOOD. THAT THIS SITUATION I'M IN IS NOT THE WORST AND IT WILL JUST GET EVEN MORE RIDICULOUS AS THE DAYS GO BY AND I WON'T BE ABLE TO TELL OR REMEMBER WHAT IS GOOD ANYMORE. MAKING NEW FRIENDS. STD'S. ANNOYING EVERYONE. TUMORS. GERMS. NOT COUNTING CORRECTLY AND HAVING TO START ALL OVER AGAIN. HIVTAIDS

I feel like in order to be into this as much as much as most people are, comic-wise, you kind of have to be a little nutty.

Haleigh: Yeah, I am. I'm quite a Hüsker Dü fan. Bob Mould and I actually have the same birthday.

But I try and do my best to center myself and try not to have those thoughts. I know they're going to come anyway. My mom has also tried to commit suicide a couple times when I was a kid and I didn't tell her for about a year what I did. But when I did, the only thing she could say to me was, "You've got to do something about this now because I can tell you that anytime anything gets stressful in my life, I immediately go back to those thoughts." And I was like, "Fuck! I don't want to be like this forever. That sucks."

Kurt: So you've just basically been working on your thoughts. Has there been anything in particular besides that idea of "I've been through this before" that's been helpful for you?

Haleigh: Honestly, no. I feel that might be it: "You can do this. You've done it before." Which might not be the best self-advice because I've been in that spot a few times—so clearly that's not exactly working—but it's at least pushing it so the stretches of years are longer in between. Uh, as dumb as that came out.

Kurt: I don't think it's dumb. I hope it's not, because I use the same thought in my daily life.

Haleigh: Oh good! I'm not the only one then.

Kurt: No, I say that all the time. I need facts in my life—foundational ideas that cannot be changed. I need to be able to know there's something I can rely on. So, the fact of, "Okay, you've made it through this before, you can make it through again," is a fact I can rely on. That is a truth. It is unchangeable. It will always be there. And, therefore, that's something I can believe in.

Haleigh: Yes. Absolutely.

Kurt: And that helps give me some confidence.

Haleigh: Yeah. Even for me if it's only a couple of days' worth, that's usually—by the time those days are up, there's a new event or decision that has to be done. Then it kind of just keeps getting pushed off. So, basically, I'm just pushing it off. [laughs]

Kurt: Well, hey, you've gotta live in the current day and focus on that. If I start thinking too far ahead I can't sleep and lay awake and I can't deal with it, so I have to try and focus on what's going on in the next day. "What's going on today?" And then I try and live with that.

One thing I wanted to address is that you said that you convinced yourself that if you just did one more project then you could kill yourself. But perhaps I was misunderstanding that. Was that what you were saying?

Haleigh: No, that's pretty much it. If I do one more project and then it's like, "Okay, you're allowed to die. You just have to do this one thing."

Kurt: This sounds horrible, but does that mean when you finish *I Feel Weird* you're going to kill yourself?

Haleigh: I'm hoping that I push it off long enough—because this is years—that that won't be my frame of mind. But on top of that, every week there's a new project to do. There's a new comic, there's a new idea. I feel like the projects are never going to end. So as fucking hella weird as this sounds, if I don't have a project—like if I'm this old person who has nothing to do all day except walk around a mall, then yeah, maybe it's time to die. But, luckily, I've got my hands in a lot of different places and I don't think I'll ever be to the point where I don't have something insane to do or finish. I'm sure by the time *I Feel Weird* is completely done I'll be like, "Okay, I'm going to do another book about blank." Maybe I'll revive the stupid hot dog comic.

Kurt: [laughs]

Haleigh: I'll do whatever. That'll keep me going for blank amount of years and then hopefully by then my brain won't be like this and I can do whatever.

Kurt: It sounds like you've found that work is something that gives you a reason to live and is almost therapeutic.

Haleigh: Yeah. It's therapeutic and also damaging. [laughs]

Kurt: Why is it damaging?

Haleigh: So there are people who, instead of dealing with their emotions, they drink or do drugs or have sex or whatever. I go to work.

Kurt: I do that, too.

Haleigh: I work a lot. I'm almost setting myself up for an almost inevitable disaster. All that does is—it's therapeutic. I'm getting shit done and I'm feeling good about it, but as soon as it's done I'm like, "Okay, what's the next thing?" Then I start getting panicky about that and stressed out about that. So, I don't really resolve any issues, I just keep going until I get to the point where there's a breaking point.

Kurt: No, I get it. What's a breaking point for you?

Haleigh: I don't know. I actually just had to go to the hospital last week because I broke out into hives all over my body and we couldn't figure out what I was allergic to. The only thing anybody could think of is stress. And I was like, "That can't be it! I know what stress is and this isn't stress." But maybe that was my breaking point and I kept going. Or maybe I was just allergic to something and we couldn't figure out what it was. I don't think I've quite hit it yet, but I assume when I do hit that wall—that complete and utter breaking point—that my head will explode or something. That'll be it. I'll just explode and blast into space.

Kurt: This is a good segue into the idea of self-care. What do you do? You have

to have something for self-care. Because anybody who's not lost their mind entirely has a couple of things they do. They can, like you said, recognize that it's something that's happened before and you know you're going to be okay. But is there something you do to take care of yourself, too?
Haleigh: I go hiking and skating whenever I can. Mostly—and this sounds awful—I just draw.
Kurt: That's okay.
Haleigh: I just get back to it. Even if I've been drawing all day I'll just go right back to it. I take longer showers now. That's basically it.
Kurt: I do the same thing.
Haleigh: Yeah. I take some me time. I take more cigarette breaks even though I know that's not good. I'm still trying to quit.
Kurt: When you go skating, do you go by yourself or do you skate with your friends?
Haleigh: By myself.
Kurt: Do you do street skating mainly?
Haleigh: Yeah. I'm not good at tricks. I just cruise around. There's a kind of semi-abandoned tennis court in the middle of nowhere that I like to go to and I'll bring my dog. I'll throw the ball and she'll run back and forth, and we usually go hiking after that. I like to fish whenever I can, which is funny because I'm vegan but I love fishing. But I throw them back. I try not to use a hook. It's fun if you don't.
Kurt: That's cool. Those are some good self-care things to do. They're legit and worthwhile.
Haleigh: It's a lot of me time is basically what it is.
Kurt: You're not going to therapy anymore, is that right?
Haleigh: Yeah, I stopped going a couple months ago.
Kurt: Okay. And you're also not on any meds, too. Is that right?
Haleigh: I'm on two medications. I'm on Lexapro and Hydroxy Pam, which is like an EpiPen for panic attacks.
Kurt: Oh, interesting. I didn't know such a thing existed.
Haleigh: Yeah, it's like Vicodin or Valium—I don't know. It just makes your brain stop working for a couple of minutes.
Kurt: [laughs] Do you just start drooling and slump over?
Haleigh: I just fall asleep. I take it if I'm having a really bad panic attack and then twenty minutes later I'll pass out. I think it's an antihistamine, too. It makes me not think for a little while and my brain is off. Then it's like, "Oh, I don't know what that was about," and then I go about my day.
Kurt: Is it a shot or a pill?
Haleigh: It's a pill.
Kurt: How long have you been on meds?
Haleigh: Since late 2015. I went through that thing where they were throwing medications at a fucking dart board and seeing what lands.
Kurt: Oh yeah. Been there.
Haleigh: I think it was when I started seeing my last psychiatrist that he put me on Lexapro, so that one I've been on for about a year.
Kurt: In the comic community, do you find that there's any stigmatization with mental illness?
Haleigh: I feel like it's almost encouraged with comics.
Kurt: [laughs]
Haleigh: [laughs] There are so many comics out now about mental health and self-care on all levels. I feel like I'm just a drop in the bucket, which is great, but it's also kind of scary that everybody's fucking weird. I'm not even unique in my own sense.

I feel like in order to be into this as much as much as most people are, comic-wise, you kind of have to be a little nutty. You have to have a fairly obsessive personality. You want to see every line and you want to see every plot. Also, as far as diary comics go, everybody's sad. Everybody gets sad. This is how this particular person feels about this particular event in their life. So I feel like it's almost easier for people like me to come out of the woodwork and be like, "I have this book, too."
Kurt: I'm not a huge comics reader, especially when it comes to smaller comics, but I haven't noticed—well, you know what? Batman has a lot of mental health issues.
Haleigh: Mainstream-wise, yeah. Definitely. He's probably one of the most fucked up.
Kurt: I mean, he watched his parents get murdered.
Haleigh: And then he spent his entire life seeking vengeance on that shit. I'd say Batman's fucked up. He's at least got a little bit of OCD and depression. I'm sure of it.
Kurt: He doesn't have successful relationships with anyone. He can't find a woman or a man he wants to be with. But I don't understand his relationship with Robin, so maybe that is a successful relationship.
Haleigh: It's a secret thing. It's another thing where he's not sure of himself, so he's not going to go out and say it, that he loves Robin—because he does.
Kurt: But I was surprised when you said earlier that people responded well to when you did the first issue of *I Feel Weird,* because it's such a gutsy thing to talk about suicide. And the fact that the response wasn't tepid, but that people were really into it. That must have been a huge relief.
Haleigh: Yeah. I'm not the first person and, sadly, I won't be the last to ever try and commit suicide. But I do feel it was nice to know I wasn't alone. I had a lot of people write me and I still put my current address in all the comics because I want people to be like, "I feel this way, too, and this is what I did. This is my experience." I got a lot of emails, too, that were like, "My daughter is feeling like this. What do you think helped you?" But I'm not a fucking therapist, so I don't know. I'm just into therapy enough where I have some answers and I don't ever want to see somebody suffering the way I was suffering, so if anybody ever needs help then I'm absolutely willing to do what I can. It's a very lonely place. It sucks. No one should be there. It's not a fun place.
Kurt: I totally agree and that's why lately I've realized—and I don't want to say it's my calling, but—what I really want to do with my life is help people who are dealing with mental health issues. Not necessarily as a therapist, but I'm trying to figure out ways to do that. But it's so much more rewarding to say, "Oh, I went through all this shit and now I can use my experiences to help other people."
Haleigh: Yeah. Exactly. I was thinking about being a social worker to help people who are in my situation that can't afford it because that's the other major thing. Therapy sessions are what? Like $75 an hour, minimum?
Kurt: Oh yeah. At least.
Haleigh: And that's nuts. One of the things you're upset about is that you can't afford to eat. Then how the hell are you going to split that time between food and mental health?
Kurt: I know that you told me before that your family wasn't very well-to-do.
Haleigh: [laughs] Not at all.
Kurt: You must look at mental health very differently coming from that kind of background compared to someone who can afford the best psychiatrist in some place like Beverly Hills.
Haleigh: And then they're doing fine and you're like, "Well, that's great, but what am I going to do?" It's one of those things where when you're that fucking broke, if you cut yourself and it gets infected, you just deal with that shit. You let it ride because you can't afford to do anything else. And it's the same thing with mental health. "This sucks but what else am I going to do about it?"
Kurt: So what have you done in the past? Are there services you found that work as far as getting a therapist, getting medication, or being able to pay for any of it?
Haleigh: Where I'm at now I haven't found anything all that great. When I got out of the hospital the first time, I tried to commit suicide. The second time, they handed me a pamphlet. There were a bunch of numbers crossed out of places that weren't open anymore. There were two places left on it and they said, "Call these in the morning."

I'm not really a self-help book buyer, but there is a book that I think was a zine called *Unfuck Your Brain* and then there's *How to Not Kill Yourself* and there's another one about anxiety. There are a few punk rock self-help zines from doctors that I've read. But mostly it's just been abusing my relationships with my friends and making them my therapists. There's been a little bit of online research but not too much. Because if you're like me and you get into the WebMD spiral, then you have everything wrong with you, which makes everything worse. I'm not a very social person, but I tried to talk to as many people as I could. Somebody out there has to have the key, I guess. I just have to find that person. That's kind of how I rolled with it.
Kurt: I don't know if there's a key as much as there is an acceptance of—it's almost like being an alcoholic, I imagine. I'm not an alcoholic but it's this idea that I just take it one day at a time.
Haleigh: Yeah. Exactly.

Kurt: The key is to live in the moment as much as possible. That's been my experience. But that's been a frustration of mine—how complicated the mental health system is in the United States. It's even more difficult if you're in a rural area or a poorer area. You have to find what services to use and how to afford it. "Are there sliding scale options?"

Haleigh: Or, "How do I get there?" And then, when I get there, is that person going to lock me in a small room? Is it even worth it? It's not like I've only ever seen one therapist. I've seen many, many therapists because you have to find someone that's going to click with you. Then, also, somebody who knows what they're talking about. And the mental health field is all, relatively, brand new. Up until the late 1800s and early 1900s people were just like, "You've got demons inside you!" and that was it.

Kurt: [laughs]

Haleigh: And then you were locked away in some dark room somewhere, and they starved it out of you or gave you water treatment or whatever. But it's crazy. In my mom's time, they were still giving lobotomies and zapping them. It's like, "What the fuck?" It's only until the '80s they stopped doing that. Maybe they still did it. It makes you mad.

Kurt: It's maddening how frustrating it is for people. Short of something at the federal level to deal with this, I don't know how we can ever get this solved. I get frustrated with that. I'm a person of means. I'm smart, I have some money, and even I have trouble figuring it out—the mental health system. And it's like, "What the fuck? What happens if somebody is a high school dropout and doesn't know the first thing about mental health and is poor and/or is a person of color?" It's so frustrating.

Haleigh: It just makes things much, much, much worse. It's like when they started closing down facilities in the '80s and '90s and now the homeless population is out of fucking control because there's all these people who have no idea what to do, where to go, or how to get out of the cycle.

Kurt: Have you found that in your experiences with mental health you've ever come across a situation where you thought, "This is totally unique to women"?

Haleigh: I have gotten a few things. I remember one of the nurses at the hospital said that it'll all be okay once I have a baby because my hormones will change. I will think differently and I will continue to live because I have a child. I've definitely had a lot of people tell me my issues aren't relevant and it's just stress based on me being a woman.

Kurt: What is that supposed to mean?

Haleigh: I don't know. Maybe my brain is smaller because I have a vagina? I have no idea what that could've possibly meant. But all those doctors were very small town, shitty doctors. I'm sure it still happens everywhere, but this was just a couple years ago. It's the classic thing about how your hormones will change once you push out a kid. Everything will be fine. It's all just your lady parts. But I got that quite a few times.

UUUHHH...
DID I SAY MONSANTO?
YEAH. I THINK YOU HAD MENTIONED THAT A FEW TIMES.
OH.
SO, LET ME ASK YOU THIS. HOW OFTEN WOULD YOU SAY YOU PRAY TO GOD?
FUUUU....
JESUS CHRIST! UGH!! I WAS WAITING FOR THIS SHIT. PRAYING? REALLY??!
I'LL FUCKIN' PRAY ALRIGHT FUCKIN' PRAY FOR A SWIFT GOD DAMN END TO HUMANITY THAT'LL FIX MY ANXIETY QUICK.
PROBLEMS SOLVED!
OK. I THINK I'M GOING TO HAVE TO START SCHEDULING YOU THREE TIMES A WEEK FROM NOW ON.
AH FUCK.
END.

Somebody out there has to have the key, *I* guess. *I* just have to find that person.

WWW.ILOVEIMPRINT.COM
info@iloveimprint.com

imprint
indie printing

3449 TECHNOLOGY DRIVE, STE. 212, NORTH VENICE, FLORIDA 34275
YOU CAN CALL US, WE'LL ANSWER: 941.484.5151

JUST ADD VINYL

7″
Folders starting @ $95
Pockets starting @ $225

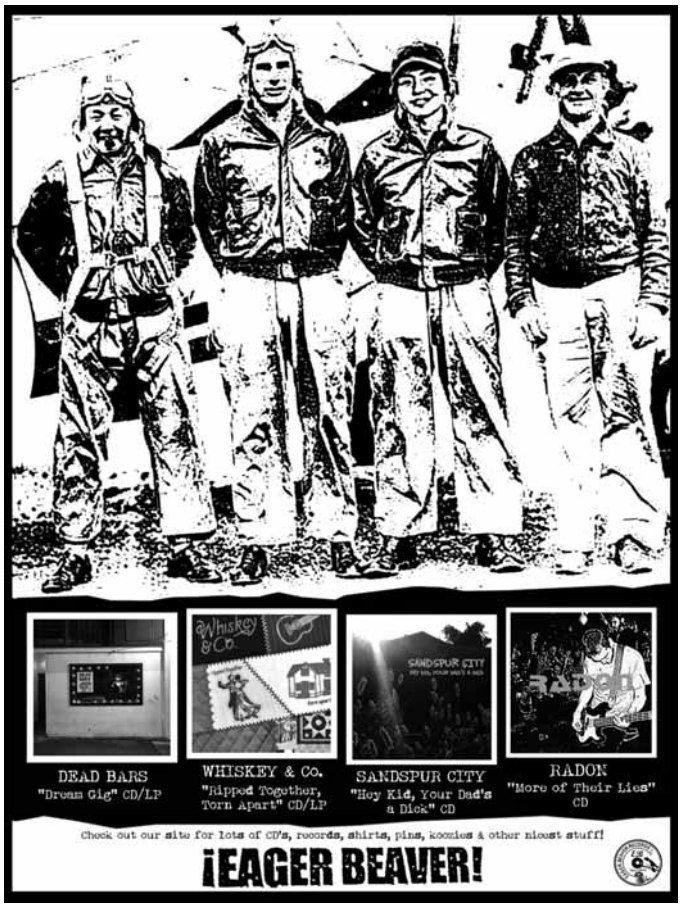
10″
Jackets starting @ $550

12″
Jackets starting @ $450

FULL COLOR CENTER LABELS
$150 with any jacket or insert order
1,000 quantity (includes 25% overs)

- FRIENDLY CUSTOMER SERVICE, JUST A PHONE CALL AWAY
- KNOWLEDGABLE ART DEPARTMENT WILL ENSURE YOUR ART IS READY TO GO
- DIGITAL PROOFS OFTEN DELIVERED VIA EMAIL SAME DAY
- IF YOU FIND A BETTER PRICE, WE WILL WORK TO MATCH THAT PRICE!

MANUFACTURING QUALITY GOODS FOR YOUR BAND AND RECORD LABEL, SINCE 1994.


DEAD BARS
"Dream Gig" CD/LP
WHISKEY & Co.
"Ripped Together, Torn Apart" CD/LP
SANDSPUR CITY
"Hey Kid, Your Dad's a Dick" CD
RADON
"More of Their Lies" CD
Check out our site for lots of CD's, records, shirts, pins, koozies & other nicest stuff!
¡EAGER BEAVER!

now available:

THE SRIRACHA-CHAS
比朋克更老

Sriracha-chas
debut album

and

State of Franklin
Mistakes Were Made CD/vinyl

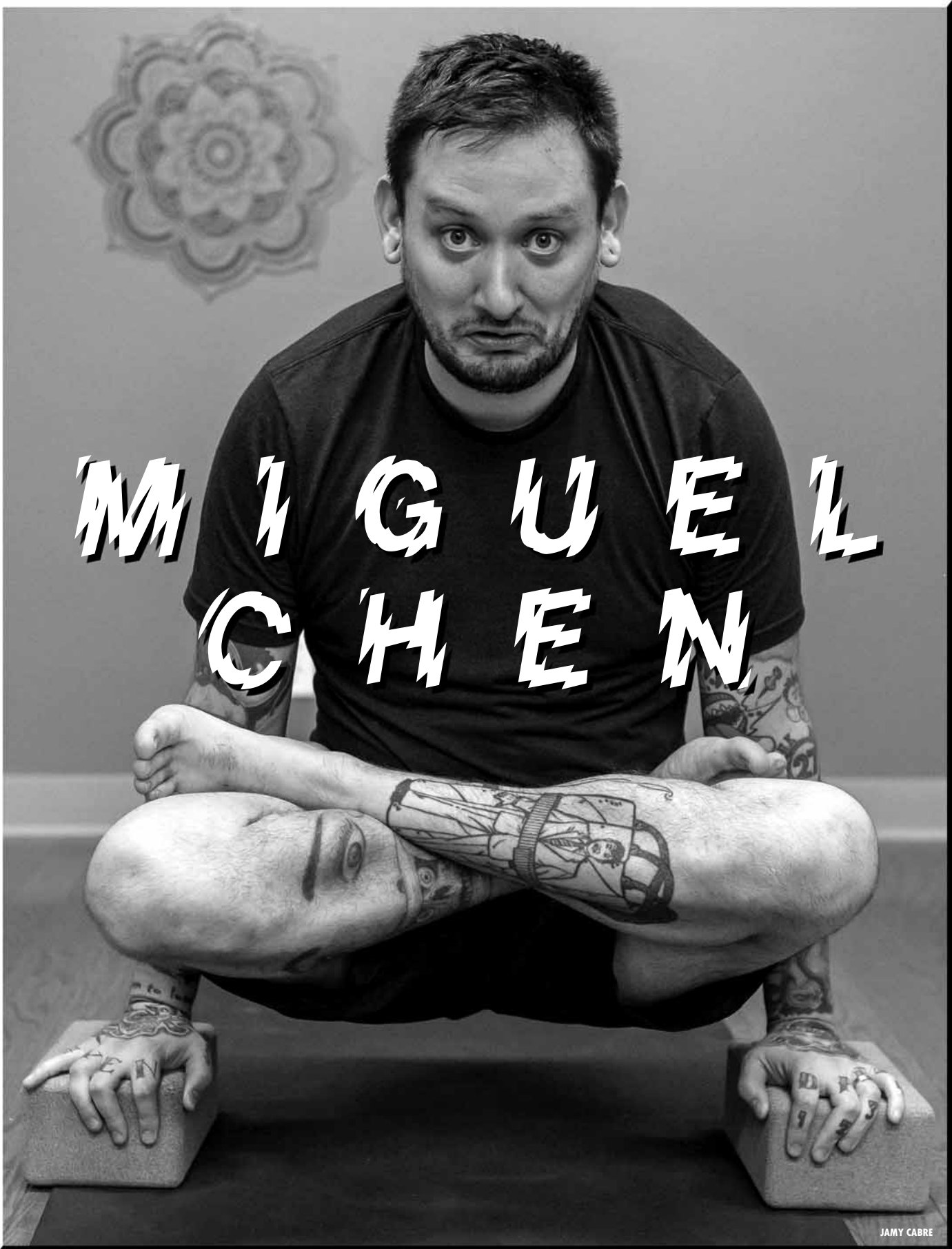
GIRTH RECORDS
www.GirthRecords.com

I feel like I'm just a drop in the bucket, which is great, but it's also kind of scary that everybody's fucking weird.

Kurt: People don't want to take you seriously because you're a woman.
Haleigh: A woman and also young. Or young-ish. They're like, "What do you know about stress?" And I'm like, "Quite a bit. I know quite a bit."
Kurt: [laughs]
Haleigh: [laughs] But because I'm not in my forties or fifties and I don't have a mortgage, then I couldn't possibly know what stress is. I think I'm at the tail end or beginning of being a millennial, so that's just another thing. Blaming me wanting to stay home all day on my age and my work ethic and that is not the case. My work ethic is fucking crazy. It's all mental. It's all serotonin.
Kurt: It's amazing the number of therapists and psychiatrists who bring their societal baggage to their practice. They have views about young people or women or people of color and they're not basing their medical opinions on the medicine and the science. They're basing a lot of it on their judgments on, "Oh, you have a vagina. Therefore, it's just hormones."
Haleigh: "You're probably just getting your period. That's why you're stressed."
Kurt: It's like, "That could be part of it, but this keeps happening so it's obviously not the entire story!"
Haleigh: I did have one therapist tell me that the reason I was stressed out about something was because I was in a two-week long relationship and it didn't work out. So he said, "You're obviously upset about this." "Actually, I'm not at all. It's not any of my concern. It's not anything I think about," and he was like, "Oh." My life is not based on relationships. That is the least of my problems. I do not care about that shit. And he just couldn't—he was like, "Maybe you should get a boyfriend or a girlfriend."
Kurt: Sounds like you've had a bad run with therapists and psychiatrists. Have you ever had any you really liked?
Haleigh: The very last one I had I liked. I moved and I had to stop seeing him. He was really good. We didn't actually do any therapy stuff. We talked about food a lot. And for some reason that was fine for me.
Kurt: So you met with a therapist and didn't talk about anything mental health related?
Haleigh: I'd be like, "I'm having a panic attack," and he'd be like, "Okay, cool." And then we'd talk about this taco joint that was right below us. And this crepe place that was a couple of towns over. And then suddenly the hour was up. I think maybe two times in the six months I saw him we actually got down to some work. But mostly we talked about food. And Chicago. He really liked Chicago.
Kurt: The city or the band?
Haleigh: The city.
Kurt: Oh. I was gonna say, if he just talked about the band that'd be really interesting. "I loved this therapist. He just talked about the band Chicago."
Haleigh: Yeah. For six months. [laughs]
Kurt: [laughs]
Haleigh: Once a week for six months we just talked about Chicago and crepes.
Kurt: So what made you like him so much?
Haleigh: Because he talked to me like a human being. The therapist I had before that, she just thought I was there for drugs. Which was the opposite, because I didn't want to be on drugs. She thought I was there so I could get someone to sign off on government assistance because I couldn't leave my house. So I wanted her to sign off for food stamps and stuff. It was temporary disability. She thought that was the only reason I was there. I said, "That's not the case. I legit need this right now."

But he was like, "I don't think you should work full time right now. I think you've worked enough. You need to calm down." He taught me a couple of breathing exercises and, besides the food stuff, he would talk to me and try and get down to what the problems were. The good thing for him was that I'd been to enough therapists. I was so sick and tired of going to therapists that the first day I rolled in there I was like, "These are my issues," and I threw them at him. "Fix it! Go! I don't want to do this forever. Please, here's the list of everything I'm concerned with in my life, what went wrong and how I tried to fix it, and how it didn't work out for me. You need to make this better." And he was like, "Okay, let's go." Which is probably why we talked about food most of the time because he was like, "How are you doing with this thing?" And I was like, "It's like this." And he's say, "Okay, cool." And that was it.

I remember one time we spent forty-five minutes talking about the taco place below us because we could smell it. The time I got there I said, "Can you smell that? It smells great!" And he said, "I know. Have you tried this?" And then it turned into this whole thing and then it was like, "Oh god! Time's up!"
Kurt: I'll finish with this: have you had any fears with your mental health that didn't come to fruition?
Haleigh: Like what?
Kurt: For me, in the past I was afraid I was going to get locked up in a mental hospital and never be let out.
Haleigh: That's definitely one. I guess more that I would've completed the task. That I would've killed myself and that would've been it and I wouldn't have gotten anything else done. And then that's it. That's the end. I think that would be the biggest part. How much would that suck? And two weeks later everyone's over it and moving on to the next thing.
Kurt: I don't think people would be over it in two weeks. I think some people never get over it when you kill yourself.
Haleigh: Okay, that's true. Just being around those situations enough where life moves on. And that's it. The end. Which sometimes I really want but I think most of the time that's my biggest thing. Being locked away would definitely—that would suck.
Kurt: That really doesn't happen with too many people ever.
Haleigh: Not so much anymore. Unless you very much need it. I guess. I'm hoping. I don't really know what the policy on that is, but not having any control over my own thoughts and my own self seems like my own personal hell.
Kurt: But it hasn't happened.
Haleigh: So far, so good.
Kurt: Having talked to you the few times we have and emailing with you, I don't think that's anything you need to worry about.
Haleigh: Thank you. Same for you, man. I think we're good. We got this.


MIGUEL
CHEN
JAMY CABRE

Miguel Chen is known by many as the bassist for the Wyoming punk band, Teenage Bottlerocket. What is less known about him is his dedication to yoga and meditation. Miguel is a yoga teacher who also owns two studios in Cheyenne and Laramie called Blossom Yoga.

Recently, he wrote a book with Rod Meade Sperry called *I Wanna Be Well*. Miguel writes how he dealt with his depression and anxiety through meditation and yoga. The book also gives insight into lessons the reader can try if they want to find peace, as Miguel did. It's a nice mix of self-help and memoir that's a quick, fun read, which also manages to give the reader a lot to contemplate.

As Miguel writes about in the book, his sister and mother died while he was in his teens, leaving him with even more to overcome. Miguel and I spoke about the importance of his mom in his life, his experience with medication and therapy, the role of Latino culture in mental illness, and how yoga and meditation became salvation from his mental health issues.

By Kurt Morris

Photos by Alan Snodgrass and Jamy Cabre

Layout by Eric Baskauskas

Kurt: In your book, you talk a little bit about dealing with mental health issues, but when did you realize you had to deal with them?

Miguel: At first it wasn't what one might consider mental health issues. It was more emotional issues—that's how my mom had approached it. She thought maybe I could benefit from talking with a counselor and a psychologist. It had more to do with, "He's not quite in touch with his emotions," and that sort of thing. It didn't necessarily start as something that could be construed as mental illness. It wasn't something that crossed our minds until the counselors started to bring it up. The counselor started to talk about chemical imbalances and bipolar disorder and that sort of thing. Before a counselor had told me, those thoughts had never really crossed my mind. To be honest, to this day I still have some doubts about the way these things are diagnosed. How much of what we see as mental illness is a lack of emotional connection?

Kurt: It sounds like your mom was someone with strong emotions and she wanted you to be similar. Is that accurate?

Miguel: Yeah. My mom was a super open person. Huge heart. Kind, loving person. I was that way as a little kid but as I started growing into a teenager, I became really closed off and not really connected to those things and not really talking about that stuff. After a while, my mom's assumption was there was a problem and maybe a counselor could help me. Unbeknownst to her, it opened up a rabbit hole.

Kurt: I wish my parents had been a little more like that. They were a little more closed-off. But I think there's a happy medium there somewhere. Were you pissed off at her when she said you were going to see a therapist or were you cool with it?

Miguel: Oh, I hated it. I thought it was the dumbest shit ever. My mom's heart was in the right place and she wanted to do something kind. I feel like her good intentions—and even the counselor's good intentions—got turned around so fast. All of a sudden it wasn't just, "He's a teenager with a little bit of emotional issues." It was, "Oh, he's sick."

Kurt: Was this all going on in Wyoming?

Miguel: Yeah. Which is a small community and small town. It's hard for anything to happen without everybody knowing about it. It's kind of embarrassing to be the kid who's going to the counselor all of a sudden. When it started it was one thing, but when my mom got terminally ill, it evolved into another thing. It became an unwanted support system. Obviously, it's hard to watch your mom dying of a disease and everyone thought it would be useful for me to have this counselor to talk to about all of that. I didn't want to talk to anyone about it. I just wanted to hang out with my friends and pretend it wasn't happening.

After my mom passed away, I was just partying as hard as I can and doing whatever I can to avoid feeling it. Then at some point I went back on my own to therapy. This time when they were saying "mental illness" and "chemical imbalances," for the first time it kind of seemed like, "Oh, yeah. Maybe." Although, in my head it was a little bit of, "Well, if there is a chemical imbalance there's a pretty good fucking chance I did it to myself with all these chemicals I've been putting into my body constantly." [laughs] That was the first time I was a little open to the idea of it being something in my head. Maybe it wasn't just an emotional thing.

Kurt: Did you go on prescription meds at some point?

Miguel: Yeah, I did. A couple times, actually. The first time being on antidepressants mellowed me out. It gave me a moment of relief I needed when I was really desperate. But once that moment of desperation had passed and I managed to settle down a little, the prescriptions started to zombie me out. It turned into a huge bummer so I stopped taking them.

I came back after my mom had passed and the doctors were immediately like, "Okay, you're bipolar. We need to get you back on antidepressants. And you're an alcoholic and you have to take this—I forget what it was, but I remember them comparing it to Valium—because you have to stop drinking. You drink so much. If you don't take this you're going to have a medical emergency." So me and my friends took all those drugs and ate them and got wasted. It was super fun. There was no big, "Oh, thank god they gave me these fucking drugs so I can kick my alcoholism." It was more, "I guess I'll give these anti-depressants a shot again." And even worse than the first time, I just felt zombied out. I felt stagnant. I wasn't really dealing with the issues. I was just an empty being walking around.

That was the point where I said, "All right. I don't think this is for me." So I stopped taking prescriptions, stopped going to the counselors. I never went back. That's when I really started the spiritual pursuit. I was like, "It's obvious to me that all these external things I'm trying to do are at best just temporary fixes. I'm going to go this other route." As you know from the book, that's where I really credit my salvation. It's a strange thing—going back to the subject of mental illness. At this point in my life I know that for sure I am mentally healthier than I've ever been.

Kurt: That's awesome.

Miguel: Sometimes I look back and am like, "Was I ever really sick? How sick are we really?" I don't want to trash talk counselors or prescriptions or anything like that. In the long term, it didn't end up being what I needed. There were moments of complete desperation where the counselors and the drugs chilled me out. "I'm okay to the point where I can now start to work on myself." But there was also a feeling of, "Maybe these people aren't trying to understand me. Maybe they're just throwing drugs at the problem because that's what they do."

Kurt: I think it's changed, too. How old are you?

Miguel: Mid-thirties.

Kurt: Okay. I'm thirty-nine. In the '90s when I was going through stuff, I feel like their answer was to throw drugs at everything. So people said, "Yeah, just take these meds and you'll be fine." I don't know if that's still the way it is or not. Me, personally, I want to approach mental health as, "Yeah, prescriptions aren't for everybody. Therapy isn't for everybody. You've got to find what works for you." I don't think it's a problem at all if you want to take meds or don't want to take meds. It doesn't matter to me.

Miguel: Absolutely.

Kurt: I totally understand where you're coming from. I was wondering, though, in your situation—well, let me ask you this—you've been into punk since you were a teenager, right?

Miguel: Yeah.

Kurt: So, back then, were you finding that the people in your community would understand your mental health issues or were they stigmatizing you for it? How did your friends react that were around you and seeing what was going on with you?

Miguel: It was something we didn't really talk about, which is also a problem. You have your buddies—and especially at that age everybody's trying to be cool—so if you're fucking sad or depressed you just keep that in. You didn't want to seem weak. I think one of the really big releases about punk rock was that it was this situation where I didn't have to think about that shit. I didn't have to talk about it. I just was able to set that part of my life aside and have fun. And not think. There's such a huge relief in not thinking. There's a point where you do have to think, but a big part of the appeal and release of punk rock was that we can be fucking stupid, we can

ALAN SNODGRASS

dye our hair and listen to NOFX, and who gives a shit about the rest of our lives?

Kurt: Was there ever a disconnect where you thought, "Okay, I'm a punk rocker, but I'm also going to therapy?" Did you feel like two different people?

Miguel: Not really, man. I'll tell you that there were a few moments when I genuinely gave therapy an honest shot. But ninety percent of the time I was pretty disconnected from it. I was like, "Well, I have to do this so my folks will leave me alone. It's a drag, but just shut up and do it and then it'll be over and go back to your shit."

Kurt: It sounds like torture.

Miguel: It was the fucking worst.

Kurt: Obviously you found yoga. How old were you when you started to do yoga?

Miguel: Oh man, I was old. I talk about it a bit in the book but my mom was really more spiritual. I thought that shit was really dumb as a teenager but after my mom died and after that one last desperate attempt—"All right, I'm going to get back on these meds and fix myself that way"—through that, when I was like, "Well, this does not fucking work for me," that's when I was like, "Okay, what is going to work?"

I started to think about my mom and I started to think about prayer and meditation and all the stuff my mom was really into. That was my early twenties. I said, "All right, I'm going to start reading about spirituality." I knew organized religion and Christianity and all that shit was not for me. But I started to discover that there was a more individualized approach to this. I got into meditation and I started practicing little by little. I did that for years and years. All the while there's this little yoga thing floating around that I want nothing to do with. Then I see it and I see fitness-y looking perfect people in spandex and that looks fucking dumb. I stayed that way for a long time. It wasn't until I was twenty-eight that it was a girl…

Kurt: Ah, yes. Of course.

Miguel: Yeah. She kind of forced me to go to one class. After years of everyone being like, "If you like meditation, you're going to love yoga," I finally gave in and went to one fucking class to try and maybe make this girl happy. Then the next day I went to my second class. And then it never stopped. Before I knew it, I was taking my first teacher training and then that was my job and I was a yoga teacher all the sudden. I was taking over the studio I was working at and doing more trainings. I fought it so hard and the moment I let it in, it seemed to be what I was looking for.

Kurt: Did you find that your mental health issues started to disappear when you started to meditate or do yoga? Or was it disappearing before that?

Miguel: I will say that meditation is the number one thing that has helped me in my life with that. Also, I still get completely totally depressed or I still have moments where I get insane anxiety for really dumb shit. When I'm able to look at it with a clear mind, I'm able to look at it and say, "Why did that cause me so much anxiety?" And it still happens.

But I'll say that the biggest difference since I started this spiritual path is that even though this stuff still happens, it doesn't affect me as much. I see it when it comes, I'm with it for a little while, and then I let it go. It's less of a part of my life in that way. We're humans. We all get sad. We all get anxious. It's part of it. It's always going to be part of it. The difference is that I do this inward journey. You can connect with a part of you that knows that that's okay.

Kurt: I've definitely had positive experiences with meditation and I ask myself, "Why am I not doing this more often?" When I do it, it feels good but I get busy with shit. I need to make it a priority and I don't always do that.

Miguel: It's a fucking hard thing to do,

But I also want to make this spiritual practice a part of my daily life. So that's the dance I live these days.

man. Sitting and meditating is kind of fucking boring or tedious. It's not always this big, flowery, feel-good thing. But you know from experience that when you do it consistently is when improvements happen in your life. Right?

Kurt: Yeah. When you started to feel better and meditation was helping, did you find there to be a conflict as far as who you are as a punk rocker and who you are when you meditate? Or do the two go together really naturally?

Miguel: For sure there was some kind of conflict at some point. There always has been this part of me that revels in self-destruction, rock and roll, and partying your ass off. That shit is fun until it's not. Then there's the opposite side of the spectrum where you're trying to have a connected life where you don't do anything bad or anything that's going to harm yourself or others. That can be so freeing and so rewarding. On paper they're the exact opposite.

> I think the challenge in my life—and the challenge in everyone's life—is: what's your place in the middle? Where do you exist in the middle? I know that I sure as shit don't want to be smoking crack cocaine or staying up for three days partying my fucking ass off as hard as I possibly can. This whole live fast, die fast mentality—I don't want that. But I also don't want to be this guy dressed in orange and living in the Himalayas abiding by all these ancient yogic texts and being a holy man, either. I want to rock and roll and have fun with my friends and I want to have some beers. But I also want to make this spiritual practice a part of my daily life. So that's the dance I live these days.

Kurt: That's awesome, though, because so many people have self-destructive tendencies and then they're hot or cold, on or off, and they can't live in that middle place. Sounds like you've been able to do that.

Miguel: Yeah. Here's the other thing about it: people seem to have this idea that if you do all this work, someday you're going to get there and then you're done. But once you let go of that mentality and truly set it aside you realize that this is part of what happens. You dance the dance. Then that's where relief comes from. You don't have to work to achieve the goal and then you achieve it and then bam! You're done. You just say, "This is my part of it for today. And that's it."

Kurt: I hear you. Did you find that when you started to behave a little differently and scale back the partying there were people in your scene that were like, "What's up with Miguel? What's going on dude?"

Miguel: [laughs] Yeah. Definitely. It's funny because last weekend we were doing some shows with our buddies Nothington. After one of the shows I said, "I'm going to go to bed." And Luke, the drummer in Nothington said, "It's so funny how that's the usual thing that I hear from you now. Back in the day it was the exact opposite of that." Sometimes there is an element of, "Ah, it's my buddies I haven't seen in so long and we're in their town playing. They just want to hang out all night and party, but I want to go to sleep." So that's part of it, too. How do you be, "I still love you, man, and I still want to hang out, and maybe next time I want to hang out and party with you, but on a day-by-day journey, today it's gotta be bed."

Kurt: How did they accept that? Were they cool with that? Or did they give you shit about it?

> **Miguel:** I think, for the most part, people are pretty understanding these days. Everyone in punk is getting a bit older and even if their own behavior isn't more reasonable, their understanding of other people's behavior is a little more reasonable. Time goes on and we see what happens to people who never take time to slow down or clean up a little bit. We've all lost a lot of friends. Even those who still party as hard as they ever did have a little more understanding for those of us who slowed down.

Kurt: I've noticed it myself, too. I've hung out with some *Razorcake* folks over the years and it's definitely slowed down as we get older. One thing I was wanting to make sure I hit on in these interviews is that I'm trying to get a really wide array of people. I know that mental health is dealt with differently in various cultures and classes and genders. You were born in Mexico City, is that right?

Miguel: Yeah, that's right.

Kurt: Okay. As someone who comes from a Latino background, did you find that mental health was dealt with differently with that background or did you not notice a difference compared with what was going on with the white people around you?

Miguel: [laughs] I'll say that out of all my cousins and all my family back in Mexico, I'm the only one I know of who's ever been to a counselor, been diagnosed with some sort of mental disorder, or been on prescriptions. Honestly, I don't know if it's because I'm the only one who this stuff has happened to or because I'm the only one who's talking about it. I think in my background there's some of that stuff happening, but we don't really talk about it. Which is weird, because I remember growing up and visiting my cousins—if I had a pimple I was super embarrassed about it. Everyone would fucking talk about it. That was all really open. They'd talk to each other and say, "You look like you've put on a little bit of weight." That kind of shit was totally normal, but if it had been a mental kind of thing, it was nonexistent.

Kurt: Do you think that was a cultural thing or just your family in particular?

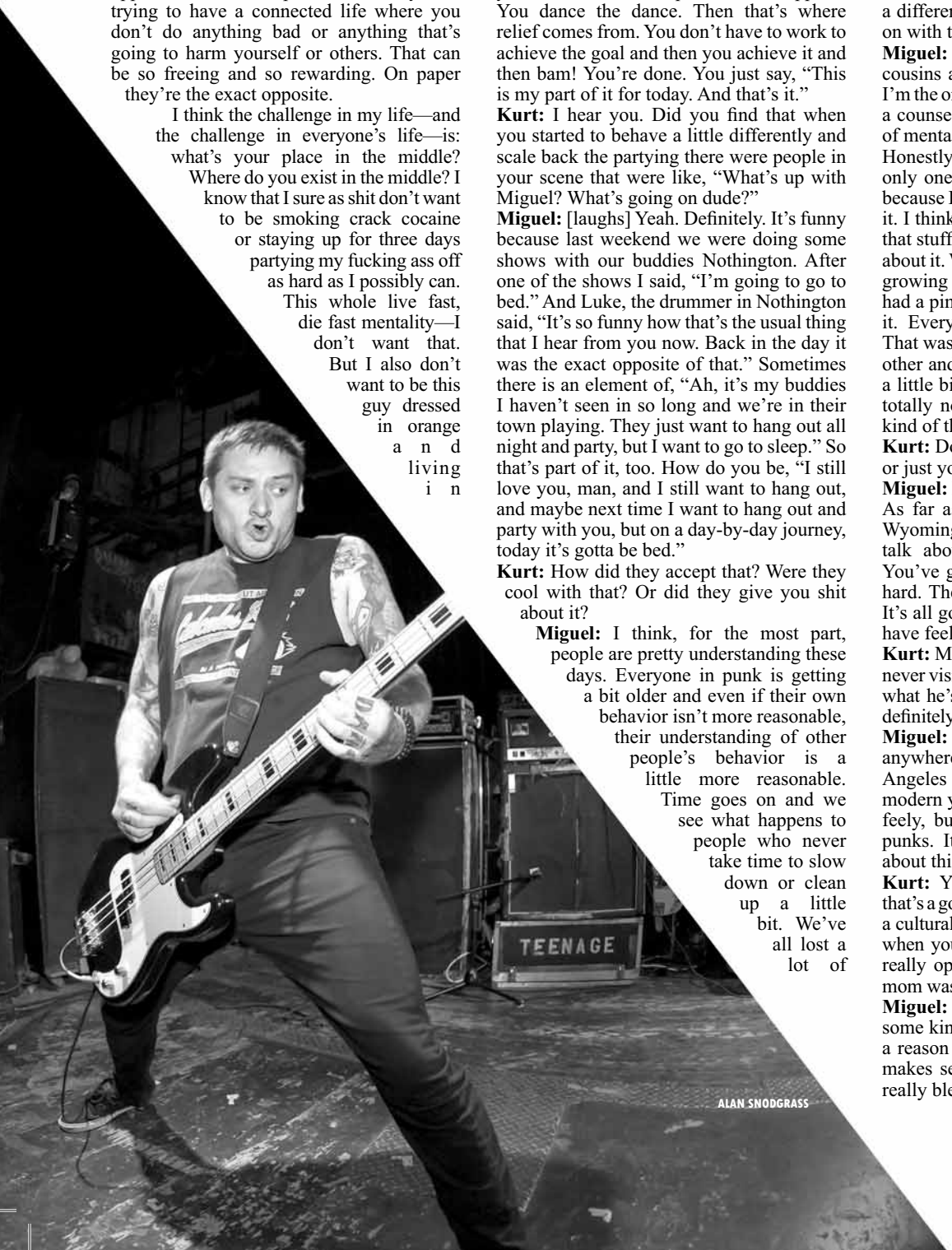
Miguel: I don't really know. Maybe cultural. As far as cultural things go, I grew up in Wyoming. It's not exactly the most "Let's talk about our feelings" place on Earth. You've gotta be tough. You've got to work hard. There are a lot of cowboys. It's cool. It's all good. But we're still people. We still have feelings.

Kurt: My cousin lives outside Laramie. I've never visited him out there, but I get it. I know what he's like. I think I understand. There's definitely tougher individuals out there.

Miguel: It's probably kind of the same anywhere in some sense. You go to Los Angeles and sure there's this group of modern yoga hippies and they're all touchy-feely, but there's also gangs and hardcore punks. It's the same shit. They don't talk about this stuff.

Kurt: Yeah. That's probably true. I think that's a good assumption to make. It seems like a cultural thing. That's why it was interesting when you said your extended family wasn't really open about it, but it seems like your mom was open about her feelings.

Miguel: Yeah. She really was. If there's some kind of rebirth thing, there's definitely a reason I chose her to be my mom. If that makes sense, in a weird way. I was really, really blessed to have that.



ALAN SNODGRASS

JAMY CABRE

At this point in my life I know that for sure I am mentally healthier than I've ever been.

Kurt: It sounds like you're in a pretty good place, though. I got that from your book. It's been interesting to explore this with people because there are folks who have had really horrible experiences with mental health professionals and there are others for whom it's worked really well. It sounds to me that you've found a good place of moderation for everything in your life. That's so tricky to do for a lot of people.

Miguel: Yeah. I consider myself lucky. And not just lucky to have the parents I did and the situation I did, but there's a certain pain and suffering and hard experiences that I think are just universal. All human beings are gonna know this at some point in their life in some way. In a weird way, I kind of feel lucky that it happened to me when I was younger, because I get to spend more of my life on the other side with better clarity and better understanding and more of an opportunity to try and help others. It's a really harsh awakening, but it's an awakening of sorts.

Kurt: I've felt that way, too. I've had more trouble when I was younger and trying to get more shit cleared out of my mind now that I'm getting older. And then it just becomes an issue of, "Oh, now I want to help people because I know what that's like."

Miguel: Totally.

Kurt: Something else I was wondering: is your dad still around?

Miguel: Yeah. My dad's doing good. He's kicking it down in Texas.

Kurt: Okay. I was curious what he thought and how he approached this. You talked a lot about your mom and I didn't know what your dad's effect was on your mental health.

Miguel: Yeah. Growing up, my dad was always the quieter parent. He'd go to work as a math professor and he'd come home and spend time with us. He was super nice and super loving, but I feel like this kind of stuff was more mom's department. My dad was a little more, "Just don't do that." [laughs] He had the math side of the brain—analytical, whereas mom was more emotional. As adults, there's nothing I won't talk to my dad about now. We've got a really good relationship. It's one of those things where if things hadn't happened the way they happened, maybe we'd have a little cold, weird relationship. But one of the perks of things unfolding the way they did is that now I have a super open, close relationship with my father. It opened both of us up.

Kurt: So you can talk to him about that stuff from your teens and he's understanding? Like, "Oh yeah, you were having a hard time there. You were depressed and I can see that now."

Miguel: Totally. There's pretty much nothing from the past that my father and I haven't worked through together. Now we still talk on the phone pretty regularly. And anything that's going on, we just talk.

Kurt: It sounds like you have a lot of really positive things going on. It's nice to have this story because I've talked to people who are still in the thick of their mental health issues and it sounds like you're way more on top of them.

Miguel: Yeah.

Kurt: You did say you still have some tough times, though.

Miguel: Totally. And I definitely want to add that it's a daily thing. I think a lot of my success is because I've been able to be consistent and to keep working on this every day of my life. I've come to a sort of acceptance that this is part of my life. You work on this stuff. And even just a change in attitude from, "Oh, I have to work on my feelings or my mental clarity." Just a switch in perspective to, "Oh, I get to do this." Then it becomes a purposeful, meaningful part of your day to day life. How lucky am I to have all these tools and be able to dedicate time every day to using these tools to work on me.

JONAS CANNON

INTERVIEW • KURT MORRIS
PHOTOS • JENNIFER FEDERICO & ALEX WREKK
LAYOUT • DYLAN DAVIS

Jonas Cannon has been making zines on and off for twenty-five years. Born in Chicago and raised in and around the city, he initially got into zines through friends in high school, but then took a break. In 2010, he visited Quimby's Bookstore in Chicago and seeing all the zines re-ignited his interest in creating them. Since then, he's published numerous zines including: *Cheer the Eff Up*, *Fixer Eraser*, *Srviv* (about everyone's reasons for getting out of bed every morning, which he edited and contributed to), *Pops* (about radical parenting), and several one-shot zines.

Throughout his writing, Jonas's zines take a perzine angle that not only explores his daily adventures but also considers issues such as masculinity, anxiety, and depression. This is often done with a mix of fiction, which isn't surprising, given his love of the genre. In fact, in 2013 he published his debut novel, *The Greatest Most Traveling Circus*, with Sweet Candy Distro.

Jonas and I spoke about his experiences with bipolar disorder, how the zine community has supported him, the importance of zines in helping him with his mental health, and the added struggles the black community has in dealing with mental health.

#27
It's important to know the right way to suffer, she said. She was joking and also not joking. When your brain is broken and your body is garbage and the world is empty and you are empty, it is much better for you when you can say, I've been here before. I can take it.
Sadly, she was
not
wrong.

JENNIFER FEDERICO

...if you go to a zine fest and you throw a zine in the air, it's probably going to fall on somebody who's dealt with some form of mental illness.
FIXER ERASER
#2
#3
#4

Kurt: When did you realize you had mental health issues?

Jonas: There are two different points I could point to. The first would be early adolescence. Maybe everyone goes through that depression that hits around fourteen. I didn't know what to make of it at that point. As the years went on, I figured that was a part of my teenage years. "This is what I'm dealing with right now." It wasn't until college that I gathered it was bipolar disorder, specifically. The depression juxtaposed with a state that was pretty out of control: manic phases of irrational thought, irrational spending, grandiose ideas. Weird things like, "I'm going to go for a walk" and then I'm suddenly ten miles outside of town and I'm still walking. "Where am I going? I don't know."

Kurt: So you have bipolar I, it sounds like.

Jonas: Yes.

Kurt: I have bipolar II, which is the less fun bipolar. I get irritable and depressed and I don't do all the fun things like spending a lot of money, having sex, or doing drugs.

Jonas: [laughs]

Kurt: [laughs] Sorry, but you were saying things reached a head in college?

Jonas: Yeah. It certainly did. When I was diagnosed I figured out it was more than just growing pains.

Kurt: Once you realized what was going on, how did you get help?

Jonas: In the college I was going to, I consulted first with a counselor/social worker and went from there to a psychologist. Unfortunately, I didn't stick with it. It was diagnosed. I talked to a few people on a handful of occasions. I should've continued on and perhaps get medication or some sort of grounded plan, but I didn't. I was like, "Oh, that's what it is. Okay. Now I'll try and live with this thing." Then life got a little worse.

Kurt: How so?

Jonas: Well, just to go straight into it—shortly after graduating college there was a suicide attempt. I moved back with my parents. And one night—and I can't say whether it was a depressive phase or a manic one—I ended up on the expressway and I was hit by a truck.

Kurt: When you say "on the expressway," do you mean walking or driving?

Jonas: Walking.

Kurt: Was that in Chicago?

Jonas: That was in the south suburbs of Chicago. The only reason I survived it is that for part of college, around my junior year, one of the things I would do to cope is that whenever I felt a rush of energy I would go work out. I got so into it I was in the best shape of my life. That's how I survived it. If I wasn't in such good health or good shape at the time, I'd be dead.

Kurt: How badly were you injured?

Jonas: Pretty bad. Both my legs were broken, my arm was broken, my jaw was broken. There was a big hole in my stomach, a few organs messed around. That was the bulk of it. There are some lasting internal problems that I'm still dealing with and will probably always deal with. The major visible consequence is that my left arm doesn't bend

at this point. It was broken and one of the things that can happen when you suffer a break like that is your body will try and mend itself. It'll deposit calcium around where the break was and, for me, the break was around my elbow. It overcompensated and deposited so much calcium that it fused the bone together. So that's what I got.

Kurt: After that was it like, "Oh shit, I need to get some help"? Did your parents step in, or were you like, "Eh, whatever."

Jonas: A little bit of column A, a little bit of column B. I come from a family with very poor communication skills when it comes to that. Even though I have it, it means that my father probably dealt with bipolar, too, or his father did. Odds are one of the two, but he never spoke of it. After this happened, the entire thing was referred to as "the accident." I fully recovered from it and spent the next several years—until I finally went and got therapy and medication for a time—I looked for ways to cope on my own. I was painting for several years and using painting as therapy. Writing was a good way to channel energy. Reaching out to friends. Stuff like that. Just trying to recognize that I was in a certain phase and either used the energy accordingly or reached out accordingly or do whatever self-care technique I could come up with.

Kurt: Did you find those things helped?

Jonas: Yeah. Painting, especially. It was a way of re-directing so much energy. One of the things I would do is that as soon as I would get off work, I would go to the Art Institute, which is only several blocks away from my work building, and race through the place looking at different paintings. Painting after painting. Then I would go straight home and spend the next several hours painting. I would get all that energy out in a very fulfilling, gratifying way.

Kurt: What kind of paintings were you doing?

Jonas: I've had a hard time defining them. It's not quite abstract, but I wasn't painting landscapes or anything. Sort of in that weird middle ground between abstract and representational. I was bringing into it everything I observed going into the museum, along with a background of me being a nerdy comic book-reading kid. All of that went into it.

Kurt: So, like, a Superman that was melting?

Jonas: Yeah. [laughs] That's a close approximation.

Kurt: It sounds like it took you a little while until you were able to get to a place where you were able to get meds and get some help. Once you started getting back into that, was it a positive experience?

Jonas: Not at first. As most people who have undergone that know, there are so many false starts. You're put on medication and it has these crazy side effects that seem to do your body more harm than the actual problem you're trying to solve. There's a lot of that, of me taking different medications and having these weird reactions to them. It's like, "Oh, you're on this and it's pretty much taken away your taste buds? Okay, we'll put you on something else." I'd say, on top of that, it was just me having to get beyond the fear that it would just make me numb. I think that's the fear that everyone has—especially with bipolar—that it's going to take away the good feelings and the bad feelings so that you don't feel anything.

Kurt: Did you find that to be the case for you? Because I found that to be the case for me to some degree.

Jonas: To a certain point, but looking back on it I don't know how much of that was a self-fulfilling prophecy and how much was reacting to the only norm I have and, "Now that I'm not dealing with these extremes then I'm not feeling anything." It's kind of not acknowledging the feelings you might have because they're not as extreme as they once were. So, I can't really say if it was making me numb or not. For a while I thought they were, but I don't know. It's hard to know how legitimate that was.

Kurt: Have you gotten used to them? Or are you still taking them?

Jonas: You know, I'm not taking them anymore. Maybe I was starting to get used to them for a while. At one point I stopped therapy and I stopped meds. I was kind of like, "You know what? I want to give this another try of taking the reigns on my own and finding ways to self-medicate, in terms of lifestyle changes and recognizing those moods and finding ways to channel the energy or just deal with it."

Kurt: What's been working for you?

Jonas: Writing is a huge, huge help. Whether I'm writing about depression specifically or some other idea—just getting into it and launching into the writing where it consumes everything I'm doing—helps a lot. It's both re-channeling the energy and sharing those thoughts—which sort of feels like bonding with other people—which is how zines work. It's writing not for the sake of applause or readership, but for the sake of that sense of community and bonding. I think that's a huge help.

At times, the friends I've been able to reach out to have also been a help. It's a huge comfort to have other friends who can understand. Even if they're dealing with depression—and not necessarily bipolar or even ADHD—but just to know what that depressive state is like and to have to deal with that from day to day.

Kurt: So, you've found that the zine community has been pretty supportive of mental health?

Jonas: Oh yeah. It certainly is. I know the zine community hasn't always been like that, but from the time I re-entered it in 2010, it's like if you go to a zine fest and you throw a zine in the air, it's probably going to fall on somebody who's dealt with some form of mental illness.

Kurt: [laughs] Sounds like a fun game to play.

Jonas: [laughs] All around, though, if you have some big inner problem—either some sort of mental illness or trauma or a bad experience from your past—within the zine community you're going to find several people who have dealt with the same issues and are living with it.

Kurt: That's definitely been my experience as well. Was there a behavior you had to adapt for self-care? Was there something you had to change who you were as a person, or zine writer, or punk rocker—however you want to look at it?

Jonas: The easiest to think of is just not giving in to the immediate impulse. Or at least recognizing it as the product of being bipolar and not necessarily just a bad idea I want to make at that time. Saying, "Okay, I recognize the fact that it's payday right now and I can't just spend my entire check on CDs or buy a plane ticket to some other country and go there."

Kurt: Have you done that before?

Jonas: Yeah. I have.

Kurt: Where did you go?

Jonas: Germany.

Kurt: Oh cool—maybe.

Jonas: It worked out because I know people in Germany. Luckily, the financial consequences weren't that dire but, yeah, that's a thing that happened.

Kurt: [laughs] So you've had to control that a little bit more?

Jonas: Yeah. The sort of obligations that come with family life help with that. But even prior to being married and having kids, I recognized that when those impulses came I had to do something about it. Even in college I remember that when I was doing work study—at one time I had four different jobs, like I suppose many college students do—and I remember there were times when I would get my checks. That day I would go to a record store and blow five hundred dollars on CDs.

Kurt: Wow.

Jonas: I was a music nerd and a music fanatic, so it's not like I'd buy them aimlessly, but it would be building a collection and sometimes not even listening to those CDs. It's like, "Oh yeah. I not only just discovered this band, but I bought their entire discography. And one day I'll listen to it all."

Kurt: Was this weird for some people when you started to adjust? Were there some people who were like, "Oh man, I thought Jonas was all free-wheeling and fun all the time and now he's not and it's weird"?

Jonas: It's kind of funny because it's split right down the middle between friends who weren't surprised at all and friends who were taken totally off guard because—then and even now—for a lot of people I come off as pretty mellow. You can get me worked up talking to me about something I'm passionate about like writing or movies or music. I can go on and on about it.

I think from the time when the bipolar stuff really started flaring up I tried to be pretty secretive about it. It was something I was ashamed of. When I was in either mood I would go out of my way to distance myself from everybody. I have this impulse and some part of me must've known, "It's not right and something's not good here," because I would go out of my way to not show it to other people. Inevitably, some friends did pick up on it because in that state there's only a little

DEAD BROKE REKERDS

OUT NOW!!!:

Heavy Pockets - "Pure Evil" LP
Giant Peach - "But You Made Me Such A Beautiful Thing" LP
Bedford Falls - "Send More Bees" LP
Canadian Rifle - "Peaceful Death" LP
Fifteen - "The Choice Of A New Generation" CD/LP/Cass
"Swain's" First Bike Ride" - LP/CD/Cass + 7"EP
RVIVR - "S/T + Joester Sessions" Tapes
Young Ladies - S/T 7" EP
Eight - II 7" EP
Samiam - "YAFMO + WGYD" Tapes
Iron Chic - "You Can't Stay Here" Tape

COMING SOON!!!:

Basement Benders - "Shrapnel Songs" LP
Somerset Thrower - "Godspeed" LP
Hidden Spots - "New Me/New You" LP
Samiam - "Trips" Tape
Martha - Album Tapes
Doc Hopper - Collection Tape
Snuggle - "Holiday Heart" 12" EP

www.deadbrokerecords.com

BARON BANDINI

Three piece rock band hailing
from North East Los Angeles
baronbandini.bandcamp.com

BURGER Records

www.burgerrecords.com

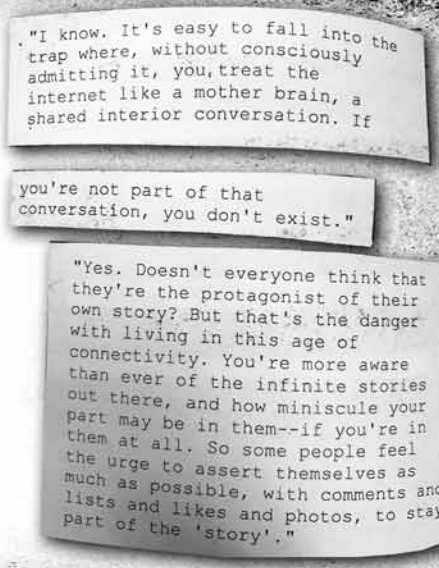
FROM THE TOP...	No Parents
Le Shok	The Garden
The Dwarves	Cosmic Psychos
Turbonegro	Craig Brown Band
Part Time	Thelma & The Sleaze
Dios	The Star Spangles
The Pandoras	Reckling
The Flytraps	Peach Kelli Pop
Timmy's Organism	OCS
Tropa Magica	BOYTOY
Jordan Jones	CHAI
Psycotic Pineapple	The Chats

We're a record store too!

Burger Records
645 S. State College #A
Fullerton, CA 92831
Open 11am-9pm

It's writing not for the sake of applause or readership, but for the sake of that sense of community and bonding. I think that's a huge help.

● ● ●


"I know. It's easy to fall into the trap where, without consciously admitting it, you treat the internet like a mother brain, a shared interior conversation. If you're not part of that conversation, you don't exist."
"Yes. Doesn't everyone think that they're the protagonist of their own story? But that's the danger with living in this age of connectivity. You're more aware than ever of the infinite stories out there, and how miniscule your part may be in them--if you're in them at all. So some people feel the urge to assert themselves as much as possible, with comments and lists and likes and photos, to stay part of the 'story'."

room for control, if any. But it's like, "Ahh! I got all this energy and feel out of control, but let me get away from everyone and do my own thing right now."

Kurt: That's really interesting you had the foresight to know that. A lot of people don't have that. They just go wild. It seems that by making yourself somewhat more reclusive, it may have had a big impact on some of those friends who didn't know you quite as well.

Jonas: Yeah. I was kind of a shy kid anyway. I would think if I didn't have it and just knew about bipolar disorder, I would think such things as being introverted or being shy would seem like they don't really go along with bipolar, but who knew they can actually exist in the same person? It had a lot to do with just being introverted and keeping to myself anyway, followed by having these weird impulses and force me to retreat even more because I don't want people to see or know that part.

Kurt: But there was a point where you started to change that and write about it more often.

Jonas: Yeah, certainly.

Kurt: So what caused that change?

Jonas: I think it's just getting more and more involved in the zine community. With the fiction I was doing prior to that, it was more trying to write about those meaningful topics and writing about those emotions and living with that stuff, but doing it in that comfort zone that fiction allows. It's like, "This is really significant to me, but I'm doing it in a safe place because someone reading it thinks it's purely creative work." Purely fiction.

The more I got into the zine community, the more I saw where it was—people were breaking down that boundary. It's like, "No, in this community you don't need that veil of fiction. You can just write about the thing." It brings you closer to people and you can still utilize all your skills as a writer, but you don't have to hide behind fiction. Not that writing fiction is always about hiding from anything, because I still value writing fiction. But in zines, it's not necessary to have anything covering those thoughts and emotions you're trying to convey. You can be direct with them.

Kurt: And you've found people are really receptive to that, too, right?

Jonas: Yeah. Very much so.

Kurt: I can't help but wonder, given your family's standoffish nature about mental health, that the zine community served as a family in some ways.

Jonas: Oh, most certainly. I was pretty taken aback at first how quickly those bonds and that sense of family develop. There's drama and there's cliques, just like with any other subculture, but in many ways it's a matter of, "I read your zine, you read my zine." It clicks and suddenly we're connected.

Almost one hundred percent of the people whose zines I read when I was first getting back into zines I became friends with. Starting with Cindy Crabb and going from there. It was a huge, very powerful experience for me. Most people from our generation (people born in the '70s and '80s, although this extends to younger people) absorb so much media and you almost deify the people who create it. And then you suddenly find yourself in a community where you can deeply admire and respect the people who made these works that you're reading and also have a very strong connection with them.

Kurt: I also come from a family who—well, my sister is understanding because she's a therapist—but my parents are from that generation where you don't talk a lot about mental health. They've gotten better over time. But I can't help but wonder—as I've done more research on mental health—I've come to understand that the African-American community has a lot of issues with addressing it, in that they don't address it very well. Do you think there was part of that going on that your parents had preset notions based on that community regarding what mental health is about?

Jonas: I can speak in terms of my own family; that was the case. On a larger scale, if I had to say that it is a bigger problem, I would say it's a problem because it's coupled with the struggles we already have. In terms of the glaring racial issues in this country and with that always being the case and always having to deal with that. The socio-economical inequality that's also very glaring in the country. Dealing with all those things there's a sense of like, "Okay, this is some hurdle we have to overcome. And this is another thing we have to overcome. And this is another thing we have to overcome." On top of all of that, if there are these inward problems, you deal with it somehow. You don't talk about it, you overcome it, and then you move on because there are so many other things in the world to battle with.

Kurt: I've read things by black authors who say other black people will tell them, "Oh, you go to therapy? That's what white people do. Black people don't do that."

Jonas: No one's said that to me before, but I've heard that sort of thing several times. In many ways those inward feelings are something you don't acknowledge; you just personally deal with and move on. That's not supposed to be the main struggle of your life.

Kurt: That must be *really* frustrating.

Jonas: Yeah. It is. I can only talk about things that involve me and not others around me, but it's harder when those struggles and mental illnesses come to light in people very close to you all the sudden. And you find out, "Oh, wait. They've been dealing with this for years and years and years and I've never known about it?" We could've been supporting each other through this, but we just didn't because we didn't talk about it. That becomes extremely frustrating. I've dealt with that a handful of times, especially very immediately in my family. Each time it's heartbreaking, but what can you do about it except try and learn from it and move on?

Kurt: Yeah, and try and communicate more and take away the stigma.

Jonas: Exactly.

Kurt: Because there's stigma across all groups of people, but I've noticed that from what I've read and having talked to people of color, it seems that the stigma is heavier amongst those groups. That's unfortunate.

Jonas: Yeah. Things are changing. Not that I know a ton of specifically black men within the zine community—I don't, because there aren't a lot of us in the zine community, sadly—but I've met and befriended a fair amount of them across the country. It seems like a lot of us are talking about those issues more.

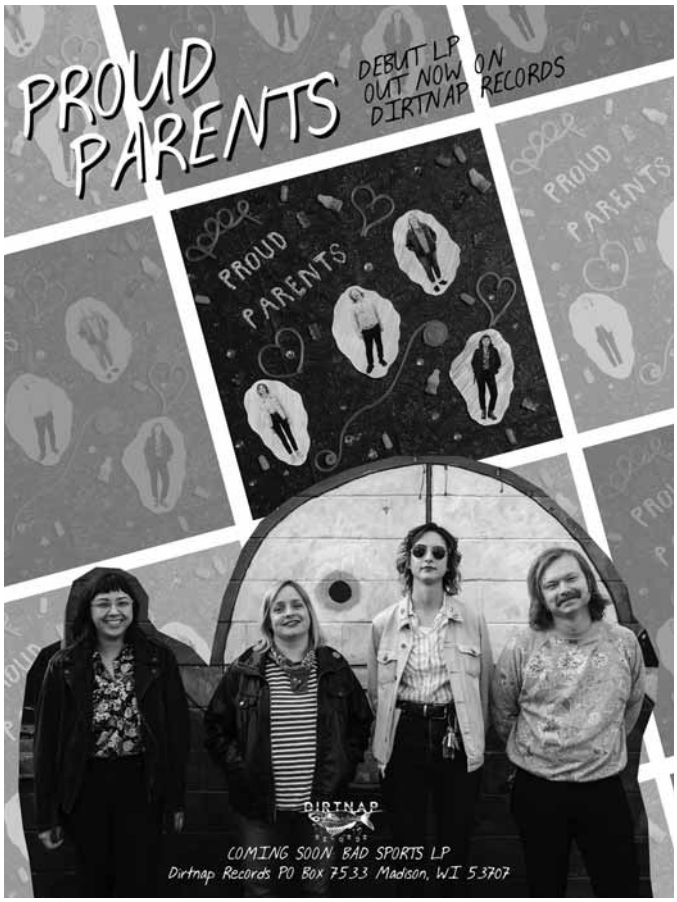
Kurt: That's great.

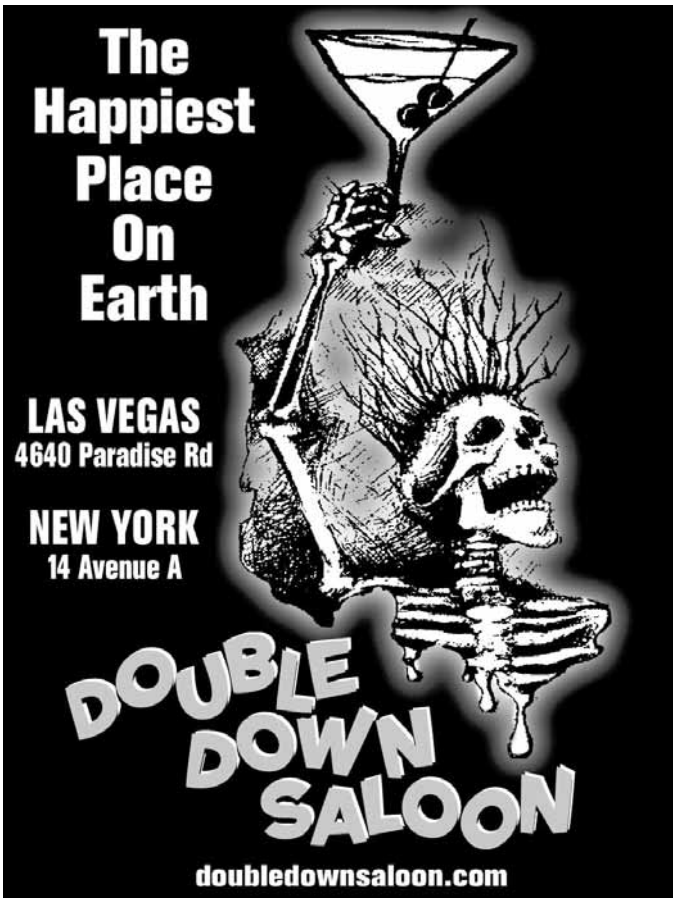
Jonas: I can only hope that as the years go on, I see more zines by black men that deal with those issues and discuss those things more.

Kurt: I hope so, too. In going with the family idea, you told me you have a zine about parenting. How old are your kids?

Jonas: Two and four.

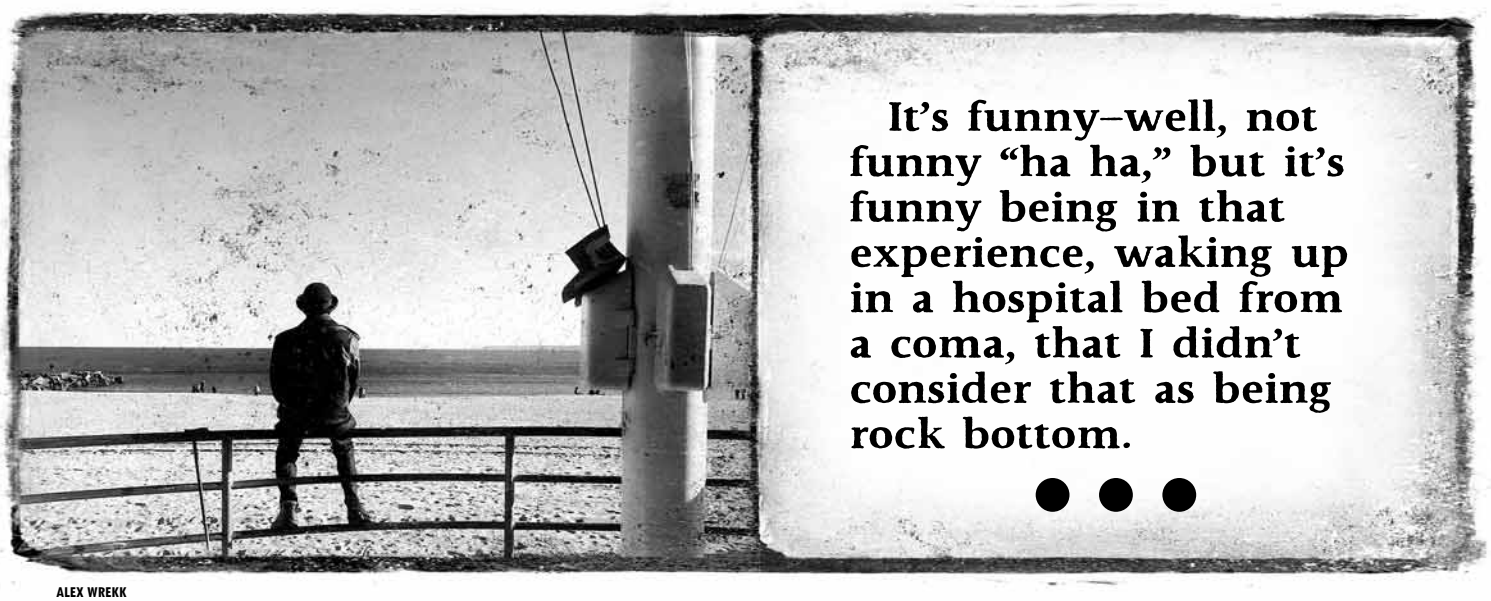
Kurt: Do you worry at all about how your bipolar will play out in your parenting?


PROUD PARENTS
DEBUT LP OUT NOW ON DIRTNAP RECORDS
PROUD PARENTS
DIRTNAP
COMING SOON BAD SPORTS LP
Dirtnap Records PO Box 7533 Madison, WI 53707



Screaming Females
"All At Once"

Don Giovanni Records



ALEX WREKK

It's funny–well, not funny "ha ha," but it's funny being in that experience, waking up in a hospital bed from a coma, that I didn't consider that as being rock bottom.

Jonas: Yeah. All the time. Because I know that the odds of one or both of them facing that in their lives is fairly high. I've written about this in zines before but the worry that I have is that they'll be open enough to share it. And that I'll recognize it, versus them just shutting down and retreating into themselves and me not being able to talk to them about it. But, also, me being able to adjust parenting or step back from a traditional daddy role and be able to openly talk to them about things like what to do in that case and what they're feeling is—I don't want to say normal—but normal for what they might have.

Kurt: Are you saying if they exhibit traits of bipolar?

Jonas: Yeah. My concern is being able to recognize it and deal with it in a way different than my parents. Which, their method was not dealing with it at all.

Kurt: I hear ya.

Jonas: So, the best outcome is that they don't have it and it never has to come up. My concern is that I either won't be prepared to discuss it with them or I'll be so lost in the day-to-day parenting that I won't see it or won't know how to address it. I'm just happy I have a few years before that becomes a big topic of concern.

Kurt: It sounds like if you're already aware of it right now. That's a big part of it. Keeping an eye out for it is helpful. I think if people are aware of those things, they're looking for it anyway. They may have fears they're going to miss signs, but we're already talking about it. Speaking of fears, what's a fear you had about your mental health that didn't come to fruition?

Jonas: Well, for one, I did read that occasionally bipolar disorder can lead straight to schizophrenia. And I don't have that. I'm pretty pleased with that. I just recently dealt with a friend who fell to schizophrenia and it's awful. So that's one thing.

I would say the second, and this is probably equally as big if not bigger, is that I think that with mental illness (even along with something like addiction), with a lot of Generation X folks, there's this movie playing in our heads that always leads to this rock bottom time. It's like if you have it and you deal with it, at one point your life is going to spiral out of control and you're going to lose everything. You're going to reach that point where you're like, "This is it. I'm done. I've lost everything I care about and everyone I've loved." That was a fear and I think, for better and slightly worse, I've come to realize that it's not always the case. One, there can be a slow descent, and two, you can just keep going in that direction without ever really hitting a rock bottom.

Kurt: I think it depends how you define rock bottom, too. For me, I've attempted suicide on multiple occasions and I'd say that was pretty close to rock bottom. [laughs]

Jonas: I guess you could say that.

Kurt: It doesn't get much lower than that.

Jonas: That's true. It's funny—well, not funny "ha ha," but it's funny being in that experience, waking up in a hospital bed from a coma, that I didn't consider that as being rock bottom. I didn't think of that as being rock bottom until just now.

Kurt: Well, you're not thinking of it consciously. It's not like, "Oh, I am at rock bottom. I am at the lowest point." But from the outside perspective, someone can say, "No, that's pretty close to being at the bottom of the barrel. That's not a good spot to be in."

Jonas: Yeah. Almost dead? How much lower can you really go?

Kurt: Well, I've served as your therapist for today, then.

Jonas: Thank you.

Kurt: One last question I have is—well, let me ask you first: you're not doing meds or therapy, correct?

Jonas: I'm not. Neither meds nor therapy.

Kurt: And that's totally cool. One of the positions I'm coming from in these interviews is that whatever people want to do for positive mental health, I support. So, if you're not going that traditional route of therapy and meds, what are some low-cost or no cost things that you've found have been helpful? Books, websites, or resources like that.

Jonas: Apart from zines?

Kurt: Well, are there zines that have really helped you?

Jonas: Yeah. Zines have helped quite a bit. To go back to *Doris,* that was pretty huge for me. That was a big one.

Kurt: Were there particular issues you remember? Or just all of it?

Jonas: So, I started at issue fourteen and went up from there. But then I went back and read the first *Doris* anthology. At this point I've read everything. Specifically about—it's funny because there's been a lot of stuff dealing with depression or mental health but not much of it specifically about bipolar disorder. Some of the books I read, while being informative, I disagreed with a lot of them.

Friends have been big, too. But the only, and biggest, factor that I have to be cautious of and be aware of is using that reliance on friendship almost like a drug. There's always the possibility of that. There can be a feeling like, "Oh, I'm feeling bad, I can bond with this person and they understand. They can get me through it." And then using that until you overwhelm the other person. Whether they've dealt with it in the past or not, it's incredibly hard to impossible to deal with your own pain on a daily basis and somebody else's.

Kurt: It's a fine line to walk.

Jonas: Yeah. It certainly is. It's one you have to constantly be aware of.

JES SKOLNIK

PHOTOS BY
KIM KELLY AND
JES SKOLNIK

LAYOUT BY
LAUREN DENITZIO

Jes Skolnik was born and raised in Washington, D.C. and is a byproduct of hippie parents. Yet, Jes became firmly planted in the punk scene by their early teens. Since then, Jes has been involved in the scene in various aspects, launching the first of many zines at thirteen. Jes had a column in *Maximum Rock'n'roll* called Modernist Witch and has also written for Pitchfork, *The New York Times,* and currently serves as an editor for Bandcamp Daily.

Jes played in the bands Population and Split Feet after moving to Chicago in 2005 and is working to create an all-ages venue and community space in Chicago through their organization, Pure Joy Collective. In addition to establishing a venue, Pure Joy works with artists, musicians, and activists via events and educational programs.

Jes and I spoke about sexual assault and how it relates to PTSD and C-PTSD, realizing you don't want to die, advocating for one's self, and the relationship between mental illness and being intersex.

Kurt: How old were you when you realized you had mental health issues?
Jes: I don't know if there's a time that I didn't. I wasn't aware that I was different. I didn't get diagnosed until maybe thirteen or fourteen with major depression. It took a couple of years in switching—this was the early '90s. The strategy at that time was just to throw medication at you.
Kurt: We're the same age, actually, so I do recall the same situation.
Jes: There was nothing other than, "Now you're going to take Prozac and now you're going to feel better."
Kurt: Yep.
Jes: Except I don't feel better at all and there were a lot of other things going on. I've written a lot about this stuff and don't want to get too deep into it, but I'm a survivor of sexual assault and sexual violence. But nobody ever asked me. My therapist didn't ask me about what was going on in my life. And I was using a ton of drugs and putting myself in really dangerous situations. She was just like, "How are you feeling?" and that was it. She wasn't asking me about anything that was going on in my life. I didn't feel like I could trust her so I didn't open up to her.

Eventually, since I was really not getting any better and things were getting a lot worse, I tried to go off of opiates cold turkey. It was really intense. There was bad situation after bad situation. So I switched therapists when I was sixteen or seventeen. And I had a therapist who was like, "Oh, you have very severe PTSD. And that's co-morbid with your organic depression." There's a history of depression and other mental illnesses in our family. My mom deals with the same issues that I do. There's schizophrenia that runs in her family as well. There's depression on my dad's side of the family, too. There's a lot of general depression and anxiety on both sides.

My parents weren't getting adequate treatment. They didn't get that until later in life. My therapist who diagnosed me with PTSD, later she was like, "I'm actually going to amend this. You actually have C-PTSD, which is slightly different."
Kurt: What is that? I'm not familiar with it.
Jes: C-PTSD is complex PTSD. It occurs when you have multiple situations over usually a short period of time and usually at a formative time in your life. It's usually in an intense transitional period or in childhood. Learning that I have C-PTSD absolutely changed my life and changed my treatment plan. That diagnosis was really the beginning of getting better. It was the beginning of figuring out what actually worked for me, which has ended up being a combination of medication, and different therapy and meditation, and all kinds of different things. I take different herbal supplements on top of my regular medication. In my older age, I also deal with severe chronic pain and because PTSD is so much in the body, it complicates things as well. I've never been more aware at this point in my life of how physical and mental are—I would say that the brain is just another organ in your body.
Kurt: Oh, yeah. Definitely.
Jes: You're just getting medical treatment. I don't believe there's much of a dividing line between mental and physical health. But you get extra aware of that when you're dealing with both PTSD and C-PTSD and chronic pain, which has to do with problems elsewhere in my body.
Kurt: It sounds like you had to do all the heavy lifting as far as getting yourself help. Or was it something where friends or parents had to jump in, too?
Jes: My parents definitely helped, for sure. But I had to do a lot of it myself. My dad worked for the Navy and even though we're civilians, we had government employee health insurance. If we hadn't had that, I wouldn't have had access to the treatment that I was able to receive. It's incredibly good insurance. I feel very lucky to have had that. I had it up until I was twenty-one. That was the time I needed the most intense treatment. I was able to go to Johns Hopkins for some really good mental health care that I'd never, ever, ever have been able to get having private insurance later in life. Almost nothing has ever been covered.

I have insurance that covers mental health, but they don't—I haven't had a single carrier that has a good queer and trans-friendly therapy. Finding a therapist who is both trauma-informed and adept with queer and trans issues can be a challenge.
Kurt: Good thing you live in Chicago and not some rural community.
Jes: Honestly, that's been a huge thing about growing up in an urban environment and staying in those environments—is that I have to have access to that stuff. There are so many people who don't. I think about them all the time. There are so many people who are struggling with the same things I'm struggling with and don't have the options. There are all kinds of great sliding scale options in Chicago. It's really huge and important. I know that those kinds of things don't exist outside of cities.
Kurt: Was your early experience with therapy good? Because so many people have their first experiences with therapy and it's shit.
Jes: Oh, it was awful. I hated it. My first therapist, she was terrible. Like I said, not until I was sixteen or seventeen did I have a therapist ask me, "What's going on at home? What's going on in your life? You look like you're going through something today. Can you tell me about it? How are you feeling physically?" She was the one who dragged out my entire story about sexual violence and I hadn't told anybody at that point in time. I hadn't told my parents. She was the one who very patiently and carefully dragged that story out of me.

Then I started telling people for the first time in my life, "You know how I've been really squirrelly and fucked up and lied a lot and tried to kill myself multiple times? Well, here's what's going on."

THE MORE PEOPLE THAT YOU TALK TO, THE MORE PEOPLE YOU BUILD THESE CONNECTIONS WITH, THE STRONGER YOU FEEL.

Kurt: I've been there as far as getting to a place where you just get it all out. It can feel liberating. Did it feel that way for you? Or was it just stressful?
Jes: It was stressful and terrifying. Eventually it felt liberating. As I started connecting with other survivors, that was a key part of things, too—in addition to having a good and varied treatment plan in terms of medication and supplements and therapy and whatnot. I set up my first group for survivors when I was an undergraduate in college because I felt I really needed to connect with other people. Then the more people I would talk to about my story, the more people would say, "I've never told anybody this in my life, but I've gone through something similar." I started doing a zine about it. Handing that out at shows was an absolutely terrifying experience.
Kurt: Yeah. I can imagine.
Jes: I'd been doing my own opinions and music interview zine forever, and then I put this perzine at the table and was like, "There's this, too, if you want it, but I'm not going to push it on you."
Kurt: What kind of feedback did you get from it?

“YOU SAY FUCK COPS UNTIL IT HAPPENS TO HER.” PEOPLE WHO ARE ALL LIKE “ALL COPS ARE BASTARDS,” WILL TURN AROUND AND SAY, “WHY DIDN’T YOU CALL THE COPS?” THE SECOND SOMEBODY COMES FORWARD WITH AN ALLEGATION. WHAT IS THIS COGNITIVE DISSONANCE? DO YOU NOT UNDERSTAND?

Jes: I was really expecting people to be incredibly shitty about it based on how I had been treated for being slutty or whatever. I was expecting all of that to come back on me. I had really bad experiences reporting what had happened to me to the cops. I was expecting a really terrible reaction, but instead it was—over and over again, at every show where I had that distro—someone else would come up to me and start crying and telling me about their shit.

Those connections were really important and huge. I was like, “There’s no networks for us to be able to do this.” So that’s where I started my own group and started connecting with other people who had their own groups and building networks throughout the country. That’s been a really important part of my healing, too. The more people that you talk to, the more people you build these connections with, the stronger you feel.

Kurt: The more encouraging it can feel, too.

Jes: Yeah. And you get past the point where you’re telling the story over and over again together. You don’t need to vomit your story to people anymore. You can move forward doing things like advocacy. That can lead to building something that is really powerful. Collective action will always make you feel stronger. All of that has been really key, too.

Kurt: I was going to say that it seems that mental health is one of those things that people fight by themselves in the dark. But did you find the punk community accepting of you and your mental health issues?

Jes: No. Individual people? Yes. But to a lot of people, I was still that crazy bitch. I remember when I moved to Chicago and I started dating the person who would be my partner of thirteen years, and somebody from back in D.C. had actually warned them about me. It was like, “That person is crazy.” And I was like, “Yeah, I am, but not in a way that will harm you. If you want to know what’s going on with my mental health, this is what I have. These are the treatments. I feel like I’ve been stable for this amount of time.” But I wouldn’t say that the punk community was accepting at all.

Kurt: Was that in both D.C. and Chicago you found that to be the case?

Jes: Yes.

Kurt: That’s disappointing.

Jes: It is.

Kurt: Did that sour you on punk rock?

Jes: Yes. Absolutely. That and the endless issue of what to do with people who sexually assault others in the scene. And the fact that when you speak up it’s not the most affirming experience.

Kurt: That’s what I’ve gathered.

Jes: And especially when the person who assaulted you has a significant amount of social capital. That persists. The thing I’ve seen in the past couple of years is the work we’ve done as survivors to push cultural dialogue to a place where people will listen to us. That’s the crux of telling our story, right? I just want to be heard. This is my reality. I just want to tell you and I don’t want you to say to me, “That didn’t happen to you”

or "Why do you care so much?" or "Why are you so upset?" As we've been pushing on this stuff for decades and the rocks are starting to move, a particularly nasty version of backlash that's really grossing me out is that abusers have started suing people who speak up.

Kurt: Yeah. I've seen that.

Jes: I've seen that in the punk community in a way that is really upsetting to me.

Kurt: We've come a long way from the original ideas of punk rock in the '70s.

Jes: Right? I actually wrote a Split Feet song about this. "You say fuck cops until it happens to her." Just because I've had that conversation so many times. People who are all like "All cops are bastards," will turn around and say, "Why didn't you call the cops?" the second somebody comes forward with an allegation. What is this cognitive dissonance? Do you not understand? It's really frustrating to navigate that.

The community at large is not the greatest place in the world. It's soured me on a lot of stuff. But individual relationships that I've made through punk and the collectives that have grown out of that, which are smaller communities in and of themselves, have been amazing. I don't think I would've been able to find those anywhere else.

Kurt: As you've gone on this journey, was there anything you've learned, or were there any big breakthroughs you had? Obviously, there was the aspect of finding out you were misdiagnosed when you were a teenager, but was there anything else? Was there a moment when you said, "Holy shit! This changes everything!"

Jes: I don't know if there were necessarily any huge revelations like that. It was more just learning about PTSD and C-PTSD in particular: all the ways that your body and your memory and your experiences in the world are affected by dealing with this illness. It affects so many different corners of your life, even when you're managing it well. I hate that it is that way. It's not a disease that really goes into remission, you know what I mean?

Kurt: Yeah. It's gonna be there.

Jes: It's gonna be there. I feel really good about where I am and really healthy for the most part even if I am in a fair amount of pain, physically. But I feel good and healthy about where my brain is right now and I've felt that way for a long time—at least for the last five years. Not that I don't go through—I'm going through some shit right now. But I can handle it in a way I never could before. That's a culmination of a lot of hard work. I guess maybe that was a huge moment for me. That moment when I was like, "Oh my god I don't want to die anymore. Holy shit!" I've never not felt that way.

Kurt: How long ago was that?

Jes: There were periods where I would feel better. Then there were periods where I was like, "I don't feel suicidal right now." The period where I was like, "Oh wow, I really feel like I'm out of the woods." As far as that particular aspect of things go, maybe that was four years ago. There had been cycles of years when I felt okay and then shit would come back and I'd be like, "Fuck!"

Kurt: [laughs] Yes.

Jes: I was like, "Man, I've been doing this work for so long. Brain, will you get with the damn program already?" I don't want to be dealing with this anymore.

Kurt: Was the suicidality related to the abuse or were there other things going on, too?

Jes: It was certainly related to the abuse and also just cycles of major depression. And the fact that I hadn't—when you grow up in malformed circumstances—I always think about it like I'm that busted-ass tree that grew all wrong. Like, there's a root coming through the sewer system.

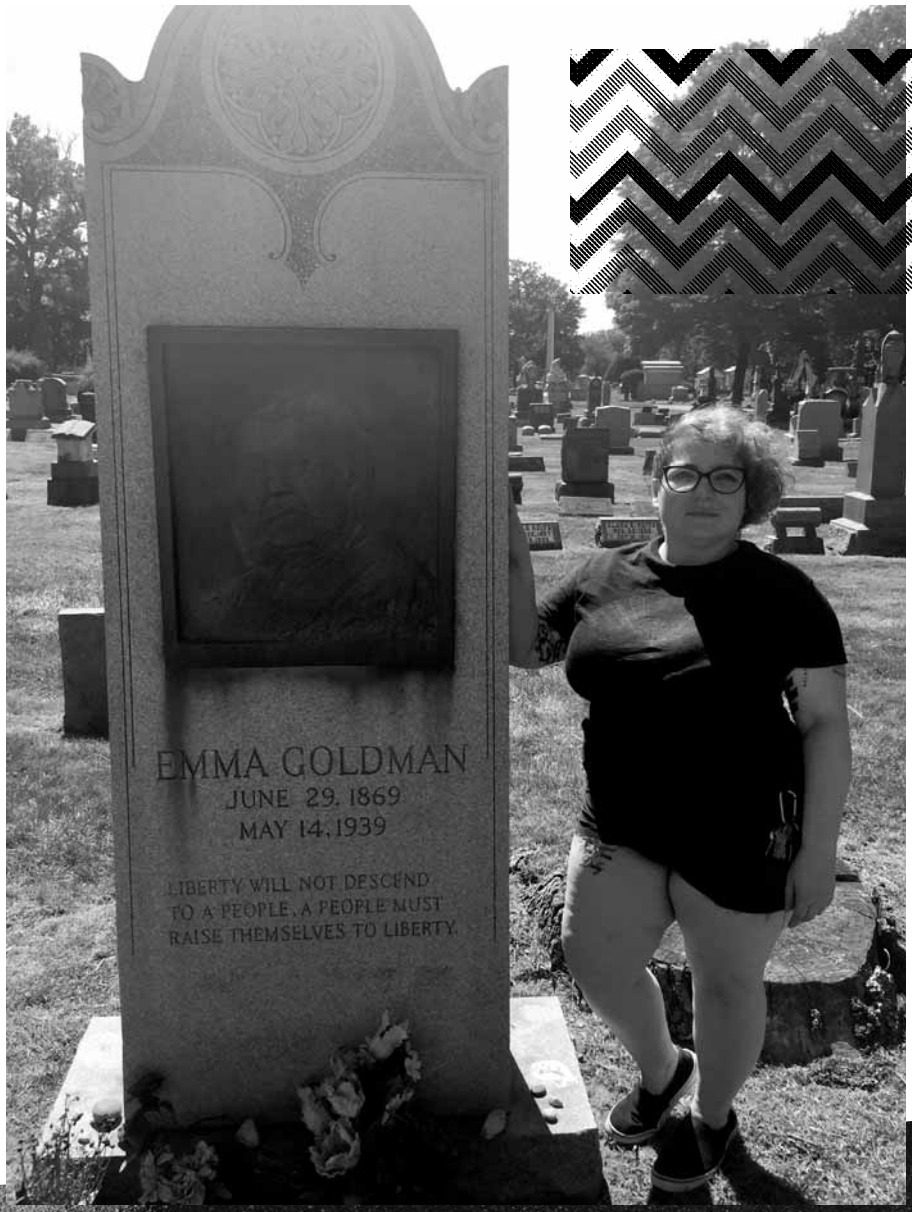
Kurt and Jes: [laugh]

Kurt: That's a picture of mental illness I've never thought about before, but that is kind of what it's like.

Jes: Right? You learn to adapt to your environment and you had to grow around all these obstacles. So you're a real gnarly looking tree, but you're alive. It was that moment about four years ago where I thought about my resiliency and thought, "Holy shit, dude! You have survived and continue to survive an amazing amount of shit. And you are absurdly resilient. And that's something you can be proud of."

Kurt: That's how I've felt about it, too. My experiences have been the same where I've gotten to this point where I think, "Oh, I actually think I want to live and I want to use all this shit I've been going through to maybe help people who are also going through shit." And you don't know what it is. It's not like there's exactly something that happens that makes you turn that corner, but then it happens and all of a sudden you realize it.

Jes: Yeah. Totally. It's not like something hits you or something happens, but it's the



toxic pop records

www.toxicpoprecords.com

DR STRANGE RECORDS

RARE PUNK ROCK FOR FAIR PRICES!

EVERYTHING FROM ADOLESCENTS TO ZOUNDS. PLUS T-SHIRTS, BONDAGE PANTS, FRED PERRYS, CREEPERS, PATCHES, STICKERS AND MUCH MORE!

OVER 45,000 DIFFERENT ITEMS!

WWW.RAREPUNK.COM

ENORMOUS DOOR MASTERING

PICTURE PERFECT

- **FRIENDLY RATES**
  AFFORDABLE FOR ALL INDIE BANDS
- **GREAT ANALOG GEAR**
  TRANSFORM YOUR MIX FROM GOOD TO AMAZING
- **FAST TURN AROUND**
  USUALLY 7-14 DAYS
- **WORLD CLASS RESULTS**
  "EVERY REVIEW RAVES ABOUT THE SOUND OF THE RECORD. I KNOW THE SECRET... NOW YOU DO TOO."
  - RICK(HOSTAGE RECORDS)

LET'S MAKE A RECORD!

www.enormousdoor.com

culmination of a lot of different processes going at once, I guess. You hit that point and you're like, "Oh, shit. I'm here. I never would think I'd be here. That's cool."

Kurt: Yeah. When I turned thirty I was like, "Wait. What do I do now?" I didn't think I was going to make it to thirty.

Jes: Oh my god, that's something my partner and I have talked about a whole lot. Planning for the future is not something I do. It's something I've had to kind of learn to do. The fact that I made it past eighteen is crazy.

Kurt: Same.

Jes: The fact that I'm almost to forty, it's like, "Well, I guess I'm sticking around."

Kurt: Oh, this thing is actually going to happen now, I guess. "This thing," aka life. It's going to happen.

Jes: [laughs] Yeah, it's happening for me and it's halfway over.

Kurt: It's like I've come to realize, "Oh, this is what I want to do with my career. I don't want to do these other things. I guess this is what I should be doing."

Speaking of careers, you told me that you've had jobs where you couldn't be out about your sexuality. I would imagine not being able to be out at your job has a big impact on your mental health. What other kinds of connections have you made between mental health and the way you classify yourself as far as gender goes?

Jes: As I've gotten stronger, I've been able to come out and come out and come out. I think people think that coming out is a one and done kind of thing. It's not at all. I knew I was not straight really young in my life. My mom always jokes with me about how in one of those black-and-white composition books that I did when I was four or five, I drew a thing of this woman walking a dog. And it's a kid's drawing so they're floating above the sidewalk. It just says, "I like pretty ladies." [laughs]

Kurt: [laughs]

Jes: My mom was like, "We really should've known you were gay then."

Kurt: "I like pretty ladies." Isn't that the title of a ZZ Top song?

Jes: [laughs] It should be if it's not. So obviously I was out in high school as gay or bi. But it's still a continual process. It took me a really long time to realize I'm pretty, incredibly, super gay and not bi at all. I guess I was twenty-one or twenty-two when I first encountered the phrase "gender queer" and I thought, "Oh, that sounds like a thing I relate to." I did a bunch of reading about it and a lot of it was way too academic queer theory for me. Even coming from a cultural studies background, a lot of that can be so frustratingly divorced from real world experience. But it always stuck in my head.

Still, I felt that there was something different. I didn't really fit. And "woman" wasn't really the right word. I didn't know how to say that to people. I have large breasts and large hips and there's no way for people to not read me as female. No matter what I'm wearing. They'll be coming off next year. I'm really excited about it. Finally.

I started talking to a lot of younger queer kids who are of the Tumblr generation and they are much more open to ideas of gender fluidity. They understand it in a much less heady way than my generation did. I was like, "Oh. Y'all are on to something." Eventually I was like, "Oh, I think non-binary might be the right word."

And then the chronic pain stuff—without getting into too much detail, my reproductive system is just fucked up in every which way. During medical treatment for that, all the things my OB-GYN was trying—the normal treatment for these conditions weren't working. She was really frustrated and didn't understand why it wasn't working. After I switched jobs, I was on different insurance and saw a new doctor, and that doctor was like, "I'm going to send you to an endocrinologist because there might be some other shit going on."

This was two to three years ago, and both my endocrinologist and GP (General Practitioner) were like, "You're intersex. Your hormone levels are really wrong. They're very different for what the normal range is for a woman." And I was like, "Oh my god, there's a reason! There's a biological reason I've been feeling like this." And it's not like that for everybody. There is an entire spectrum of gender identities and reasons for those, but in my case there was actually a physical reason for it.

To connect it back to mental health stuff, I didn't have the ability to advocate for myself in a way that even got me to ask the right questions of this doctor. I didn't have that ability until I was in a much more stable space, mentally.

Kurt: It's one of those things where you don't know what you don't know.

Jes: Right. It was one of those things where I was like, "Why is my body so fucked up? Why do I feel this way? I don't understand."

YOU REALLY NEED TO BE ABLE TO GET TO A POINT WITH YOUR MENTAL ILLNESS WHERE YOU'RE NOT JUST SURVIVING DAY TO DAY. YOU NEED TO GET TO A POINT WHERE YOU CAN START TO TAKE OTHER THINGS ON.

four sixty music

7" flexi single series

ghost in the willow

BADWATER SOUND

fall 2018

out now

foursixtymusic.com

@foursixtymusic

Buy the LP now through PayPal for $8 (includes shipping).
Send payment and shipping info to gravereturn@gmail.com

"Left turns in the arrangements at unexpected moments, combined with killer melodic hooks-in both vocals and lead guitar-make this 12" my record of the month." -Razorcake

facebook.com/gravereturn gravereturn.bandcamp.com

Either these **Thin White Rope** LPs are in your record collection or it ain't a record collection!

OUT NOW!
EXPLORING THE AXIS
31015-1/2

OUT NOW!
MOONHEAD
31020-1/2

OUT 9/14/18!
IN THE SPANISH CAVE
30127-1/2

Out eating burgers in a friend's car, each paper napkin has a happy star Deep in the trash can they begin to sing — "See what a life of innocence brings" These things don't make me sad today...

OUT 9/14/18!
SACK FULL OF SILVER
31048-1/2

OUT 1/11/19!
THE RUBY SEA
31042-1/2

- **Digitally remastered**
- **180-gram colored vinyl**
- **Lyric insert**

FRONTIER

Available worldwide via ILD **ildistro.com** or **frontierrecords.bandcamp.com**

Kurt: So it was making you miserable.
Jes: Right. Once I got to a place with my mental illness where I was stable and I felt stronger in and of myself, and felt like I could ask my new doctor the questions that led her to take me to the endocrinologist. I don't know if it was my previous doctor's fault. I don't think I even knew how to ask her the right questions. I didn't know how to advocate for myself at all. That's been key to finding out all this shit about myself and becoming comfortable with my body and my brain in a new and good way.

Especially hormonal balance obviously affects your mental health, too. That's something my therapist and I talk about. We've talked though all of these changes. She's incorporated asking me about how supplements and medications I'm taking for my hormonal stuff are affecting my mental state. We can track that because I'm on HRT (Hormone Replacement Therapy) now. That's a whole different experience. Again, I have this vocabulary and I can talk to my therapist about it. I can talk to my GP about it. I can talk to my endocrinologist about it.

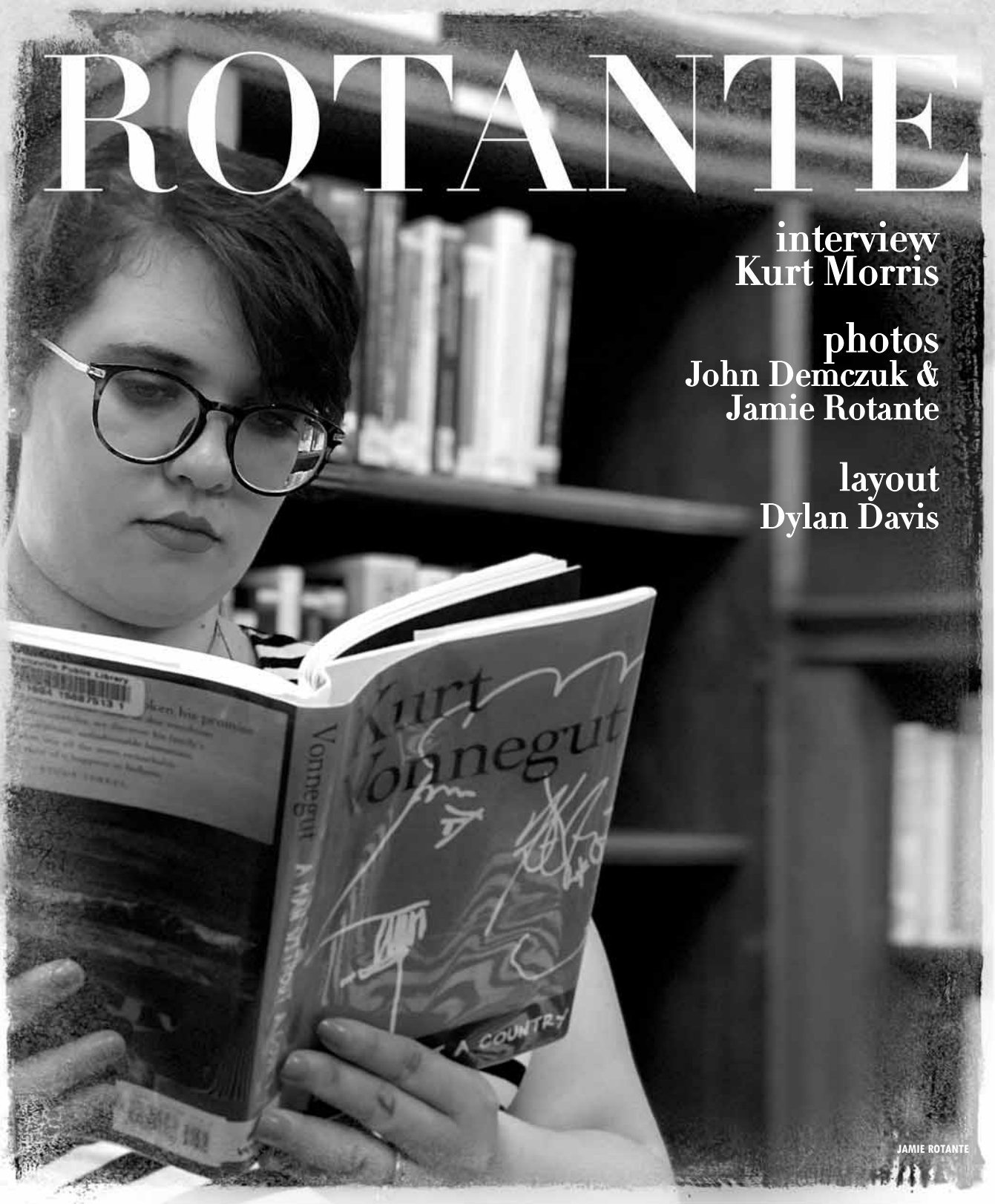
I'm going to have this surgery finally. I'm going to have my final consultation for that in a month. I'm really excited about it. It's to bring my body more in line with how I feel and to be able to have the gender presentation that reflects what's going on in my insides. So now my plastic surgeon is in that loop. I've been able to advocate for myself.
Kurt: You've touched on a really good point and it's something I've been thinking about recently, too. There are all these things we have going on in our lives. In your case it's understanding where you stood on the gender spectrum, but until you can get the depression or mental health taken care of, you can't focus on those other things, sometimes.
Jes: Right. And in our community, these things go hand-in-hand so often, because obviously it affects you not being able to be who you are in the world. It affects you in the way that people treat you for having a non-normative gender presentation. The other sad, dark joke is about how many of my cohort have made it. Not a whole lot. I've lost a lot of very dear friends to drugs and suicide. Because trans folks of my generation do not have a great track record. The treatment modality was not there for us. It was not really pathologized. It was in the *DSM* (*Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*, a tool published by the American Psychiatric Association to define and classify mental disorders), until terrifyingly recently.
Kurt: Yeah. I think you're right.
Jes: So all of that affects the mental health treatment you're getting. It affects the way the world's treating you and that reflects back on you. All these things go hand-in-hand. It's not necessarily that you can clear up one before you can clear up the other.
Kurt: True.
Jes: But understanding how they interact and how they work together is really major. You really need to be able to get to a point with your mental illness where you're not just surviving day to day. You need to get to a point where you can start to take other things on.
Kurt: Yeah, the brain is kind of the linchpin of this whole operation that is our bodies. If that thing's not operating correctly then it's hard to address in a serious, deep down way, other issues that may be affecting this operation.
Jes: Right. Because you're getting busted-ass signals. You're not processing things in a way that enables you to navigate the world.
Kurt: It is pretty tough. My last question is something I like to ask because I want to end on a hopeful note. I like hearing what's really worked for people. What's something you've found that works for you, acknowledging it may not work for everyone else? Whether it's a book, or an album, or a type of therapy—whatever it is that has made a really big impact for you.
Jes: Hmm. That's a good question. *The Body Keeps the Score* by Bessel van der Kolk has been enormously helpful to me. For me, I hate saying this because I feel there's a culture of people who want you to replace medication and therapy— especially right now that there's this whole commodified mindfulness thing. But meditation has been a really key part of my treatment program. But it works in concert with medication and therapy and all of the other things. You don't have to take any courses on it particularly or read any serious books, but just remembering to anchor myself with breathing and doing certain breathing exercises has really changed—because one of the problems with PTSD and C-PTSD is reactivity. Retraining your mind to pause is incredibly key to treatment. Meditation and breathing practice has been huge for that. Just for re-wiring that instant reactivity. It doesn't work for everybody and I don't think it replaces other treatment modalities at all, but for me and for what I have, it's been incredibly helpful.

JAMIE ROTANTE

interview
Kurt Morris

photos
John Demczuk &
Jamie Rotante

layout
Dylan Davis



JAMIE ROTANTE

Jamie Rotante is a writer who was born and raised in Yonkers, N.Y. As a kid, she loved reading *Archie*. After graduating from SUNY Purchase in 2010, she landed a dream job with Archie Comics. She worked her way up from intern to writing a series called *Vixens*, which spans ten issues and places Betty and Veronica in an all-women biker gang. Jamie currently has other writing projects with Archie in the works, too.

Jamie has also written for *Razorcake* since 2014. She writes live music reviews and updated intros to interviews on the website. In 2017 she began writing a bi-monthly column for Razorcake titled "One Punk's Look at Social Anxiety, Neuroticism, and Other Fun Stuff." She says the most rewarding part of the column is when people who never talk about mental illness tell her, "Hey, I know exactly what you're saying there."

Jamie and I spent time chatting about her anxiety, her fear of going to therapy, the importance of a good cry, not wanting to appear weak as a woman with mental health issues, and the power of punk to build community.

Kurt: In your *Razorcake* columns, it seems you're dealing primarily with anxiety. Is it fair to say that's the main mental health issue in your life?
Jamie: Right.
Kurt: When did you realize that was an issue?
Jamie: I will say this right off the bat. I'm not medically diagnosed in any way so I never want to say, "I have this," because that's not fair. But I do know I'm an anxious person. It was something, where growing up, I would have—I didn't know what they were. I had no name for them—and it would freak me out. But I realized as I got older I was having a series of panic attacks that would happen on an almost nightly basis.

There were little things here and there, but after 9/11 specifically I couldn't stop obsessing over an attack like that happening all the time. It was to a point where I would wake up in the middle of the night dry heaving, gasping for air. I didn't know what was going on. I thought I was physically sick because I didn't know if I was going to vomit. It was a mess and it kept happening.

I would give in to these obsessive thoughts about it and seek out this information that wasn't really—like, "Let me read these tabloids that are always talking about the end times." That kind of stuff would fuel it more. I had no clue what it was. It took until about five or six years ago that—as an adult having a panic attack—that, oh, this was what was happening. This was what I was going through on a regular basis. Then I realized that it wasn't a weird thing that was going on. It was just a constant. It made me step back and realize, "Oh, I've been dealing with anxiety for a very long time." I never thought there was a name I could put to it, because I'm also nervous constantly.

I'm slowly starting to get better at it, but it's still—to bring it back to the comics—when I found out I was going to be on a panel at New York ComiCon, I found out about two months beforehand and whenever that would pop in my head for the entirety of those two months, I would get sick to my stomach. Yeah, okay, I have a little bit of stage fright and I have a little bit of fear of public speaking, but it's one thing to be nervous leading up to it and it's another thing to have these weird, nervous, intrusive thoughts that I have a lot.

It's odd because I feel like I always say, "Oh, this weird thought just popped up." I can be sitting around and then, "What if the world ends tomorrow? Wouldn't that be crazy?" I know there are times when I manifest them on my own. I'll be sitting having dinner and everything is fine, and I'll suddenly think of everyone I've lost in the past year and how I could've had better relationships with them. Like, why did I just think of that now?
Kurt: Have you come up with any answers to those things?
Jamie: No. I could lie and say, "Well, maybe it's this," but it wouldn't be fair to come up with something I'm just bullshitting my way through.
Kurt: Are you doing any kind of therapy?
Jamie: I was just going to say that my next *Razorcake* article is about exactly that. It's about my fear of therapy. It deals with my anxieties about even going to the therapist.
Kurt: Why is that?
Jamie: Basically, what I get into is an irrational fear. It's not to say I don't want to go to therapy, because I actually would. But I've read some horror stories about having bad therapist experiences—ones who don't care, don't pay as much attention—and I know that's the case with any doctor or with anything. That's a thing that could happen. But because it's connected to the person I would go to talk about my anxiety, the thought is, "What if this person gives me more anxiety?" So it's this weird, vicious cycle. I talk about how there are a lot of apps and websites now that offer therapy. And it's me testing those out and seeing how it goes as a step toward finally getting my shit together and going to a therapist.

Kurt: So, you're going to find one of those apps that works, get used to it, and then maybe go into therapy?

Jamie: That's what I'm kind of trying to do. I did a test run with this app called Maven, where you choose a therapist and they give you a free, ten-minute thing that's like, "Hey, this is what I do," and I did all that and it was good. But it's also like, "Oh cool! But I also don't know if I can pay forty bucks a month."

Kurt: So much of this involves insurance and things like that. I've been doing therapy for about eighteen years now, but as I've gotten older and gotten my shit together more, I go less. I go every few weeks. It's mainly just me updating my therapist. I just need to have somebody there in case shit hits the fan. But I've probably had a dozen therapists over the years because I've moved and I've had horrible therapists. You're right. That does happen.

Jamie: If you didn't mind, I was going to ask, how do you navigate that?

Kurt: You drop them. You give them about three sessions at the most and you'll be able to tell. Because when it clicks, it's really good. You're like, "Cool. This person is the right person for me." My latest therapist—let's put it this way: he's probably in his mid-forties and I told him, "I like to do some writing and I'm working on some stuff about this band Black Flag. I don't know if it's going to be a zine or a book and I don't even know if you know what a zine is. But Black Flag is this old punk band from the '80s," and he goes, "Oh, yeah. I saw Rollins Band in the early '90s and Corrosion Of Conformity opened up for them." And I was like, "What?" He looks totally normal. He wears sweaters and corduroy pants and has a beard and you'd never guess. But it's not just that. He's very helpful.

Jamie: Of course. But it helps to have someone who gets the work you're doing as well.

Kurt: Exactly. And you'll find they run the gamut. He's been the closest as far as understanding my culture and background. But there are other people who I've gotten along with really well who don't understand all that, but they're really open to learning about it.

Jamie: I think that's what's important. If you don't understand it but you're willing to take the time to learn, it's cool—as opposed to not understanding it and being dismissive about it.

Kurt: Yeah. So, have you found amongst your peers that going to therapy is stigmatizing? People are like, [sarcastic tone] "Oh… therapy."

Jamie: Not amongst my peers. I actually have a friend who is a therapist. I don't ask her too much about it, though, because I don't know what the protocol is. I don't know if she'd want to talk about that as much in her personal life. I don't want her to have to bring her work home with her.

Kurt: I think most people who are therapists really want to talk about that stuff if they know it's going to help people. They won't name names. They're not going to tell you about a patient, but otherwise—my sister's a therapist and she tells me about her work pretty frequently.

Jamie: Okay. Cool.

Kurt: She's actually a crisis counselor at a university, so basically she sees the worst of the worst. She'll be like, "Some student came in this week for our therapy session and he was totally drunk." Stuff like that. I think there are a lot of therapists who would be happy to talk about their job outside of their work. But, sorry, the question was about stigmatization.

Jamie: No, that's fine. In terms of my friend group, I don't think any of them—I wouldn't feel embarrassed to mention I was going or anything like that. I think if anyone did think of that in a dismissive way, I would probably reevaluate who they are as people for having that mindset. A lot of people in my age group have been very open about going to therapy. That's part of it. I don't see it as a stigmatizing thing at all. In fact, I view it as, "Hey, this is a thing that probably everyone should have."

Kurt: Yeah. I agree.

Jamie: So it's weird that I don't personally have one myself when I have those views about it. It's also a money thing, too. I have to look into my insurance plan. I'm sure it would be covered but I'm always worried about that stuff as well.

Kurt: It's a pain. I'm a smart person. I have Master's degrees. I have a hard time trying to figure out therapy and insurance, and how to find a therapist. Heaven help the people who don't understand the first thing about insurance. Thankfully, also, my dad is an insurance agent, so I can go to him about questions. It's tough, but I think it's getting easier and easier to find a therapist, but you have to know what questions to ask.

Jamie: And that's where using the apps and websites can help, because they're bridging that gap, too. They're sort of like, "Hey, this is what you need to know. This is the experience you can have. This is how you can find this person." So, that's my way of dipping my toes in the water a little bit.

Kurt: Yeah. That's great. When you did realize you had anxiety? Was there a moment you realized, "Oh, I really need to get help with this" or "I need to do something different with my life because this is not working."

Jamie: Yeah. Definitely. And I think that's a big part of where writing about it came in. Because all those things I thought were just, "I'm just a weird person. This is a thing that I do because I'm weird. I don't know what this is." A big part of it, too, was reading about other peoples' experiences with it and realizing, "Oh, yeah. That's what I've been through. Now I have a name for this or at least a little bit of understanding why. And if I do this, somebody else also does. So let me write my way through it."

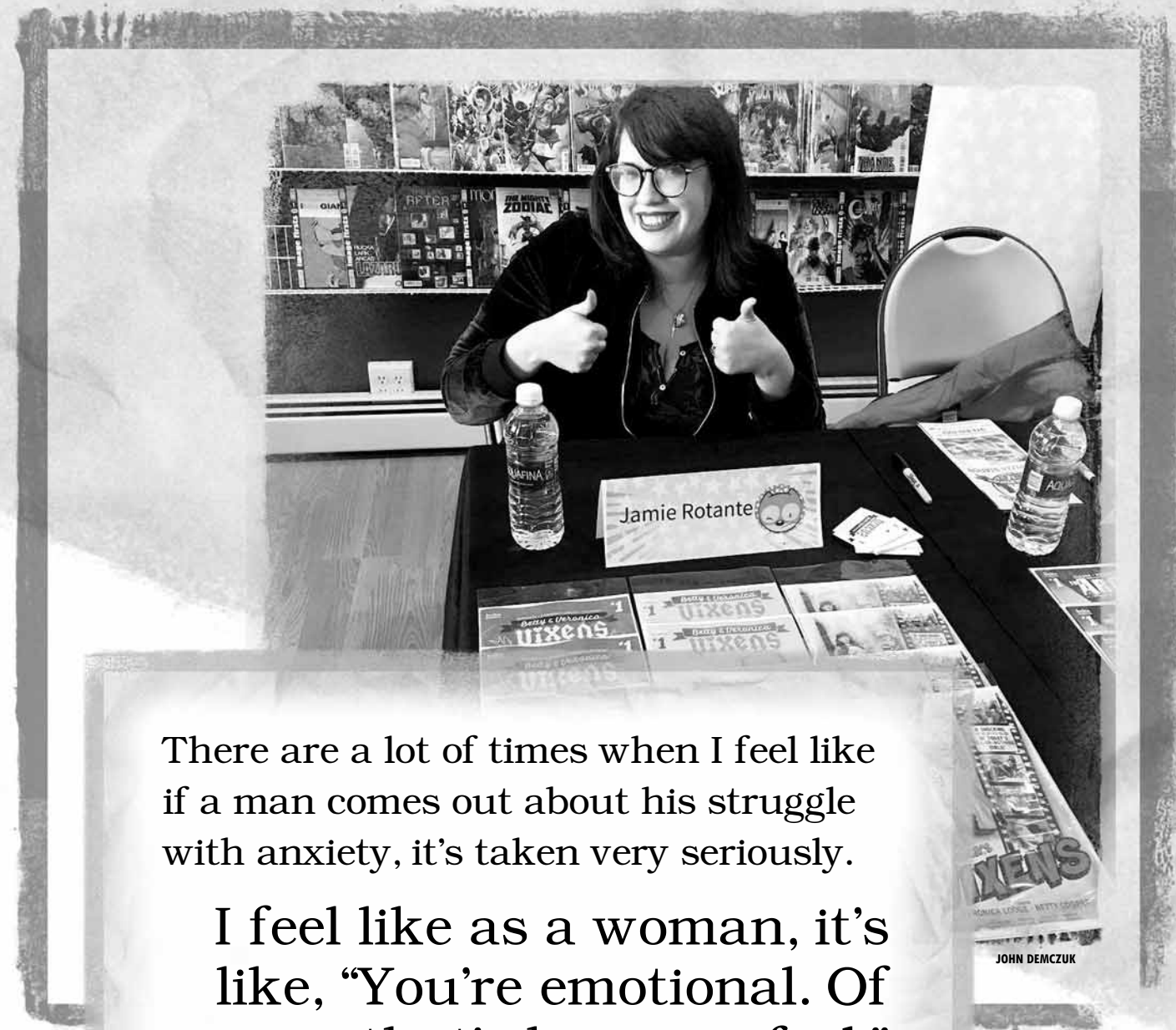
The moment that started up for me—even before writing with *Razorcake*—I had an anxiety attack, but it was also an emotional breakdown one night. I don't know—there's nothing I can pinpoint and say, "This triggered this." It was just a weird—I felt like I lost all control of my emotions. It was a rough night. I remember reading something at some point that said if you're going through a trial try journaling your way through it. I remember it happening and just taking note of every single thing going on as it was happening. Then I wrote it all down. After I wrote it I said, "Let me expand on this and let me do a little bit more with this." That kind of helped. And also, prior to *Razorcake*—do you know Cassie J. Sneider?

Kurt: Oh yeah. I've met her before.

Jamie: She used to do a reading series called "The Worst" in Brooklyn and she invited me to go to one. And I did a whole piece about what I mentioned before: my weird obsession about the end of the world that I had when I was a kid and how much anxiety that would give me. Writing it all out and speaking it out to other people was a really good way to understand what I was going through and have other people be like, "Oh, yeah. I get that, too." If I could put this onto paper, if I could turn these bad moments into learning experiences and creative outlets—it doesn't make it go away. It's not the cure, but it's helping me understand it better and take those steps.

Kurt: So that gave you some relief, just a little bit here and there?

Jamie: Oh, yeah. Definitely. It did so, too, because a lot of my negative thinking



JOHN DEMCZUK

There are a lot of times when I feel like if a man comes out about his struggle with anxiety, it's taken very seriously.

I feel like as a woman, it's like, "You're emotional. Of course that's how you feel."

comes from when I don't do something creative for myself for a while. I feel like I punish myself like, "What have you been doing with your time that you haven't been doing this?"

Kurt: [laughs] That's so how I am, too!

Jamie: It's so bad. When I have these moments of, "This is a cool thing I should do!" When I don't put it onto paper right away, it's gone. Then when I have all the time in the world, I'm like, "Okay, do this creative thing now." And then I have nothing that comes to mind as far as what I want to write or talk about. So at least with this it's not quite a constant source, but it's something new I discovered about myself that I could turn into a creative outlet.

Kurt: Wow. I'm such that way where I drive myself so hard and my girlfriend hates it, because she's like, "You don't know how to relax." And I say, "I relax by doing more work." [laughs]

Jamie: Yeah. And there are times when I'm—I just turned in my script, so I don't have that to work on right now. I don't have anything pressing coming up. I just did something and so tonight I'm just going to dick around on my phone. I'm going to take tonight, play video games, and watch a movie. Especially when I do that over the weekend, come Monday morning it's that, "Was that really the best use of your time? You couldn't have jumped into a new project? You couldn't have done anything else?"

Kurt: I do that, too.

Jamie: It's an ongoing thing.

Kurt: As somebody who's obviously involved in the punk community, too, what's been your reaction amongst punks and peers there with mental health? I know you said a lot of them get therapy, but think back to when you first got into punk rock and who you are today. How have you had to adjust your behavior? How are you different? How does punk relate to that?

Jamie: I guess it started when I was in high school. That was when I first started going to little local punk shows. Prior to that—my group of friends, if they were to be labeled anything—were just a bunch of weirdos who were friends. I went to an all-girls

JOHN DEMCZUK

It's this weird thing where I feel alone, even when I'm with other people.

There's this weird sadness that I can't quite quantify.

Catholic high school, so I didn't get too much exposure to different people. Going to those shows was my first chance to see, "Oh, these aren't the people I see at school. They don't look anything like the people I'm used to at school. There seems to be a community where everyone knows each other." I felt so comfortable in that, even though I was kind of an outsider in that whole movement because everyone—there was definitely a lot of that cliquey behavior, even at those shows. But it didn't feel as apparent. And in those moments, I could feel more comfortable than I did anywhere else, just because everyone was there to do their own thing. Have a good time. Especially in the school setting I was in, you could get judged for everything.

Kurt: It's Catholic school.

Jamie: Yeah. Exactly. It was one of those things where going to those shows, that wasn't happening. It gave me a little more confidence to relax and be myself. And that was something that helped a lot.

Kurt: Thinking about people who got into punk rock, they had certain behaviors that are—I don't want to say self-abusive, but a lot of people who get into punk rock do drugs or they smoke a ton or drink and have alcohol problems. The punk scene has been enmeshed in that since the beginning in the '70s. I didn't know if you had any of those kind of behaviors and you look at yourself today and say, "Wow. I had to change my behavior to deal with my mental health"?

Jamie: Growing up, not at all. I didn't smoke, didn't drink, didn't do drugs. None of that. I would say more recently—I think my brain makes things worse—but if I ever get a little more drunk than I want to, I spend a lot of time punishing myself for that. For feeling like, "This isn't you. This isn't how you should be acting." I know I'm exaggerating it a bit because it never gets that bad, but it's this ongoing form of punishment like, "Why did you have that last drink? Why didn't you stop?" And I've never done anything destructive. I've never done anything to hurt anybody under those circumstances, but I don't like what it does to my brain. It's weird because as a teenager, I didn't touch anything. I was about as clean cut as you can get.

Kurt: Were you straight edge?

Jamie: I don't think I would call myself that, but I knew of it. It wasn't something I

was so committed to. It was just, "Eh, I'm not interested." I was very lax about it. There was a part where I was like, "I guess I could identify as that, but I feel fake identifying as something I've not one hundred percent given myself to."

Kurt: Speaking of drugs, are you taking any prescriptions or is that not something you're interested in?

Jamie: That's something I'm not super interested in. That's one thing that fuels my anxiety about therapy a little bit. I know that no one is going to say, "Oh, you have to take this!" And for all I know that could be a huge help. But something about being dependent on something scares me. And that's just me personally. That's not how I feel about prescription pills at all because I'm completely aware of how huge a help they can be for people. It's one of those, "It's my own personal anxiety" type of things.

Kurt: So is it the fact that you're scared that if you got on you'd never be able to get off and what would your life be like?

Jamie: It's a bit of that. It's kind of the same reason why I get so angry with myself when it comes to drinking because I'm feeling like I'm letting go of the control in a weird way. And I don't consider myself a control freak, but I like knowing that agency is completely mine when it comes to my own health. And that's something that makes me a little bit nervous.

Kurt: I think that's one thing that helps with anxiety is the idea of being in control.

Jamie: Yeah. Definitely.

Kurt: And the more control you have—the thought is that there will be less anxiety, but that's not always the case.

Jamie: It can definitely fuel it more. Because for me, it's this weird, "I like being the person to make these decisions." But it's also this thing where if this is wrong, if this is bad, then the weight of the world is on your shoulders.

Kurt: Are there other mental health issues you've found you deal with? Or are you good with just anxiety? [laughs]

Jamie: I think everything I find just stems from a generalized anxiety.

Kurt: It's amazing how—and I don't know if this is your case—but for me it's depression and loneliness and all these other issues.

Jamie: Oh yeah. Absolutely. That's definitely part of it, too.

Kurt: Do you want to expand on that?

Jamie: Like I said, I always feel weird talking about things if I can't say I have an actual diagnosis, but the depression part is something I feel like the anxiety triggers. The night I had a really bad meltdown got me into writing. I felt really isolated. I felt this weird thing that nobody was there for me and nobody cared for me. And that wasn't the case. It was just something that got that going. It was less of a panic attack and more of an emotional breakdown because I just spent the whole night with these really intrusive, "You're alone and nobody cares about you" thoughts that had me sobbing for about four hours straight. And whenever I have anything that's kind of close to having an anxiety attack, it's that. I go into fits of crying that I can't really control to the point where I don't know why it's even happening, but I know that I just have to go with it. It's this weird thing where I feel alone, even when I'm with other people. There's this weird sadness that I can't quite quantify.

Kurt: Well, loneliness—and a lot of people don't get this—it's about not having the connections you want and desire. So you can be in a room with a lot of people and still not feel you're connecting with anybody. You can feel lonely. A lot of people think loneliness is about solitude and that is not always the case. So I can definitely understand that.

Jamie: When I have really bad spells, it usually stems from something like that: being around people and feeling completely isolated.

Kurt: Are there things you've found that help you in those situations?

Jamie: I kind of just ride the wave. I've realized that if you're going to cry, do it. Because if you're going to try and stop yourself from it, it's not going to go away. So I have this weird, "I'm going to give in to this. I'm going to step away to take the time I need to clear my head." But that means that I have to literally go someplace and cry for a good half hour. It's exhausting and rejuvenating at the same time, if that makes sense. It just drains me completely, but it's over. It's not like, "Okay, I'm done. Time to go back to my life." There's always that little lingering weirdness that comes after it, but you feel yourself getting through it, even if there's some aftershock.

Kurt: I was going to compare it to when you have a stomachache and when you vomit, you're like, "Wow, that actually feels good to get that out!"

Jamie: "I feel better. That feels good, but I'm still not sure if that's going to happen again. Give me at least a couple of hours to wait this one out." Absolutely. That's definitely what it feels like.

Kurt: When you're feeling really sad or anxious, is there certain music you can go to that helps you feel better?

Jamie: When I'm feeling sad, sometimes I just want to listen to music that speaks to that in a weird way. So I don't want to listen to something that's uplifting or happy right now. I want to listen to something that goes along with this mood, because it's not going to make it worse. It's going to create a soundtrack to what I'm going through. I've found my most recent thing when I'm feeling kind of down, there's this song that never fails to make me cry—but in a weird way it kind of works—and that's "Levi Stubbs' Tears" by Billy Bragg. It's been my go-to. His music lately has been pretty big for me for navigating weird emotions.

Kurt: He's got a great catalog.

Jamie: But that's been a much more recent find. It's been tougher more recently because I had an iPod that I used to take with me and I'd put it on shuffle and let it go, but now I play music mostly through my phone, which means Spotify, and I feel like I have to curate that a little bit more. When I could put a whole bunch of music on shuffle, something would kind of jump out at me. But if I'm going through something and I have to think about what music I want to listen to, that's not helping.

Kurt: I understand that. Sometimes I want to listen to sad things when I'm feeling sad and other times—I've found that when I want to get out of a down mood, it's hard to be down when you're listening to James Brown.

Jamie: Oh, yeah! [laughs]

Kurt: James Brown is really great for getting you up and making you feel better.

Jamie: That's a great call. Absolutely.

Kurt: Henry Rollins, in the past, has said what the world needs is really just a James Brown record. James Brown and the Ramones—that's all the world needs to get along and feel better. You can't feel bad when you're listening to both those acts. That's my advice for you and anybody else reading this interview: when you're feeling really down, turn to some James Brown. That sounds like something James Brown would actually say himself [in James Brown voice]: "When you're feeling down, turn to James Brown!"

Jamie: [laughs] That is excellent advice.

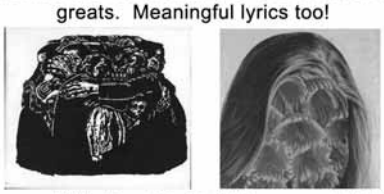
Kurt: One other thing I wanted to ask about is if you've noticed anything in particular with experiencing anxiety that is specific to being a woman. Somebody else mentioned that people don't take you seriously if you're a woman (with mental illness). But have you noticed anything else similar to that?

Jamie: I think that's a good point. There are a lot of times when I feel like if a man comes out about his struggle with anxiety, it's taken very seriously. I feel like as a woman, it's like, "You're emotional. Of course that's how you feel." Men can talk about it in this way that's very, "Oh, it's so brave of you to speak about this and acknowledge it." Where, as a woman, it's, "Of course you feel that way." I haven't had a direct experience with that

IFB Records - newest releases

AUREOLE OF ASH

Morbid Reality 10" and split 7" with Jotnarr
Grinding death from Germany - like if Acrid reformed and covered all the 90's Bremen HC greats. Meaningful lyrics too!



Jiyuna - This Desolate Veil LP - powerful 2002 screamo finally on vinyl.
Orua - DLP - Le Almeida's new band - psyched out dream pop raw grunge bliss

Dakhma/Pilori 7" - hideous blackened punk
The Bug - Humbug 7" - wild flailing de Chicago
Rash - Midnight Crooner 7" - Chi punk stomp

ifbrecords.bandcamp.com // ifbrecords.com
Please order direct - ifbrecords@gmail.com

where somebody reads one of my articles and is mean to me in that way. I feel like a lot of times, men don't realize this, because it's a thing where guys are allowed to wear it on their sleeve a little bit more in a way that I feel like I can't.

The stuff I talk about, a lot of people who know me are surprised to hear it from me. I feel like I look like a nervous wreck all the time. But even at work recently, my boss said, "You're one of the most calm, put together people I know. You don't seem to be a person who's too nervous or anything." I was like, "Me? You're talking to me? Do you know who I am?" And I guess it's because as women, we feel like we need to present a certain way so it's this thing where I feel like even when I'm dying on the inside I have to present in this, "Hey, everything's fine" way because if I don't, I'm just this emotional woman.

So it's weird, too, because sometimes I just have to go and cry. I don't consider myself overly emotional. If something upsets me, it's hard for me to not—like, if I'm angry the first thing to happen to me is I start to cry. It's tough because I never, ever want anyone to see that happening. Most people don't want to get caught crying but I feel that as a woman, especially, it's, "Oh, here comes this one crying about it again. It's just a woman. Of course she's going to cry about it." So I feel like there's an extra layer of presenting that as a woman I have to do. Maybe that's just me but it's definitely a part of this "I have all these emotions and I have all these feelings, but I have to just stay balanced on the outside because people are just going to make their own assumptions."

Kurt: Is that something you feel especially at work or do you feel that all the time?

Jamie: All the time. Not just at work. At work, it's one of those things where you don't want to be the person who is always crying. [laughs] But it's definitely not just at work. The last time something like that happened to me was at a punk show. It's everywhere.

Kurt: What band made you cry?

Jamie: It wasn't a band. It was just an isolation feeling. Not to demean any particular genre, but it was at a psychobilly show, so it was already a weird place. [laughs]

Kurt: [laughs]

Jamie: It was already going to be rough. [laughs]

Kurt: I thought you were going to say something like, "I went to see AFI and they made me cry because they taunted me."

Jamie: [laughs]

Kurt: But a psychobilly show, I could see how that could happen.

Jamie: That's a community that I wouldn't really—I felt very isolated. It wasn't just the group—again, no real explanation. Just that, "Hey, you're alone."

Kurt: I can see that. I used to find going to shows by myself was kind of weird, but over time it's gotten to be a little bit better. I think part of it, too, is that I've learned how to deal with my loneliness to some degree because I've felt it so much. I've learned some coping skills. I try and put myself out there and be friendly with people. Most of the time at shows, people want to have a good time, so they're willing to chat with people they may not know that well.

Jamie: That's something I've gotten a little bit better at, too. Usually when I'm going to a show, it's with my husband. We have pretty much the same taste in music, so we're usually going to shows together. But whenever we go to a show, we try to find at least one person to make friends with. It's not like an active thing where we're going to search somebody out, but there's something about making a connection with someone at a show that's like, "Hey, this is cool." We're here because we clearly have something very special in common with you.

Kurt: Have you made real friends out of those situations ever or is it just kind of chatting?

Jamie: That's been happening more. It's maybe not really intense friendships but, "Hey, now this is a person I know, so the next time I'm in their city or whatever, I have somebody to connect with." That's pretty cool.

Kurt: Punk rock is bringing people together like it always has. That's still happening. That's still a good quality of it.

Jamie: Yeah.

Kurt: And bringing people out of loneliness and, hopefully, also bringing people through mental health problems. Like I said, from the start, punk hasn't just been dealing with drugs and alcohol issues, but also mental health issues.

Jamie: And I'm glad it's being spoken about more. I feel that for a while it was a stigmatizing kind of thing. There are these punks with problems. Now it's like, "Hey, this is a thing that lots of us are going through. There's no reason to not talk about it."

Kurt: Hopefully something good will come out of this.

Jamie: Yeah. Well, I think it already is starting. The fact that we're having this conversation right now—there's something to be said about it. I would've never guessed I'd be so open to talking about these things with someone and feel comfortable about it. Even if it's on a small scale like this, I think it's a good start.

JAMIE ROTANTE

I like knowing that agency is completely mine when it comes to my own health.

And that's something that makes me a little bit nervous.

TOP 5s

Adam Perry
• Katie Ellen and Lemuria, at Rickshaw Stop, SF, 8/8/18
• Hobo Johnson And The LoveMakers at Golden Gate Park, SF, 8/12/18
• *Blindspotting* (film) dir. by Carlos López Estrada
• *Sorry to Bother You* (film) dir. by Boots Riley
• *BlacKkKlansman* (film) dir. by Spike Lee

Andy Garcia
1. L.O.T.I.O.N. / Scumputer, *Campaign for Digital Destruction* split 12"
2. Oliver Sheppard, *13 Nocturnes*
3. Stiff Love, *Attitudes* 7"
4. Beta Boys, *Late Night Antics* 7"
5. Liz Prince, *Tomboy* (book)

Anna Far
1. Iglooghost, *Clear Tamei/Steel Mogu*
2. Deafheaven, *Ordinary Corrupt Human Love* LP
3. Panopticon, *The Scars of Man on the Once Nameless Wilderness* LP
4. Nick Sousanis, *Unflattening* (comic)
5. Sophia Foster-Dimino, *Sex Fantasy* (zine)

Art Ettinger
• Getting to spend in-person time with kick-ass fellow Razorcake writers Billups Allen, Michael T. Fournier, Mike Faloon, and Kayla Greet.
• *MDC Al Schvitz: Double Life in Double Time: Stories of Punk, Prison & Perseverance as Written in San Quentin State Prison* by Alan "Al Schvitz" Schultz (book)
• GG Allin & The Jabbers, *Live at the Rat EP* 12" EP
• The Globs, *Taco Tuesday* EP
• Fuck Yeah, Dinosaurs!, *Jurassic Drunks* CD

Billy Kostka
• Lavender Flu, *Mow the Glass* LP
• Subnormal Girls Vol. 1 & 2 LPs
• Normil Hawaiians, *More Wealth than Money* LP
• Louder Than Death, Self-titled EP
• Patois Counselors, *Proper Release* LP

Bill Pinkel
• Beach Rats, *Wasted Time* 7" (for the record there are enough beach bands now)
• Tony Molina, *Kill the Lights* LP
• Pretty Flowers, *Why Trains Crash* LP
• Notches, *Almost Ruined Everything* LP
• Culture Abuse, *Bay Dream* LP

Chad Williams
1. Swingin' Utters, *Peace and Love* LP
2. Old City, *Future Dead* 10"
3. Territories, Self-titled LP
4. Tarantüla, *History of Sex and Violence* 7"
5. LAME, *Alone and Alright* LP

Chris Mason
1. Stiff Love, *Trouble* 7"
2. Lié, *Hounds* LP
3. No Love, *Choke on It* LP
4. Dark Thoughts, *At Work* LP
5. The Mods, *Reactions* LP

Craven Rock
1. Occupy Northwest Detention Center and all radical anti-ICE actions
2. Autonomous Mutant Festival 22
3. Buying folk art linocuts from Nancy Kay Harris
4. *Beautiful Music* by Michael Zadoorian (book)
5. A Story Of Rats, QoQo Roboqs, Sterling Serpent at Lo-Fi

Chris Terry
• Daylight Robbery, *Signal Bleed* 7"
• Pretty Flowers record release at the Bootleg Theater in L.A.
• Kamasi Washington record release at the World Stage in L.A.
• Nation Time, *Joe McPhee* LP
• *The Other Night at Quinn's*, Mike Faloon (novel)

Daryl Gussin
• HIRS Collective, *Friends.Lovers.Favorites.* LP
• Tommy And The Commies, *Here Come* LP
• No Love, *Choke on It* LP
• Hard Feelings, *Sideways* LP
• Ain't I A Womxn? at L.A. Historic State Park, 07/28/18, with Object As Subject, Xina Xurner, F.U.P.U. and more.

Dayna Beck
• @razorcakegorsky
• @henryandheidi
• @recordswithgooglyeyes
• @tinyconcert
• @amylandthesniffers

Designated Dale
1. Joan Jett & The Blackhearts, *Unvarnished* CD
2. OFF!, *First Four EPs* box set
3. Smut Peddlers, *HIGH ANXIETY STRESS FEAR* CD
4. T.S.O.L., *The Trigger Complex* CD
5. Don Rickles

Eloise Wong
Bands I Dream of Playing Save Music in Chinatown Benefits for My Elementary School's Music Program
• The Go-Go's
• X
• Best Coast
• Bleached
• Hector and El Vez playing Zeros songs

Eric Baskauskas
• Alienation, *Bitter Reality* 7"
• Beach House, *7* LP
• La Luz, *Floating Features* LP
• Skemäta, *A Bright Shining Hell* 12"
• Tarantüla, *The Very Best of Sex and Violence* 7"

Garrett Barnwell
1. Chain Whip, Self-titled 7"
2. The Budos Band, *Burnt Offerings* LP
3. *Welcome to Venice*, by Ric Clayton and Bryan Ray Turcotte (book)
4. My new SE x City Grounds Big Ripper bicycle!
5. Landjaeger from Alpine Village (Google it...)

Jim Woster
Five favorite lines from Ballad of the Anarchist Bandits—The Crime Spree That Gripped Belle Époque Paris
• "Contempt is the voluptuousness of the moment" (don't really get it, but it's *so* French)
• "Italians who stay in furnished rooms are for the most part unsavory" (from a newspaper of the day)
• *Les grandes horizontales* (courtesans)
• The Scoundrel Laws (police could arrest you for any relationship with a known anarchist)
• "We are past the time where someone can believe himself an anarchist because he is a vegetarian" (said one anarchist)

Kayla Greet
• Arms Aloft, Guerilla Poubelle, Heck Yes, Four Lights at The Kraken, Seattle
• Lemuria, Katie Ellen, Dusk, Sea Salt at The Vera Project, Seattle
• *Her Body and Other Parties* by Carmen Maria Machado (book)
• Loud Dark Room (DIY Punk Podcast)
• Muncie Girls, *Fixed Ideals* LP

Kevin Dunn
1. Breeders, *All Nerve* LP
2. Remnants, *True Places Never Are* LP
3. Pretty Flowers, *Why Trains Crash* LP
4. Crunchcoat, *Obsolete* EP
5. Keith Rosson, *Smoke City* (book)

Kurt Morris
1. Writing about mental health
2. Speaking at storytelling events about mental health

Never Surrender

3. Posting about mental health to social media
4. Talking to others about mental health
5. Updating my website with blog posts about mental health: kurtmorris.net

Martin Wong

Highlights of Summer 2018
• Save Music in Chinatown XV with Adolescents, Midget Oddjob, The Unhushables, Hurry Up, Cringeworthy, and DJ Lisa Fancher at the Grand Star. Never forget Steve Soto!
• Attending a Danny Fields photo show, talk, and book signing at the Ramones Museum the night my family arrived in Berlin. Gabba gabba hey!
• Perfect day having Vicki Berndt tell us Specials, Redd Kross, and Go-Go's stories all the way to the Specials concert in Pomona, making pit stops at Covina Tasty and BAPS Shri Swaminarayan Mandir on the way, and then taking bassist Horace Panter to get fresh strawberry donuts at Donut Man afterward.
• Going to the San Diego Comic-Con for the thirty-ninth time in forty years and having just as much fun as I did when I was a little kid, but with comic book creators as old as I, and new friends not heroes.
• Looking for a job and not finding a job.

Matt Average

1. Abolitionist, live at Cafe NELA
2. Male Patterns, *Headache* 12" EP
3. Lysol, *Teenage Trance* 7" single
4. Gen Pop, anything and everything
5. *Cut-Throats Nine* (movie)

Megan Razzetti

1. Seeing Jawbreaker and Lemuria together in Austin, Texas with my lovely friends Kyle and Taylor.
2. Texas BBQ
3. Katie Ellen and Lemuria at The Bootleg Theater
4. "Who Cares" by Choke the Pope (Seattle, Wash.)
5. Sending Cynthia Pinedo videos of cute dogs I see around town.

Mike Faloon

Top 5 Tour Highlights with Mike Fournier
1. Chicago—Strolling with Nick Rossi and reading with Liz "Awesome Things" Mason
2. Cleveland—Mac's Backs with Wred Fright and discovering Kerry James Marshall at the amazing Cleveland Museum of Art (thanks Julie & Ben!)
3. Columbus—Never Surrender, the capital city's premiere near-cover band as seen through the eyes of Pat and Linda Dull
4. Detroit—Touring downtown with Eric Porter and movie night with Mike and Andrea White
5. Tie: Louisville—the Underground Music Archive at University of Louisville; and Pittsburgh—Hanging out with Karen Lillis, Jude Vachon, and Art "I take issue with certain aspects of law enforcement" Ettinger

Mike Fournier

• Notches, *Almost Ruined Everything* LP
• Lithics, *Mating Surfaces* LP
• Collate, *Liminal Concerns* LP
• *Series 7: The Contenders* (movie)
• Never Surrender live at Eldorado's, Columbus OH 7/27/18. (Thanks again, Pat and Linda!)

Mike Frame

1. Nervosa, *Downfall of Mankind* CD
2. Georgia Satellites, live in Rapid City
3. Robbie Fulks and Linda Gail Lewis, *Wild Wild Wild* CD
4. Real Kids, *1974 Demos* CD
5. Blackberry Smoke, *Find a Light* CD

DJ Naked Rob
Radio Valencia 87.9FM | SF

1. The Cutthroat Brothers, Self-titled
2. The Dirtiest, *Cento Shot* 7"
3. Puppy And The Hand Jobs, *I Eat Abortions* 7"
4. Corner Boys, *Love Tourist* 7"
5. Cliterati / Violation Wound, Split 12"

Nighthawk

• Joan Jett & The Blackhearts, live
• John Fogerty, live
• Dayglo Abortions, live
• Apocalypse Hoboken, live
• The Mushuganas, live

Paul Silver

1. Odd Robot, *Amnesiatic* LP
2. Round Eye, Squarecrow, The Dodges, The Waste Aways at Tower Bar, San Diego
3. Chain Whip, Self-titled EP
4. Kamala And The Karnivores at Red Brontosaurus Records, San Diego
5. Goodbye Blue Monday, *Misery Punk Ruined My Life* EP

Replay Dave

• Early Disclaimers, *2EPs/1CD*
• Golden Pelicans, *Disciples of Blood* LP
• Bite Marks, *Sucia* 12"
• Ural Thomas & The Pain, 2 x LP
• Big Eyes, *Almost Famous* LP

Rev. Nørb

• Amyl & The Sniffers, Self-titled LP
• Jon And The Vons, *Forget You* 7"
• Back To Basics, *Shaded Eyes* 7"
• The Cords, *Ghost Power* 2 x 7"
• So What, "Why Can't I See You Tonight" b/w "I Can See But You Don't Know" 45

Rich Cocksedge

• The Marked Men, Honey Joy, No Problem, live at The Lexington, London
• Khiis, *Saboor* 7"
• Character Actor, Self-titled 7"
• Aborted Tortoise, *An Beach* LP
• Personality Cult, Self-titled LP

Rosie Gonce

Top 5 Favorite Songs Released in 2018
1. "The Boy," Shannon And The Clams, *Onion* LP
2. "Sidekick," Sweet Reaper, *Sidekick* LP
3. "Fear Is the New Bliss," Dead to Me, *Fear Is the New Bliss* (single)
4. "Sister," Petrol Girls, *Sister* (single)
5. "Human Potential," Swingin' Utters, *Peace and Love* LP

Ryan Nichols

1. Elephant Rifle, *Hunk* LP
2. David Wojnarowicz, *The Waterfront Journals* (book)
3. The Completers, "Silence" b/w "Be Gone" 7" (Yeah You!)
4. Lux Interior, *Graveyard Tramps Eat the Forbidden City Dog Food* 10"
5. Vaguess

Sal Lucci

1. Lovesores, *Gods of Ancient Grease* LP
2. Nervous Exits, *Get Out* LP
3. Des Demonas, Self-titled LP
4. Super Thief, *Eating Alone in My Car* LP
5. Super Thief, live (anytime you can see them)

Sean Arenas

• Roman Candles, *Can I Kiss You?* LP
• Heavy Pockets, *Pure Evil* LP
• Damagers, Self-titled 7"
• Public Eye / The Estranged, Split 7"
• Orthodox, *Sentencia* CD

Sean Koepenick

Locked in for Fall Viewing
1. The Damned
2. Nightbirds
3. The Avengers
4. Killing Joke
5. The Proletariat

Steve Adamyk

1. Territories, Self-titled LP
2. Lone Wolf, *Get Along* 7"
3. Des Demonas LP
4. Dark Thoughts, *At Work*
5. Punk Rock Radio Festival and Comp

Toby Tober

Top 5 Movies I Have Recently Enjoyed
1. *Eighth Grade*
2. *The Fundamentals of Caring*
3. *Blindspotting*
4. *Sylvio*
5. *Hearts Beat Loud*

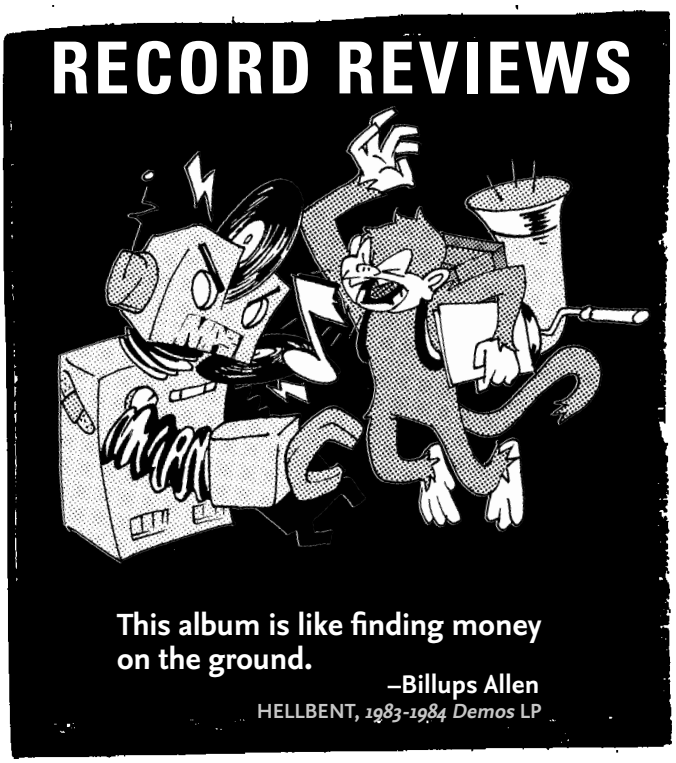
Todd Taylor

• *Here to Be Heard: The Story of the Slits* (movie)
• Radon, *More of Their Lies* LP
• Sea Lilies, Soonest 12" EP
• Old City, *Future Dead* 10"
• MariNaomi winning end of a multiple book and zine trade, including *Losing the Girl* and *Kiss & Tell: A Romantic Resume, Ages 0 to 22*
• *Rock My Soul: Black People and Self-Esteem,* bell hooks (book)

Ty Stranglehold

1. Night Birds, *Roll Credits* LP
2. Maniac, *Dead Dance Club* LP
3. No Problem, *Let God Sort Em Out* LP
4. Liquids, *Hot Liqs' Revenge* LP
5. The Brokedowns, *Sick of Space* LP

RECORD REVIEWS



ABOLITIONIST: *The Instant:* LP
Been waiting for this one after finding 2017's *Pinnacle* EP and it doesn't disappoint. These songs are so fast that the 12" plays at 45 rpm. With most songs hovering around the two minute mark, Abolitionist gives everything they have in every moment. In that sense, there are songs like "Totally Bonkers" that remind me of Paint It Black or Kid Dynamite in that fast, aggressively political explosion. But the record isn't rote or repetitive. It's not trying to imitate, but makes clear its influences. Personally, I like that, because I like knowing the genealogy of how bands think. On this record, you get that along with some really biting commentary that I'm starving for every time I listen to music these days. –Theresa W. (1859, 1859records.bandcamp.com)

ACTIVE MINDS:
***The Freedom of the Borough:* 7"**
Brutal and combative left wing U.K. hardcore at its best—Active Minds make me want to go out roaming the streets to bellow, howl, and punch Nazis. Perhaps most interesting about this record, though, is that instead of a mere lyric sheet, each song in the booklet is accompanied with what is more or less an op-ed that explains why the ideas in the song are so vital. That kind of commitment should be applauded, as should the sonic beatdown that Active Minds deliver. –The Lord Kveldulfr (Looney Tunes)

ALEX WILEY COYOTE:
***Psychedelic Problems:* CS**
Alex Wiley Coyote is a one-man exploration into diverse musical territories that would typically never intersect—such as outlaw country, new wave, synth pop, and weirdo punk—presented in mixtape formula. Although wry and sometimes downright bizarre ("Mountain" sounds like a stoner rambling about Jesus whilst simultaneously smoking weed and inhaling helium… the fuck did I just hear?) there's something about this bizarre collection of tracks that makes me wonder if even Lumpy sometimes just gets weirded out by some bands. I'm on my third listen so whatever Alex is doing it seems to be working because I'm hooked. –Juan Espinosa (Worry, alexwileycoyoete.bandcamp.com)

ALMATAHA: *Kill the Leaders:* CD
Fairly by-the-numbers hardcore that leans a bit towards modern street punk. Musically they're not breaking new ground, but the lyrics are topical and not so amorphous that things end up sounding like a pose. They're on a good foundation, but I'd be interested to hear where they end up a little further down the road when more of who they are—instead of what they might think is expected—begins to shine through. –Jimmy Alvarado (Major Letdown)

ARCH RIVALS:
***Constant State of War:* LP/CD**
Oi band Arch Rivals hails from Plymouth, U.K., where I live, yet it's gone totally under my radar over the past few years. Admittedly, I'm not a huge oi aficionado but the band doesn't seem to play much locally, which probably explains my ignorance. *Constant State of War* is the band's second album and it's got a really powerful feel to it, with punchy anthems, singalong parts and, of course, a plethora of opportunities to shout out "Oi!" Aggression seethes from the speakers, creating a boisterous experience aided by a really strong guitar presence, which, at times, reminds me of where Cockney Rejects are at musically these days. A pleasant surprise and a band I now want to see live, as it should be a good night out. –Rich Cocksedge (Randale, diana@randale.de, randaleshop.de)

BACK TO BASICS: *Shaded Eyes:* 7"
You'd think it wouldn't be that hard for a band to put two or three of their best songs on a 7" record and have it be a really, really, truly great record. Back To Basics have done just that with this record. This is a near-perfect 7" of raw, catchy-as-fuck power pop-inspired punk. After a quick, moody instrumental opener, the following two songs are flawless gruff anthemic punk songs with big, catchy choruses that beg you to sing along. There are hooks all over the place, which all but guarantees these songs will undoubtedly get stuck in my head later today. I mean it; this is really, really good and gets my highest recommendation. –Mark Twistworthy (Secret Mission)

BAD MOVES: *Tell No One:* LP/CD
I heard one song—"Cool Generator"—from this initially and had to immediately track down the album due to it being so good. The rest of *Tell No One* did not disappoint and managed to throw up a song which eclipsed my first encounter. "Spirit FM" provided power pop goodness so catchy that within just a few plays I was fully conversant with the tune and its wonderful guitar work. The guitars are exceptional throughout this album and they are one of the things I like so much about it, adding in riffs and leads that really help songs move along. There is a good fistful of belters providing many peaks on *Tell No One*. To be fair, there are no real lows to be found. This is damn fine collection of smooth melodies. –Rich Cocksedge (Don Giovanni)

BARSTOOL PREACHERS, THE:
***"Warchief" b/w "DLTDHYOTWO":* 7"**
This is an advance single for their new LP *Grazie Governo*, and I thought it would be fairly straightforward, anthemic street punk, based on the cover art. Shame on me—the Barstool Preachers aren't so simple. Instead of just pounding it out, these dudes from Brighton came off more subdued, subtle, and complex then I would have thought ("Warchief"), and then they brought in a thick river of ska and poppiness into their mix, which was an unexpected delight ("DLTDH YOTWO"). Moreover, press releases indicate these guys are consistently working for social justice causes, so musically and ideologically these guys have got my support. Comes on lozenge-blue vinyl! –The Lord Kveldulfr (Pirates Press)

BASEBALL FURIES, THE:
***All-American Psycho:* LP**
I remember The Baseball Furies as a show staple on the East Coast in the late '90s. They must have played a lot for a couple of years. *All-American Psycho* is a repress of their first 1999 10" on a 12" record. The band continued until 2009, recording three more albums. The album is full-on speed freak pace with the distorted, sounds-like-they're-shouted-through-a-megaphone vocals. The album doesn't vary much, but is solid in its pocket. It moves fast and rides the garage/'90s punk border. –Billups Allen (Big Neck)

BASK: *Cask:* CS
Six tracks of fuzzed-up indie rock with a really cute little lyrics insert. Distinctly droll vocal delivery, and the melodies are heavy with almost-dissonant pop gloom; serious Jawbreaker vibes on the first couple songs in particular. The songs get noticeably weirder and noisier toward the end of the tape—I'm definitely a bigger fan of the earlier tracks, but that's just me. This reminds me of a lot of the '90s-inspired indie rock coming out on Reflective Tapes right now… like, so much that I had to double-check that that wasn't the label. –Indiana Laub (Grey Ghost / Poison Moon, poisonmoonrecords.com)

BELLICOSE MINDS: *Incision:* 7"
This reminds me of the first time I heard this band; it was their first 7" and I was completely hooked. Their direction hasn't changed much. It's still straight forward post-punk, but they do it well. If you're into post-punk and haven't caught on to this band yet, I honestly don't know what to tell you, other than, "You're welcome," or "Duh." –Ryan Nichols (Black Water)

BLACK PANTIES: *"Dirt from the Mop" b/w "Dreams of My Teeth":* 7"
Good thing one-man band Mr. Panties here kinda fucking rips, cuz every other part of his gimmick blows. Dude is called "Black Panties" and looks like he wears a mask à la Masked Intruder. But you know what? As I said earlier, this kinda fucking rips. Both tracks are totally lo-fi affairs that I doubt got more than a four-track treatment and it doesn't matter. Deranged vocals that would make John Weiffenbach proud. Me likes it a lot. A lot. –Garrett Barnwell (Total Punk)

BLANKZ, THE: *White Baby:* CDEP
The CD version of the debut 7" from Phoenix's The Blankz mildly incorporates a new wave synth touch into a classic 1977 sound, reminiscent of what other current millennium bands like The Briefs attempt to emulate. Allegedly the first Blankz single in a series of nine, it's one of my favorite records of the year so far. The title track tells the true story of the band's singer, a white baby adopted by Mexican parents. The other song, "Sissy Glue," carries on the punk tradition of singing about the joys of inhalants. Poppers aren't needed to enjoy The Blankz, though. –Art Ettinger (Slope)

LUCKY

CUT LOUDER, HEAR BETTER!!!

New Loud Cuts from The Mr T Experience &

Sounds Radical Records

SOUNDS Rad

Soundsradical.com

SWEET DEALS ON VINYL PRESSING ! ! !

300	7"s - 200 Black, 100 Splatter	$1000	300	7"s - 300 Black or Random	$630
300	12"s - 300 Random Color	$1460	500	7"s - 400 Black, 100 Color	$1150
500	12"s - 400 Black, 100 Color	$1805	100	12"s - 100 Black or Random	$1055

Orders@luckylacquers.com (206) 497-3006 **www.luckymastering.com** 6907 University Ave #224 Middleton, Wi 53562

RAZORCAKE PODCASTS

POST EVERY Tuesday AND Friday

PUNK & MORE

INTERVIEWS

BLEAKNESS: *Frozen Refuge:* 12″ EP
As picture discs go, this one-sided piece of vinyl is one of my favorites of all time. It's basically the cover of the record printed onto clear vinyl and it looks stunning. Musically, Bleakness might lead one to believe that it would be quite a dour outfit, but I certainly don't find it to be anything like that. It's certainly not a barrel of laughs and it reminds me of Crusades, especially due to the driving guitars which kick off the lead (and title) track and a dark ambience to the sound. I actually find the four tracks uplifting in the way they are delivered and the power inherent in them. It's a quality release worth tracking down. –Rich Cocksedge (Sabotage, info@sabotagerecords.com, sabotagerecords.net / Destructure, destructure.org / Kink, ralf@kink-records.de, kink-records.de / La Agonia De Vivr, laagoniadevivr.com)

BOMBFLOWER: *Bleed Me Out:* LP
It's hard to know where to start with a prog ska hardcore album that deals partly with environmental collapse. Bombflower is doing *a lot*. The ambition is there, the messaging is there. I don't know that I want the extreme whiplash of mellow pop into heavy speed riffs into ska horn breakdown (e.g. "Got Shot Down" into "Parasite"). But for anyone still following political ska punk, there may be something here for you. –Matt Werts (Don't Panic, dontpanicitsadistro.bandcamp.com)

BONEFIRE: *Murderapolis:* CD
Minneapolis hoodlums Bonefire bum rush the venue doors, chug beers, and skip the sound check to immediately plug in and crank out severe hardcore punk damage à la Discharge, Victims (Sweden), and Poison Idea. Calling all posers, scene climbers, and internet dwellers: not welcome. –Juan Espinosa (FTWNU2, ftwnu2.com)

BOOZE & GLORY: *London Skinhead Crew:* 12″ EP
By now you know if you care about Booze & Glory, the insanely catchy British oi champions that put out several fun releases over the past decade. This release is noteworthy regardless of whether or not you're a fan of the band. Pirates Press sometimes puts out such cool records, that it's challenging not to view them as showing off. Then again, they deserve to gloat with this insane release of the hit Booze & Glory song "London Skinhead Crew," which includes the original and reggae/ska versions of this track that is so popular its video has over 12 million views on YouTube. The vinyl is insane in that both sides play from the inside out, with the song title die cut out of the outer edge of the record. It's a gorgeous slab of vinyl if ever there was one. –Art Ettinger (Pirates Press)

BRETT VEE: *Derivative Nation:* 7″ EP
On the jacket for this EP, Jay Retail writes that Brett Vee "hadn't lived the most debased or deprived lives in the world, but he wasn't exactly born with a silver spoon in his mouth either" and that middle-of-the-road sort of thing is a perfect description. It's well-crafted but not mind-blowing, it's reminiscent of Dinosaur Jr. but the EP title makes me think he knows that it's not earth-shattering stuff. And, actually, the self-deprecation works because it's better than derivative; it could easily be an homage to Bob Mould. –Theresa W. (Running In Place)

BROKEDOWNS, THE: *Sick of Space:* CD
Here is a band that has been on my radar to check out and, for some reason or another, I have never got around to it. I need to re-evaluate my priorities. Immediately I was reminded of The Arrivals (which is always a good thing) and quickly confirmed that they are indeed a Chicago band themselves and Lil Dave himself appears on two songs. I don't know what it is about the Midwest that makes for great music, but the proof is there. This entire album is fucking phenomenal! I feel like I need to smack myself for not picking up on these guys sooner, but I am pretty damn excited that I have a back catalog to explore. Also, "Mommy, Can I Go Out and Chill Tonight" is the best song title this side of a Dillinger Four album. Get this! –Ty Stranglehold (Red Scare)

BRONXXX / DONE FOR: Split: CD
I've reviewed Bronxxx before. I love them. They're Japanese skate punks who suck at skating and that is pretty much all they sing about. This CD is five songs of pure insanity, with the crowning jewel being "Don't Crash into the Wall," which even adds a funky little breakdown at the end that would make JFA smile. As my skate collects dust in the corner and my old man injuries compound weekly, I can really feel for where these guys are coming from. I would love to hang out with them someday. Done For are a hardcore band. The kind with big, block letter fonts and lots of metal guitar. I'm not feeling this at all. The anger and seriousness doesn't mesh well with the fun that is the Bronxxx side of the split. "Skulls & Dicks" for the win! –Ty Stranglehold (Bronxxx, bronxxx.bandcamp.com)

CANADIAN RIFLE: *Peaceful Death:* LP
Each Canadian Rifle release has made it into regular rotation on the turntable and each release has grown and gotten better. *Peaceful Death* is no exception. Midwestern gravel melodies instantly weave their way into memory. I pre-ordered this album the day it was available. Even being officially released in January, this album will no doubt make my personal top ten for 2018. "Peaceful Death," as a song, is the best Fucked Up song they never wrote and may have beaten out "Going to Get Fucked Up When You Die" as best Canadian Rifle song ever. I flew to San Diego to be a part of Awesome Fest, but I went to *see* Canadian Rifle. No Dreams. No Goals. –Matt Seward (Dead Broke)

CHAIN WHIP: Self-titled: 7"
I get exactly one "Fuck yes!" to use per Razorcake review cycle and here it goes: Fuck yes! Chain Whip delivers up five tracks of blistering Vancouver, BC punk in a way that reminds me of Brutal Knights in a very good way. I'd say this is the real deal even without knowing that the band shares a member with pop punk titans Fashionism. I totally am looking forward to more of this, sirs. –Garrett Barnwell (Neon Taste / Dirt Cult)

CHAIN WHIP: Self-titled: 7"
This is a straight-up scorcher of a record. Some guys from Vancouver who are known to blast out some of the best power pop around come together and put out one of the best hardcore punk singles I have heard in ages! Six goddamn songs of bile and venom spit into my ear holes in about just as many minutes. The vocals are growled in almost an "oi" kind of way over incredibly tight, Midwest-feeling hardcore. This is refreshing as hell and ruling my turntable. –Ty Stranglehold (Neon Taste, neontasterecords.bandcamp.com / Dirt Cult)

CHARACTER ACTOR: Self-titled: 7"
Character Actor has a sense of urgency that you don't normally hear in a pop band. It's deep under the surface, but there nonetheless. These songs stick in my head like a delicious marshmallow paste. I am constantly reminded of Bum (legendary Canadian pop punk band) even though they don't particularly sound alike. There is a similar feeling there that makes the link for me. There is something cool going on here. I love it and want more! –Ty Stranglehold (Dirt Cult)

CHATS, THE: *Get This in Ya!!:* CS
Mullet punk at its finest. Trio of weirdo rippers kicking out stupid fun, razor precise punk that sounds so utterly Australian that you'll do a double take at this tape, scour the internet for more music, and wonder why the hell you haven't heard of this band yet. Apparently, I've been out of the loop. Glad that has been rectified. –Camylle Reynolds (Burger)

CHEAP TISSUE: Self-titled: CD
Punk rock with an emphasis on the rock, punk mostly only because they played really fast. This isn't at all in a DIY vein, but feels like what I'd expect from a garage rock band out of L.A. They seem pretty tight and ready to follow in the weirdly still semi-popular glow of bands like The Darkness, Franz Ferdinand, and the Vines. –Theresa W. (Lollipop, lollipoprecords.com)

CHOKED UP: Self-titled: CD
I've loved Cristy Road's comics and art for quite a long time, but I'd never heard her do any music. This new four piece based out of New York is poppy, fast, and has a touch of grit in their melodies. The opening track, "BeBop and Rocksteady 4-Ever," got stuck in my head pretty quickly, though I did listen to the four-song EP three or four times in a row. Having two guitars in this band really helps round out the sound. Christy's vocals undulate between gravel and harmony while lead solos are played alongside a deep, bubbly bass sound, pop punk rhythm guitar, and some real snappy drums. In a few songs there are awesome gang vocals that hit the chorus with some serious power. The last track, "Lomas y Chisme," is totalmente en Español and I think it's my favorite song of the release, even if I can only understand a few words here and there. I was busy spinning this on repeat in my car when I got rear ended in traffic. Having this to go right back to after that shake up made it a hell of a lot easier to deal with. –Kayla Greet (Get Better)

COLD LEATHER: *Smart Moves:* LP
Gotta admit I really wasn't expecting much from this based on the band name and the cover art, which looks sorta like something Pink Floyd would've approved after one too many doobies with The Eagles. Plop it on, wince, music starts, mind blown. There are equal bits punk, post-punk, and rock mixed into something that's all swagger, caustic guitar slash, and venom awash in reverb. At times I'm reminded of Tyrades with a better riff repository and conciseness, but mostly it makes me wanna move. Verdict: this is aces. Enthusiastic high-fives for all involved. –Jimmy Alvarado (Adagio830)

COMPLETERS, THE: *"Silence" b/w "Be Gone":* 7"
Hot damn! This is a hooky piece of cold wave from Brazil. For fans of Specters, Ciudad Lineal, Wax Idols, or Soft Kill, I'd like to introduce you to your new favorite band. –Ryan Nichols (Yeah You!, thecompleters@yahoo.com)

COMPLETERS, THE: Self-titled: 7"
Wow! Three very '80s tracks from the Southern-most point in Brazil that bounce with so much authenticity and energy that I'd be willing to wager they have some early Modern English and Chameleons in their collections. I have been in denial, but I guess there is a full-on post-punk revival thing going on now? –Garrett Barnwell (Thrash Unreal)

COMPLICATORS, THE: *Too Old:* 7" single flexi
Short hit-it-and-quit-it hardcore punk from these guys. Throaty bellowing about how when men get old their balls begin to dip down in the water when they're sitting on the toilet, and how they have more hair on their back than on their head. Aging is a cruel, cruel thing. I'm liking the energetic drumming that has a nice snap, and the gritty distortion from the guitar searing into my ears. More than one song would be nice. But I guess when you're old and beat down, it's enough to record even one song before you are out and on the couch for awhile. –Matt Average (Pirates Press)

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL
MONTHLY INTERNATIONAL PUNK COVERAGE
• since 1982 •
Scene reports, interviews, columns, reviews, and more
SUBSCRIBE TODAY! maximumrocknroll.com

CONVERGE: *Beautiful Ruin:* 7"
Recently, I woke up to an email from Bandcamp letting me know there was new music from Converge. What? One of my favorite bands has new music released without me knowing? The fact is no one knew because it was entirely unannounced. The four songs that comprise the *Beautiful Ruin* release are all burners that were part of the same session that produced Converge's excellent recent album, *The Dusk in Us.* Any of these songs could easily have been included on the album as they're all strong efforts. The longest song on here is 2:24, so that gives you an idea of how quick these bursts are. There are some wonderful nuances that I appreciated (it's all about the little things) such as the chugging riffs of "Permanent Blue" or the Napalm Death influence of "Churches and Jails." Converge fans definitely need this 7" and even those who aren't fans but want some blistering, fast hardcore should check this out. –Kurt Morris (Deathwish)

CORNER BOYS: *Love Tourist:* 7"
Vancouver BC has a long power pop history. Right up there with The Subhumans and DOA was Pointed Sticks and Young Canadians. Even in later years, the city has had top drawer bands such as The Smugglers, Tranzmitors, and Nervous Talk pushing the pogo content to maximum fun. Corner Boys carry on this proud tradition perfectly: four songs to bounce along to with a big, goofy smile on your face. I keep flipping this damn thing over and over. Bonus points go out for doing a Simpletones cover that isn't "I Like Drugs" or "I Have a Date." I love this band, and if you have an ounce of fun in your heart, you will too. –Ty Stranglehold (Dirt Cult)

COSMIC HALITOSIS: *Where Is She?:* CS
Sad boy outsider rock with parts along the lines of stuff like Sports, Swearin', or even I Hate Myself. Other parts are sort of like Algernon Cadwallader meets Smashing Pumpkins in parts, but if they were a pop punk band from the early 2000s? They play well together and are obviously competent musicians but on a whole I just can't get into this because it seems like they're trying to hit every mark on the board and it just comes across sounding directionless. –Ian Wise (What's For Breakfast)

COSMIC PSYCHOS: *Loudmouth Soup:* CS
Competent and varied rock from Australia. A lot of this seems to be "motorcharged garage rock" but there are some offbeat songs and awkward passages, like the out-of-tune bass solo in "Rat on the Mat," that make this an enjoyable listen all the way through. Despite the ages of the members (based on the photos, I'm guessing they're in their forties) this would be at home on the stereo of any frizzy haired garage-bro that typically listens to FIDLAR. That is not an insult. –Ian Wise (Burger, burgerrecords.com)

COUNTER INTUITS: *Vietnamese Lighter:* 7"
Total Punk can always be counted on for interesting punk-style sounds, many in the D-U-M zone of smart-stoopid that I am quite fond of. That is very much the case here. The A side seems like it could be on an old Masters Of The Obvious single or cassette. They are likely big fans of the Fugs and probably the Gizmos. There are some real Cleveland and Columbus weirdo vibes on display here. Good stuff. I would be quite interested in hearing more. –Mike Frame (Total Punk, totalpunkrecords.bandcamp.com)

CROM/DAM: *Black Nylons:* 7"
Crom/Dam is one of the craziest bands to come out of Victoria BC in a long time. They are a two piece (guitar and bass) with a drum machine and organ thrown in the mix. The anger and intensity are palpable on these three tracks. I absolutely love the simultaneous male and female vocal attack. These were lathe cut 7"s that were limited to fifty copies, so I am assuming that they're all gone, but the tracks are available online. I would highly recommend checking them out because we all need a little Chromosome Damage in our lives. –Ty Stranglehold (Screen Test)

DAMAGERS: Self-titled: 7"
Chuggy and relentlessly abrasive, Damagers' debut EP delivers five songs of crushing hardcore. The execution is so by the book that it feels well-studied, almost academic (these Torontonians must have earned high marks in Hardcore 101). Songs like "Gimme Damage" and "Parasites" are at once familiar (sometimes sounding like long-lost Negative Approach tracks) and invigorating—there's nothing wrong with that. –Sean Arenas (Deranged, derangedrecords.com)

DARK/LIGHT: Self-titled: 7"
Things get a little barbed and skittering on "Night Driving," almost into Mob/Omega Tribe peace punk territory, but the other three songs entrench this Portland. Ore. band pretty firmly in dark, slightly chilled and distant punk territory. Decent outing. –Keith Rosson (Dirt Cult)

DAUDYFLIN: Self-titled: 7"
This 7" is by an Icelandic hardcore band and I was excited off the bat to listen to it. I wasn't disappointed. At just under ten minutes, this release had me enamored with the every aspect of the band's sound. The tight riffing on each track is matched with equally monstrous drums, both of which complement and compete with the vocalist's masterfully repulsive approach for the listener's attention. If you're into theatrical, aggressive hardcore, you'll probably enjoy this release. –Anna Farr (Iron Lung,

PETERWALKEE RECORDS
MALLWALKERS-DIAL 'M' FOR...' LP
PURVEYORS OF THE PUNK FUNK DANCE PARTY
NEW LP AVAILBLE NOW!
GAS CHAMBER-ADVICE FROM YAMA CS
NEW CASSETTE EXPANSION OF THE "MODERN VISON" 7'
GUN CANDY-OF THE THIRD KIND CS
8 SONGS OF RAGING RUST BELT PUNK HC
HERO DISHONEST
LIHA JA TERAS 12" LP
11 TRACKS OF RIPPING PUNK FROM FINLAND
JASON MARTIN
POWER ANIMAL SYSTEM METHODS LP
WILD GENDER/SPECIES BENDING GENIUS OUTSIDER POP
DEVIOUS ONES
S/T CASSETT
KILLER POWER POP GARAGE ROCK FROM DETROIT
CHRON TURBINE
II CASSETTE
8 TRACKS OF PUMMELING & HYPNOTIC RHYTHM
STILL FRESH!
CROSS STITCH
UNTIL I FIND YOU CASSETTE
AWESOME LADY PUNKS!
STILL FRESH!
FOR MORE INFORMATION ON UPCOMING RELEASES
PRICING, MAIL ORDER AND SHIPPING
CHECK OUT:
WWW.PETERWALKEERECORDS.COM

Dumpster Metal! worldmasshomicide.bandcamp.com

Not Metal RNR! thepassengersny.bandcamp.com

ironlungrecords@hotmail.com, ironlungrecords.bigcartel.com)

DAYLIGHT ROBBERY: *Signal Bleed:* EP
After Daylight Robbery perfected their sound on their previous LP, *Accumulated Error*, I wondered how this long-running Chicago band would stretch out to keep things fresh. I got this German tour EP and now I know. They went goth and pulled it off! The first two songs are slower and moodier than their usual fare, forefronting Christine's haunting vocals, while the drums and bass churn and David's reverby guitar slashes over everything. The B-side has two songs of their usual blend of spacious post-punk and Aussie garage rock, and they're satisfying entries into the band's catalog (especially "Superstition"), but the most intriguing part of this record is the strong steps they take in a new direction. –Chris Terry (Taken By Surprise)

DEATH LOTTERY: *EP:* CS
I'm pretty sure this EP (which is called *EP*), was recorded live and that really does something good to it. It brings out the energy and dynamism that makes this an enjoyable record, a quality that would be totally ruined if it was too polished or produced. It's got the vague sensibilities of a previous undefined era that are reminiscent of the Murder City Devils while still maintaining the driving, fun feel of Grabass Charlestons. Actually, that Florida vibe is pretty upfront here—even the turquoise/magenta/orange artwork would be comfortable as a logo for the Fest. And songs like "Bad Shit Happens All the Time" are just a fun take on a dismal reality: "bad shit happens all the time that you can't control, whatever, give me more, sleep! work! die!" –Theresa W. (Cheap Miami)

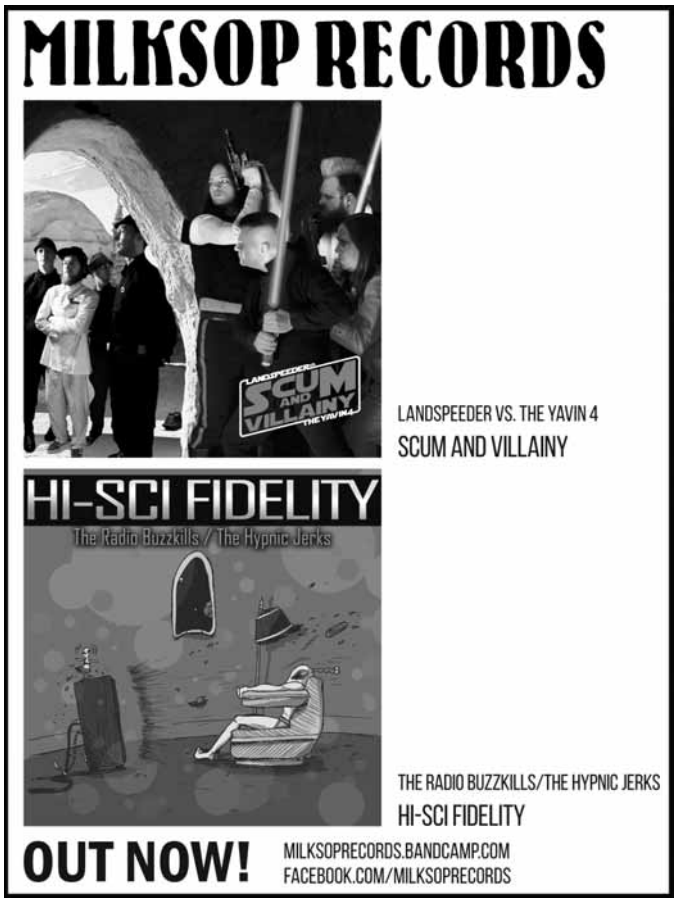
DEVIOUS ONES: *Plainview Nights:* LP
On the musical end, these guys sound reminiscent of late-'90s/early-'00s street punk; on the vocal end, they sound more like late-'90s pop punk than anything. That yields a nice smash-up between the two camps—you get a nice, mildly ragged, everyday Joe vibe to the music, and commendably melodic vocals (and a hat), which sands off the cartoon snottiness of the first camp and the cookie-cutter regurgitations of the second. There are also nods to garage, power pop, and glam sprinkled throughout the project, and the fact that these guys released a ten-song album—that low a number of tracks on a punk album historically cocks my eyebrow—suggests that this crew is more musically ambitious than they might initially appear. In spots, they sound like a low-budget, cinder-block-in-front-of-the-kick-drum version of Mother's Children, and I'd be shocked and grossed if I found out the title track wasn't a blatant attempt to remake "Brickfield Nights" by the Boys in their own image, this time mentioning flyers, forties, and pizza boxes instead of youth clubs and coffee bars. "Rust Is Imminent" is probably the best song about the Midwest since "IQ 32" by the Necros. *Live the dream!* BEST SONG "Rust Is Imminent." BEST SONG TITLE: "Plainview Nights." I'd like to dedicate it to Ed Gein. FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: For as many times as you see a cinder block in front of the kick drum in the punk world, it's amazing how few times you actually see a cinder block in front of the kick drum on an album cover. –Rev. Nørb (Hold Fast, hfvinyl.com / No Front Teeth, nofrontteeth.co.uk)

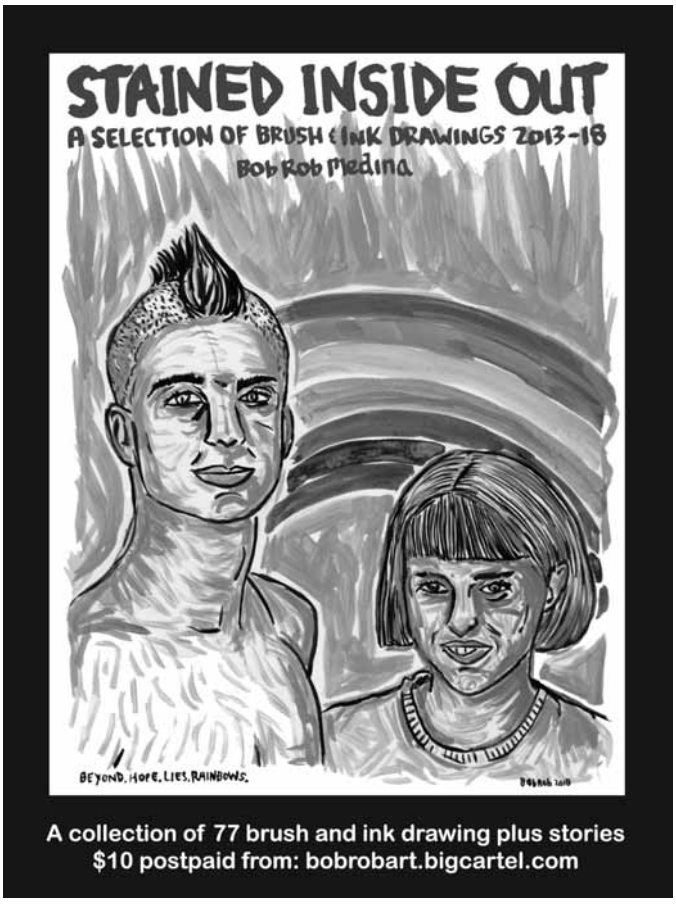
DIALER: EP: CS
This EP fucking rocked me. I loved it. I had sort of nonchalant predisposition to it because of the Crass-like symbol on the insert, but this two-song cassette EP from this Philly five-piece is really fucking tight and clever, with great builds and blended vocals. It's got the kind of anthemic quality that make hardcore classics like Cave In and Botch so difficult to emulate, but have a precision that brings them into orbit with another impressive Philly act, Solarized, or the excellent Chicago-based Slow Mass. My only gripe with this cassette is that it's only a few songs and I have no idea how long I'll need to wait to hear more. –Theresa W. (Self-released)

DISSIDENT CLONE: *Civilized:* CD
Ten new tracks of blindingly fast crust-grind from this Minnesota duo. Dissident Clone's lyrics are politically charged with a specific focus on a call for unification in the wake of the shitstorm that the "Golden Dunce" has created. Musically, they seem to have gotten tighter and still remind me of early Phobia or even Disrupt gone death metal. Amazing artwork from Vincent Locke (Cannibal Corpse album artist). Fuckin' A, this rules. –Juan Espinosa (FTWNU2, ftwnu2.com)

D.O.A.: *Fight Back:* CD
It's hard to believe that the band is celebrating its fortieth anniversary this year, but this album proves there is no rust in the carburetor. Life is still hard and D.O.A. is here to tell you why: bad cops, bad beer, and how the road is as tough as a hockey game. Joe Keithley is again backed up by the able-bodied rhythm section of Paddy and Corkscrew. This muscle holds all the songs together like Gorilla Glue. Probably my favorite song out of all the solid ones here is "The World's Been Turned Upside Down": "Compassion and love are hard to find / the fascists are back—have we gone blind / it's a struggle to, to stay strong / but it's always darkest before the dawn." Buy this and join the fight.–Sean Koepenick (Sudden Death, info@suddendeath.com)

DROLLS, THE: *"Follow That Dinosaur" b/w "Alternate Timeline": 7"*
Looking back on the pop punk boom of the 1990s, it's hard not to put




STAINED INSIDE OUT
A SELECTION OF BRUSH & INK DRAWINGS 2013-18
Bob Rob Medina
A collection of 77 brush and ink drawing plus stories
$10 postpaid from: bobrobart.bigcartel.com

Seattle's Sicko on a pedestal. Easily one of the best live bands I have ever seen, both Sicko's records and shows were transformative. Known for their dual vocals, Sicko's singers Ean and Denny went on to other groups in the years that followed, with Ean starting Top Drawer Records to put out a record from his outfit Date Night With Brian. Sicko reunited early this year, and Top Drawer released a killer current Seattle pop punk compilation that included The Drolls, Denny's current band, now also featuring Sicko's drummer Josh. This single will delight Sicko fans, as Denny's unmistakable vocal stylings are in full force on these two fantastic tracks. Both songs are mid-tempo, aggressive, and punctuated by Denny's classic voice. The production is flawless, and it's a beautiful thing that my pop punk heroes are still so active. I can't wait for a Drolls full-length! –Art Ettinger (Top Drawer, tdrecs.com)

DRONEROOM: *Jesus Year:* CS
I came to this cassette with trepidation because of cliché: *you have to see it live*. In that setting, Blake Conley sits under his cowboy hat, a ridiculous pedal board at his feet, and creates soundscapes. One fragmented riff after another gets thrown onto the effected pile, looped and effected until a whole greater than the sum emerges, again and again. It's hypnotizing to watch and hear, so I worried that *Droneroom* might suffer without the visual performatives. Happily, this is not the case: these compositions remain vital even without Blake in the room (though you—Louisville and beyond—should catch him in that capacity if you can.) –Michael T. Fournier (droneroom.bandcamp.com)

DUMP HIM: *Venus in Retrogade—The Live Sessions:* CS
The cassette is not labeled so I'm not quite sure which song is which since I can't tell the A side from the B. Hopefully, this tape never gets separated from the case, otherwise I won't know what it is. In fact, I thought *Venus in Retrogade* was the name of the band until I looked it up to see if they spelled "retrograde" wrong on purpose. I'm being harsh on the labeling because it's a big pet peeve of mine. There's nothing on this besides the song track and name of the release. Musically, it's really wonderful and I rather enjoy the raw recording of this live tape. There's a strong mid-'90s sound to Dump Him overall. It's poppy and indie-influenced – bands like The Breeders and City Mouse come to mind. It's slightly sloppy with thick melodic vocals. Something I could see coming out of the Lookout scene, but instead is a queercore band from Western Massachusetts operating in the current day. –Kayla Greet (Reflective Tapes)

ERA BLEAK: Demo: CS
Scratchy and dynamic Portland punk with a bratty, Anna Joy-ish singer. They cram a lot of into every song but never lose their sense of purpose or momentum. Seven songs. –Chris Terry (Dirt Cult)

ERIK NERVOUS: *Assorted Anxieties:* LP
This collection of assorted EP tracks from one person shows surprising amounts of diversity. One minute you're deep in egghead Devo worship, the next you're traversing through what sounds like the lost classics from the arty wing of South Bay punk, and the next you're being pummeled by some unholy melding of The Hates and The Urinals. Making things even scarier is the tunes are consistently spot-on in tone, delivery, and intensity. I remember liking one of the EPs included here, so I thought I knew what to expect, but no, so much more is afoot. Bless the oddballs, for they keep things much more interesting. –Jimmy Alvarado (Neck Chop)

ESTABLISHMENT: *Vicious Rumours:* LP
I volunteered at a public radio station for several years and somehow never got tired of looking at one-sheets. How bands present themselves is fascinating to me. A cardinal rule of press sheets is comparing yourself to an iconic a band like The Clash. I recognize there is competent music I just don't care for that someone else might enjoy, but my negativity gland throbs when I receive an album that has too much information in it. Here, The Establishment claims to be for people into "oldies," among those listed are Poison Idea. If there's one thing I can tell you about this record, this album is not a slam-dunk for those who like Poison Idea. The singer has a good voice, but his timbre doesn't change much from an oi!-based dictation sensibility that follows the album, no matter what the song sounds like. It's not a terrible album, but it's pretty repetitive and does not remind me of "Blitz meets Misfits meets The Cure." As if that's something you'd want to hear in the first place. –Billups Allen (Aggrobeat, aggrobeat.com)

EVEN IN BLACKOUTS: *The Princess Foretold by Her Henchmen, Even:* LP
While not being referred to directly by the label or band, this collection serves as a "Greatest Hits," if you will, for the sporadically active Even In Blackouts, which, of course, is John "Jughead" Pearson's brainchild of acoustic punk he formed after Screeching Weasel's third breakup. Since Even In Blackouts has reformed and a majority of the older records are way out of print, it's only fitting to have something available that spans their entire catalog. I never heard the later two full lengths, but I had the first pair, after seeing them live in Germany in 2005. Fittingly enough, I saw them again this summer in Italy, thirteen whole years later, and, shockingly, not much has changed. Lizzie's voice is still the crux of the band, with her sharp and uniquely pronounced vocal style. This collection is a perfect

REFLECTIVE TAPES
SUMMER 2018 CATALOG
REF-80 DUMP HIM "VENUS IN RETROGRADE"... WMASS' FAVORITE QUEERCORE/BASEMENT POP, LIVE TAPE.
REF-83 SPIT-TAKE "FALLING STAR"... NEW HAVEN'S INDIE PUNK TRIO'S 3RD + FINEST FULL-LENGTH, VINYL ON DEAD BROKE.
REF-84 LITTER PARTY "MEMORY LOSS"... SEATTLE/AKRON DUO MAKES QUIRKY D.I.Y. POWER-POP, MEMBER OF DOGBREATH.
REF-85 LARK "LOVING WHAT LEAVES ME" DLY KEYBOARD-DRIVEN FUZZ ROCK ALA BUTTERCLORY, TIMES NEW VIKING.
SOON... FLEABITE, BOMBSHELL NIGHTLIGHT, WORLDS FAIR, SPECIAL MOVES.
REFLECTIVETAPES.BANDCAMP.COM, FACEBOOK.COM/REFLECTIVETAPESDIY

PMRC
Plant Music Record Co. / PMRC distro
3383 E. Layton Ave. Cudahy, WI 53110
www.pmrc.xyz
Car City LP
Produced by Amos Pitch (Crutch of Memory, Dusk, Tenement) and Walt Hamburger (One Week Records) Along with some of Wisconsin's finest power pop players
12" Limited edition colored vinyl for mail order $15.00 ppd
Coming soon
Last Sons of Krypton/ The Foamers? – Split 12" LP

offering of what the band's like, which isn't typical cheesy bar acoustic rock tripe. Gone are the Screeching Weasel covers from the first CD, but there isn't really a need to focus on those anymore. What the band does is truly something genuine—and enjoyably—unique. –Steve Adamyk (Stardumb, stardumbrecords.com)

EVIL ENGINES, THE: Self-titled: LP
This album contains a solid load of punk'n'roll. "Drug City" kicks the album off with high speed. There is a good cover of The Penetrators' "Teenage Lifestyle." It's a good cover for them: many the songs range in speed from the Penetrators bounce to racecar speed. "The Last Days of the Sun" shows lyrical thoughtfulness. The guitar playing is great, including some sloppy melodic solos. The backups are excellent as well. It's a good record for the rock set. –Billups Allen (Blahll!, blahllrecs.com)

EXBATS, THE: *I Got the Hots for Charlie Watts:* CS
Anthemic punk rock jams that fringe an indie sound here and there. The singer's voice is strong, full, and endearing. Almost sounds like she's harmonizing with two or three other people on the recording. By the third track, "I Got Fights," their songs are catchy earworms. I could see them being grouped with bands like Hunx And His Punx, Peach Kelli Pop, and Cayetana. But the real crazy thing about this band is that it's a two piece. Inez Mclain covers vocals and drums while her dad Kenny takes care of the guitar parts. So I suppose they'd be better compared to something like Dog Party. Quite honestly, I didn't notice the lack of bass guitar until about track four. Most of the songs are of a garage-like simplicity and are very melody-driven. However, "O Satan" dives into a ragtimey piano while the guitar goes a little country. It just shows that they're both capable and informed by many types of music. I started out passively enjoying this on the first listen, but by the third time through, I love it. –Kayla Greet (Burger)

FIFTEEN: *The Choice of a New Generation:* LP
Started this on 45 and it was pretty slow then I realized it's supposed to be on 33. I forgot how much value this legendary East Bay band put into slowing it down so everyone can sing along. After decades of sorta rolling my eyes at Fifteen, I'm pleasantly surprised at how well these earnest songs work. Listening to Dead Broke's reissues of Fifteen's albums, I hear sincere electrified folk music from someone who's seen some fucked-up stuff and is thinking harder about how they move through the world. Every slow'n'gruff, not-quite-melodic-enough band since the mid '90s can be traced back to Fifteen, but this record—their second LP—sounds fresh and thoughtful, and is a reminder that you can't blame a unique band for their bland disciples' lack of conviction. –Chris Terry (Dead Broke)

FIRESTARTER: *First Album:* LP
FIRESTARTER: *Livin' on the Heat:* LP
After Teengenerate, Sammy and Fink started The Raydios. Fifi went on to form The Tweezers. Both became staples of Japanese power pop. Firestarter reunited these factions and crated yet another legendary band. The Firestarter records didn't make it much out of Japan. Secret Mission has reissued these two classic powerpop slabs. *The First Album* contains many mid-tempo rockers like "You're Too Late" and "The Last Minute": signature tunes utilizing the band's melodic guitar lines framed with overdriven guitars. The choruses are catchy with great harmonizing. Side one ends with an excellent cover of Eddie And The Hot Rods' "Do Anything You Wanna Do." *Livin' on the Heat* has more of the same, including their best-known song "Radios Are Dead." The speed fluctuates a bit on songs like "Flying Guillotine" and "Johnny Moped Was Right." Speed, loud guitar, and '80s powerpop sensibilities is the standard of a cache of bands from Japan. At the center of the storm are the revolving members of Firestarter. These albums are essential for fans thereof. –Billups Allen (Secret Mission)

FLYTRAPS, THE: *Sunset Strip R.I.P.:* 12" EP
A bit more "rock" and a bit less of the stereotypical "garage" sound this time 'round, with loud guitars and rock'n'roll swagger delivered by the truckload. The structure of the tunes is head-on, with nary a second wasted on bullshit like nuance—just bring the rock, bring it heavy, get outta Dodge after four tunes, and leave 'em wanting more. –Jimmy Alvarado (Burger)

FOUR LIGHTS: *Kobayashi Maru:* CD
Four Lights are (wait for it) a four-piece band which cranks out some catchy tunes in the vein of Bracket or Descendents, with a nod to Nada Surf or The Lemonheads here and there. For a moment—before I'd heard the band—I could've been easily fooled, with the ominous and misleading cover art. I still haven't figured out the significance of the album title, either. No matter. The cuts are there and whole package is pro. Great and very American-sounding, and that's a compliment. The tempo picks up and goes back down nicely. A solid record from start to finish. –Steve Adamyk (Stardumb, Stardumbrecords.com)

FUR COATS: *Milkdromeda:* CD
1. Yes, this is the same Fur Coats reviewed in past *Razorcake* reviews using the pop punk genre tag and adjectives like "quirky" and "flighty." 2. As a mature (i.e. over forty) punk, whose only request from his partner for his Big 40 birthday was an original copy of *Wrong*, I do not lightly drop a Nomeansno reference. The Fur Coats deliver five tracks of start-stop, mathy, early '80s pop hardcore that

provided me with so much energy for a three mile run. The guitar tone and song structures harken closest to the NMN reference, while the Fur Coats' originality in song hooks and Marc Ruvolo's voice shine through for a sound all their own. A sharp turn from previous releases, but an absolute banger. –Matt Seward (Johanns Face, johannsfacerecords.bigcartel.com)

FUTURE GIRLS:
***Motivation Problems:* CS**
This album starts out with some humming feedback before launching into a steady snare; navigating loud, bright guitar riffs that blend in with vocal harmonies. As the release continues on, we get a trade-off of dual vocals that complement each other nicely. Each person in this band has been involved in at least one other punk band of note (Weekend Dads, Crossed Wires, Fat Stupids), yet this is their debut release as Future Girls. The overall sound reminds me of bands like This Is My Fist!, RVIVR, and a bit of The Measure. Topics cover feelings of dysmorphia, depression, and apathy. Self-described as "Bummer Punk," I think they nailed it. The track "At It Again" has some deft hand claps, and "Slower than the Rest" has this sleepy guitar lead trickling on in the background of shouted lyrics. I'm not in a great state of mind to get really into this, but in a few weeks when I move out of my ex-boyfriend's apartment, this ought to come in real handy. Expert mastering from Dave Williams at 8 Floors Above, released by Dirt Cult—it's got all the elements of a classic record. –Kayla Greet (Dirt Cult)

GIANT PEACH: *But You Made Me Such a Beautiful Thing:* LP
Grungy, dreamy indie rock that's heavy on the shoegaze and immaculate in tone. I don't even know which layer of guitars to be listening to, in the best way. Giant Peach's sound evokes memories of a '90s that may never have existed, more of a gauzy wash of colors than a distinct image. Can something be soft and heavy at the same time? This is that, in the same way as the most meditative Sunny Day Real Estate can be. The second half of the album really opens up into dreamy sound collage, with a couple songs sprawling past the eight- or nine-minute mark. But this record sounds huge and crushing all the way through, even in its straight-up poppy moments. When like six different Frances Changs come in with the harmonies at the end of that opening song… damn. –Indiana Laub (Dead Broke, deadbrokerec@gmail.com, deadbrokerekerds.com)

GLOOM SLEEPER:
***Luminous Galaxies:* LP**
This sent me down memory lane, to when I first heard the Estranged *Static Thoughts* LP. It has all of the right parts—punchy guitars and lighter vocals that aren't afraid to sing, rather than scream. The bass and drums keep your head bobbing and make you wanna shuffle your boots. This one was a nice gem this month. –Ryan Nichols (Dirt Cult, dirtcultrecords@gmail.com)

GROSS POLLUTER: *"Cynical Scumbaggery" b/w "Piss Popular":* 7"
Goddamn, I miss Smogtown. I have been obsessed with that band from the first moment I heard them back in 2000 or so. Beach punk done right. As the years have passed, the mighty Smog has declined. They kind of imploded, and from the ashes like a phoenix came Gross Polluter. Same band, different singer. It was great, but a different beast than Smogtown. Two 7" singles came out showing that they were a force to be reckoned with. The next thing you know, Guitardo was in the wind and the singer was done… Was it the end? Hell no! Chavez (Smogtown singer) came back to the fold and laid some prime pontification upon these two tracks. Technically speaking, this could almost be called a Smogtown record, but fuck that. This is Gross Polluter's newest incarnation and it shreds. This Smog City Waver heartily approves! –Ty Stranglehold (Rat Town)

HARABALL: *Hypno:* LP/CS
Much like No Problem's recent album *Let God Sort Em Out*, which saw the Canadian outfit step up its game a good few notches, *Hypno* finds Norway's Haraball having a similar burst of third album improvement. Although there are traces of the previously employed raw hardcore attack, now there's a haunting quality to the songs. It slows things down a touch at times without being detrimental in any way. Some of the songs—most noticeably the title track—feature a bit more musical embellishment, through the use of a synth or by writing longer songs which contain more evidence of the slight change in approach. This is the record that should make people sit up and notice Haraball a bit more. It has for me. –Rich Cocksedge (Fysisk Format)

HARD FEELINGS: *Sideways:* LP
This record should come with a case of Rhinelander shorties and a pallet to dismantle and burn. The northern territories' purveyors of the finest region rock return with an LP that's drenched in that beautiful bristled sound and executed with Eric Nelson-like precision. It's a reflection of life lived and lessons learned. Just because people have been bad to you doesn't mean you have to be bad to other people. Can someone help me figure out how to get this album to automatically load onto everyone's iPhone with a scrolling text banner that reads "It's okay to just be yourself!" in Mike Wilson's handwriting? Anyone?! Either way, I'll be playing this record, daydreaming about bonfires in Superior, Wisconsin, and cherishing the honest and genuine people who play this scrappy punk sound. –Daryl (Dirt Cult / Lost Cat)

OUT NOW!
SAUCERS
SAUCERS
Third Saucer From The Sun LP
A newly re-mastered collection of material from this New Haven, CT band led by Craig Bell (ex-Mirrors and Rocket From The Tombs) from 1977-1980. Infectious, punky garage pop of the highest caliber. Compiles songs from their 7"s, along with other rare recordings.
THE JETBOYS
THE JETBOYS
I Don't Want To
b/w
Get The Kids Jumpin' 7"
Reissue of rare 1981 punky power pop 45 from Columbus, OH
Rerun Records
RECORD LABEL & SPECIALTY MAILORDER
FOR 70s-80s KBD PUNK, PROTO PUNK, GARAGE & POWER POP REISSUES
- PLUS LOTS OF USED STUFF! -
Info and Orders: RerunRecordsSTL.com
or at Discogs - Seller ID: jasonrerun

HEAVY POCKETS: *Pure Evil:* LP
I was completely won over by Heavy Pockets' previous LP, *mopeless*. Thankfully, the New Hampshire-based trio continues to write short and sweet gems with heartfelt lyrics on their latest full-length, *Pure Evil*. Shayla's voice remains vibrant and tuneful, at times reminding me of Allison Crutchfield of Swearin' and P.S. Eliot. Besides delivering upbeat earworms like "Your Indigo" and "Pure Evil," Heavy Pockets aren't afraid to slow down and get, well, heavy on songs like "Nape" and "Headrest," where it sounds like they're performing with clenched fists. They included a photocopied zine with lyrics and personal reflections, so you can enjoy brilliant lines like, "I've got what you need / TV and gluttony / But your heart flutters a Morse code melody." This inclusion provides insight and increases my appreciation of the album because Heavy Pockets aren't afraid to invite people in, to share a part of themselves that many of us instead tuck away. Although only nine songs long, there's zero pretense and a fuck ton of sincerity. –Sean Arenas (Dead Broke, deadbrokerecords.com / Cat Dead, Details Later)

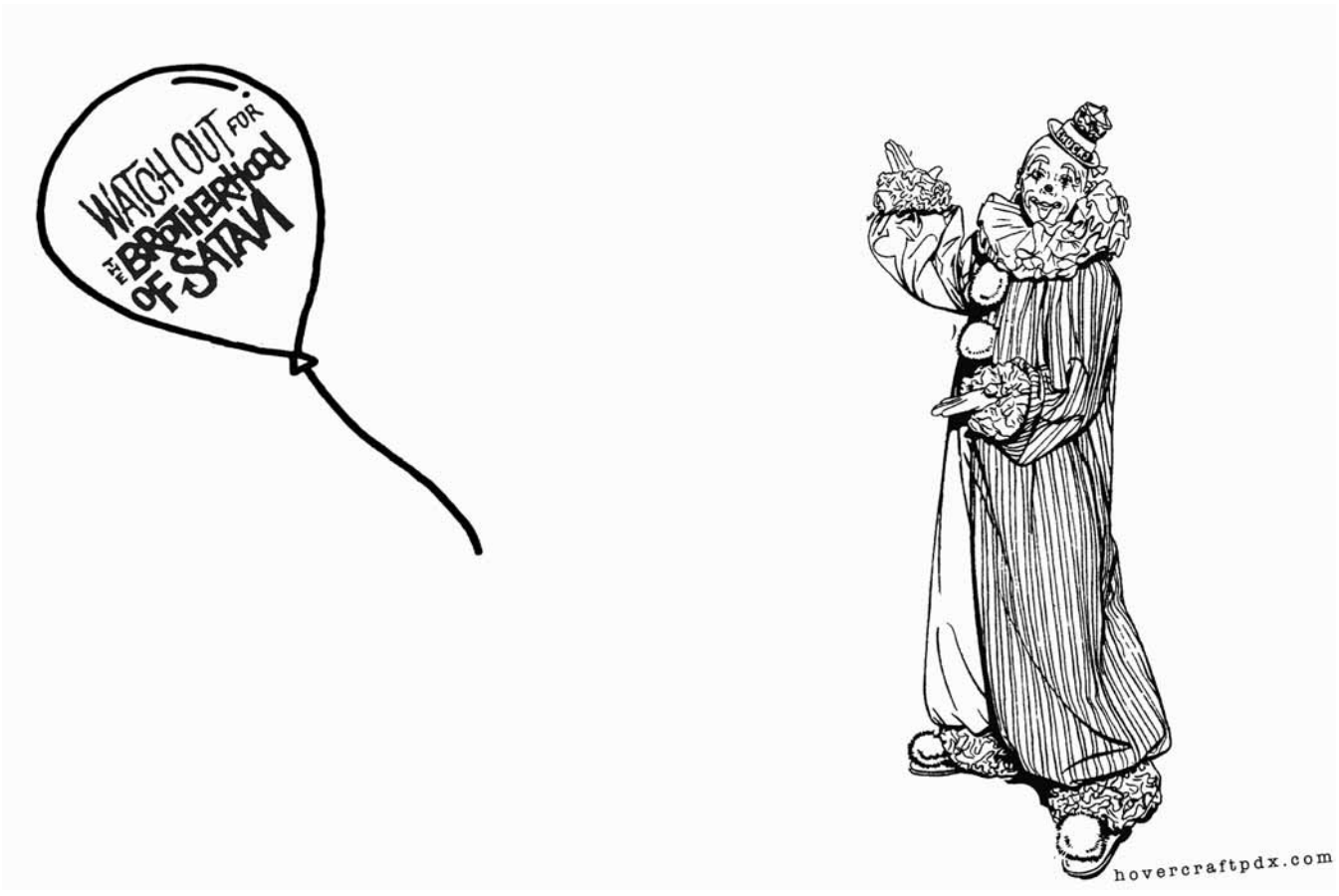
HECK YES: *Get Jazzed:* EP
On the surface, everything about this band is ridiculous. Their name is so simple and evocative of the attitude held throughout this EP, and then there are the goofy song titles: "Cirque Du So Long" and "Jesus Gave Up His Weekends for Your Sins," et cetera. What I'd think if I didn't already know better is that I should expect to find a set of complete novelty songs with little to no substance. But what's great is, instead, they're a tight pop punk band with fast, catchy tunes and high-pitched, gritty vocals à la Dillinger Four. So when Heck Yes tells you to get jazzed, I think you should listen. –Kayla Greet (Tiny Dragon Music)

HELLBENT: *1983-1984 Demos:* LP
If you've spent any time looking at flyers of classic shows, you may have come across Hellbent's logo with the upside down cross representing the "t." Hellbent played some high profile shows in the year they were a band from '83-'84, including the first Samhain show. Recorded at the legendary Don Fury studio, these two demos are a home run for fans of d-beat ferocity. This album is like finding money on the ground. It's '80s anger pushed at full speed through three chord punk. "Meat for the Grinder," "Ballad of Ed Gein," and "T.V. screen"—all of these songs sound similar, but that's what you want on an album like this. The only hiccup is a cover of Steppenwolf's "Born to be Wild." It's not awful, but loads of bands cover that song and it never seems to be too good of an idea. They end on a higher note with a cover of Sham 69's "Borstal Breakout." Even though this is one of those albums you wish you could hear more from the band, it's probably the fleeting punkness that makes it great. They did two demos and then out. To Google this is to discover there are loads of bands called Hellbent. Make sure you get the right one: the one with the upside down cross. –Billups Allen (Radio Raheem, radioraheemrecords.com)

HEY HONCHO & THE AFTERMATHS: *Chico Purito!!:* LP
It's fitting that this nifty LP ends with a cover of "All This and More" because there's a heavy Dead Boys influence on this band from Spain's contemporary garage-punk-meets-1977 full-length. An ultra treble-heavy mix assists them in getting the point across that they want to sound as raw as they can, within the confines of also having legit production. A definite treat for Dictators fans, *Chico Purito!!* delivers on all levels. –Art Ettinger (Hound Gawd!)

HIRS COLLECTIVE, THE: *Friends. Lovers. Favorites.:* LP
This is a thoughtful piece of music and art. All of its elements. Lyrics in peaked, gothic font embossed over a photo of a rose garden so that they are hidden. In order to read the lyrics, you have manipulate the record sleeve to find the right angle of light with which to reveal them. It demands your attention and focus; a concerted effort to engage with it. But these words are meant to be read. And heard. Agitated and directed audio/verbal violence aimed at the systems which tell us boys wear blue and girls wear whatever they're told to. It is fast. It is aggressive. It is impassioned. It's noisy and nasty and beautiful. A knife through every episode of *Will and Grace* and every de-fanged, stereotyped depiction of queer and trans identity where we meekly acquiesce to what hetero, white America wants of us. We aren't here for you. We will be whatever we want to be. And we will be dangerous to all of those who endanger us. There is despair and overwhelming pain and necessary rage in this record. They are used as fuel to the collective's march to the future, and without unrealistic optimism for some ideal future against a world that would see us invisible and hating ourselves. There is triumph here in the single moment. Every moment of every day where we don't kill ourselves. Every moment we continue to exist in our beautiful trans bodies of all shapes and colors. Even when we cannot bring ourselves to step outside our rooms; to continue to live and survive is an act of radical bravery. This is a celebration of that triumph. A celebration of our community. And a needle in the eye of every person who thought calling us faggots was an insult or that being trans meant we were broken. I'd like to play this record for every piece of shit who told me which restroom I was supposed to use. T4T thank you. –CJ Miller (SRA / Get Better)

HIVE / NO SKIN: Split: 7"
Minneapolis hardcore punk never dies. Hive start things off with two "neo



crust" detonations: heavy, mid-paced, apocalyptic hardcore punk similar to His Hero Is Gone. No disrespect to Hive, but No Skin win this split with three songs of venomous hardcore with nary a trace of melody or positivity: an eviler Poison Idea or Long Knife. Not since the now classic Totalitar / Tragedy split are you gonna find a more perfect pairing of contrasting hardcore punk styles that work so well together on the same disc. Get this, get drunk, and burn down a bank. –Juan Espinosa (FTWNU2)

HOMEWRECKERS, THE: *I Statements:* LP
N.Y.C. queercore band The Homewreckers, who disbanded in 2017, offers up raw and heartfelt '90s-era East Bay, Lookout! pop punk with a smidgen of oi on *I Statements*. For those of you who are familiar and follow bands on Nervous Nelly records will feel right at home here. The brainchild of this band is the insanely talented and multifaceted artist Cristy Road. Her presence as a queer woman of color and unapologetic feminist permeates everything she touches, and thankfully so. I am a child of the '90s and have moved on from Green Day fandom by at least two decades, but I can say that I felt her highly political lyrics, raw vocals, and loose guitar somehow bridged that divide from my past to the present. Sorry to make this so much about me, but I was able to really experience this album. Feeling this. –Camylle Reynolds (Nervous Nelly / Mooster / Kiss Of Death)

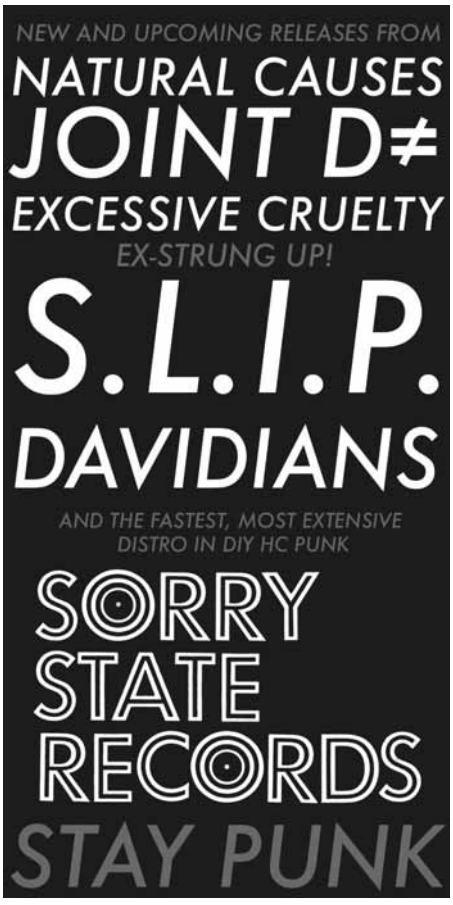
HYPER TENSIONS: Self-titled: 7"
What an unexpected treat, a new Hyper Tensions record! I've been smitten since their self-titled cassette landed in my post a few years ago. Four tracks of reverb-drenched garage punk with an added element of some surf which I didn't remember being a factor the last go around. All winners and no losers. –Garrett Barnwell (Neon Lava)

INSINUATIONS: *"Prompt Critical" b/w "U.S. Muscle": 7"*
Repress of an ultra-rare 1980 single by this short-lived Richmond, Va. band who you may have heard on the *Bloodstains across Virginia* comp. The music is wiseass bluesy garage rock, like a more shambolic Captain Beefheart with Jello Biafra's sense of humor. The A-Side's about punching the clock during a nuclear meltdown, while the flip's a terrific send-up of Reagan-era meathead yuppies that still rings true ("Built-in obsolescence, get me to the dance / let me do the hustle in my $90 pants"). These jams are a hoot and I'm glad they've been unearthed. –Chris Terry (Feel It, feelitrecordshop.com)

JILTED JOHN: *True Love Stories:* LP
A standard toss-in on any big label '70s U.K. punk/new wave box set released in the last quarter-century, "Jilted John" (the song) was the brainchild of Jilted John (the singer)—a character played by Graham Fellows (the human), a then-nineteen-year-old drama student who'd gotten the wild idea that he'd like to record a batch of songs he'd written for his comedic dweeb persona. The end result was much like grafting Olga from the Toy Dolls' mouth onto Peter Noone from Herman's Hermits, then asking him to portray a lovelorn lad beset by various enemies, including the disloyal Julie and her new flame, Gordon the moron—all of which was good for a #4 punk(ish) novelty hit in England. They milked this unlikely smash out for an entire album, hereby reissued because people have been enjoying the fortieth anniversaries of things lately. While there's more charm in listening to Double J recite his endless tales of young love gone hopelessly awry than one might initially think, the bit wears thin by side 2, at least if you're an American and have to expend mental energy on things like figuring out that a "paper round" is a "paper route" (hell, I used to think the line "I was so upset that I cried all the way to the chip shop" was about a "jit shop," which I figured was English slang for a porn store). I'm not so sure this record is superior to *Bad Habits* by the Monks, but it's certainly an enduring work of twerpy genius. BEST SONG THAT ISN'T "JILTED JOHN": Probably "Baz's Party." BEST SONG TITLE: "Fancy Mice." FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: The liner notes call this album "Punk's supreme triumph," apparently in complete seriousness. –Rev. Nørb (Boss Tuneage, bosstuneage.com)

JUPITER LION: *We Will Lose Gracefully:* LP
Four years since its last release, this Spanish trio returns with the contemplative and evocative *We Will Lose Gracefully*. The modus operandi eases the listener into a relaxed state with a lush, beat-filled ostinato soundtrack, featuring a hypnotic mix of Kraftwerk and Joy Division. The track "No Easy Subject," which uses a robotic voice over a shimmering musical accompaniment as it discusses death, brought tears to my eyes, as I was hearing it five years to the day from when my mum died. It's not something I will forget anytime soon. Likewise for the album as a whole, and all for positive reasons. –Rich Cocksedge (Bcore, bcore@bcoredisc.com, bcoredisc.com)

K7s: *Take 1:* LP
Kurt Baker moved to Madrid a number of years ago and has barely looked back. With the demise of The Leftovers, his solo effort did well there, so why not stick around? Sluggin' it out in North America is a tough racket, so I can't say I blame him. Spain's a spectacular country with an even better scene. His newest side-project, K7s, pairs him up with Luis from Shock Treatment (the greatest Spanish band of all time) and José from Airbag. You'd have a hard time finding anyone more properly qualified. Now, the result isn't totally what I expected. Since Kurt's solo effort has leaned closer to power pop,

RUBBER FACTORY RECORDS
40 Hells 45's - Pseudo 1st cd ep - Cruz Radical s/t 12"
Dogs (Canada) s/t 7" - Make No Gains tapes - Plan 37
Say Goodbye cd - Radon More Of Their Lies cd - Spokenest
Gone Gone Gone 12" - Leatherface live in Melbourne cd
Hard Charger Bad Omens lp & tape - The Rebel Spell
all cds & Last Run tape - Santa Ana Knights Knight School 7"
Squadron (Atlanta/Moscow) s/t 7" Leatherface Tribute
double cd (a few left!) - Medication Warm Places 12" & cd
School Damage Battered Lives LP - Future Virgins collection LP
shirts 'n computer hardware 'n shit - shipping from Canada
listen to equalizingXdistort and Razorcake podcasts 24/7 ok!
new URL
rubberfactorystore.com


I presumed it'd be more of the same. And while it's not far off, this is full-on, big production Ramones/Teenage Bottlerocket worship. This is *slick*. So fuckin' slick, this could pass for a Fat Wreck release. Moreover, the songs are really there. "Listen to My Heart" is *so* catchy. I'm really picky with this genre, but this record passes the smell test: nothing overly corny, well executed, and catchy. Catch 'em on tour this summer. –Steve Adamyk (Stardumb, stardumbrecords.com)

KID CHROME: *I've Had It:* 7" EP
Raucous racketing with a drum machine that gives the resulting three tunes an almost garage-wave sheen. All stompers and no fillers here. –Jimmy Alvarado (Neck Chop)

L.A. LAW: *Law & Order:* CS
What am I doing with my life? What decisions have led to this moment in time, in which I am compelled to reflect on the merits of this Burger Records-issued cassette tape of capital-C-Chill electronic music? This sounds like it'd be on in the background of a hip and expensive sushi bar, or at least it could be if the vocals weren't so cloyingly obnoxious. Get this outta here. –Indiana Laub (Burger, burgerrecords@gmail.com)

LAME: *Alone and Alright:* LP
Raw, dark, garagey post-punk, filtered through the lens of X. Infectious songs with beautiful harmonies melded to dissonant, dirty, driving rock'n'roll. These Italians bring something unique to the very crowded garage rock table. –Chad Williams (Alien Snatch!, aliensnatch.com)

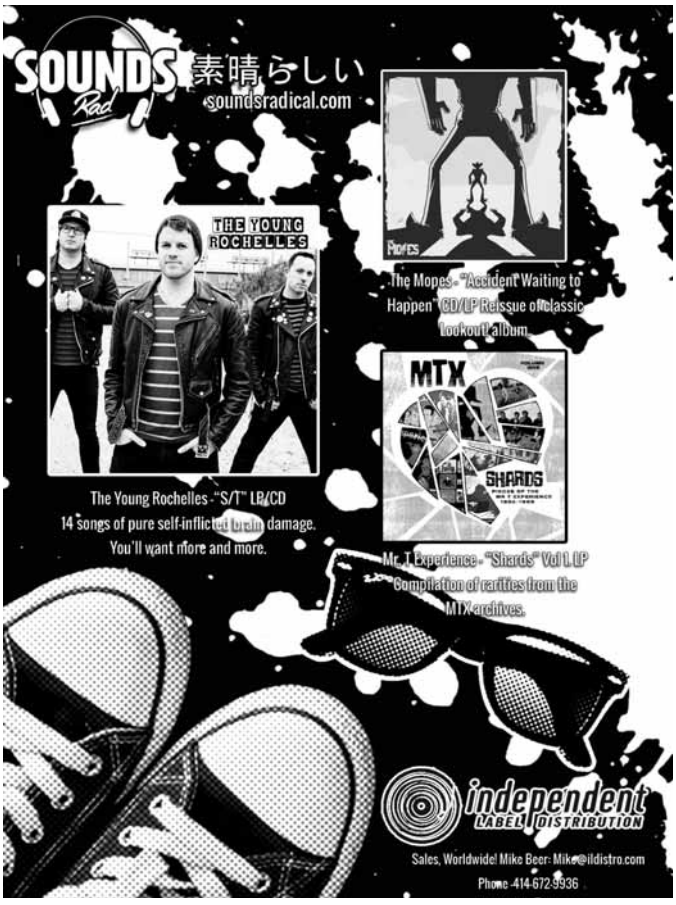
LIQUIDS: *Hot Liqs' Revenge:* LP
The production values, right down to tape hiss and muffled sound quality, makes what is essentially the output of a straight-forward punk band—albeit one packed to the gills with chutzpah and skills—sound like a collection of some long-lost coastal punk-core band banging out one killer track after another for a demo only their friends are likely to get their grubby mitts on: low-rent recordings yield high value results. The grooves on this are destined to be worn flat. –Jimmy Alvarado (Neck Chop)

LONE WOLF: *Get Along:* 7"
Full disclosure: This A side to this slab has been in my head for a week straight. As much as the term "supergroup" is abysmal, it's the first thing that comes to mind when attempting to give background on Lone Wolf, as they feature a whack of veteran Rotterdam/Dutch mainstays. Ox from Accelerators, Ivo from The Apers, and rounded out/fronted by Merel from Bat Bites… this is more or less a who's who of Dutch pop punk, although they're not a pop punk band. Fans of their previous groups will definitely still dig, though. "Get Along" is a perfect punk rock-meets-garage track, with a ridiculously catchy chorus. Merel's voice really cuts through on these numbers. To me, they have a very European vibe, almost reminding me of Swedish rock heavyweights The Peepshows, or Sahara Hotnights at times. I'm certain I'm not the only one anxious to see what comes next. –Steve Adamyk (Stardumb, stardumbrecords.com)

LOVELY BAD THINGS: *Teenage Grown Ups:* CS
La Mirada's Lovely Bad Things remind me of The Thermals. Also available on vinyl and CD, for squares who can't play cassettes, this full-length is a blast, with song titles including "Thora Birch" and "Cartoon Food." Dual male and female vocals highlight the aggressive pop stylings, with the perfect balance of musicianship and rawness rounding out the mix. For an extra good time, check out the music video for the title track, which had me grinning ear to ear. Kind of a concept album, but not obnoxiously so, *Teenage Grown Ups* isn't something anyone is going to grow out of anytime soon. –Art Ettinger (Burger)

LOVESORES: *Gods of Ancient Grease:* LP
I can't believe The Lovesores aren't a goddamn household name. First off, they're fronted by Scott "Deluxe" Drake (Humpers, Vice Principals, Suicide Kings, et cetera.) The man is rock'n'roll royalty in my house. Lovesores stomp and swagger and play the kind of music Johnny Thunders wished he could have. Yeah, I said that out loud! Secondly, guitarist Saul Koll is an absolute force of nature. He can sling axe like Wayne Kramer and is better than James Williamson. Yeah, I said that too! Koll's leads are muscular but tasteful, always white hot. No unnecessary wankery here. The rest of the band ain't slouches either, folks. Gotta have a solid bassist to hold things down, a John Entwistle to whoever that other guy in that band was. I'm not sorry for any continuing Humpers comparisons, as they've been one of my favorite bands for over twenty years. I've followed Drake's subsequent projects, from solo stuff to World's Strongest Men and beyond. The Lovesores are the outfit most worthy of carrying the torch the Humpers lit then snuffed out in the punchbowl of your grandmother's party. But, I do have one question—why isn't Designated Dale reviewing this album? Didn't he get his rock'n'roll name from a Humper? –Sal Lucci (Dead Beat)

LUKA FISHER: *Internecine Vampires:* CD
There's this episode of *Friends* where Ross is talking about "his music" and he describes it as "wordless sound poems" while Monica laughs about the years he spent in the basement with his keyboard developing The Sound. I couldn't stop thinking about that when I listened to this record, which I don't mean as an insult since it probably reveals more about my


SOUNDS Rad
素晴らしい
soundsradical.com
THE YOUNG ROCHELLES
The Young Rochelles - "S/T" LP/CD
14 songs of pure self-inflicted brain damage.
You'll want more and more.
The Mopes - "Accident Waiting to Happen" CD/LP Reissue of classic Lookout! album
MTX
SHARDS
Mr. T Experience - "Shards" Vol 1. LP
Compilation of rarities from the MTX archives.
independent LABEL DISTRIBUTION
Sales, Worldwide! Mike Beer: Mike@ildistro.com
Phone 414-672-9936

cultural breadth than Fisher's. I think that Fisher is also an L.A.-based visual artist and this record seems like it would really benefit from a visual element (which maybe it has in another life). I'm not inherently opposed to instrumental records, but this doesn't quite have the Explosions In The Sky or Godspeed You! Black Emperor intensity that makes you feel like even eating spaghetti is the most meaningful thing you've ever done, even though I know that's not the purpose of all experimental drone music. Or maybe my life just isn't interesting enough? Both are possible. –Theresa W. (Silber)

LYSOL: *Teenage Trance:* 7" single
The thrumming low end propels an intense barrage of distortion and blown-out coffee can pounding. This pretty much picks up where the *Wired* single (Total Punk) left off, though slightly less blown-out and white noisy; a more full-bodied sound. The title track is a manic humdinger of caged aggression pacing ruts into the ground. "Chemical Reaction" dials the anxiety back a touch, but still jumps into the fray with a mission to leave a mark. This is hardcore punk done right, without being a Civil War reenactment. One of America's finest, fer sure! –Matt Average (Neck Chop)

MAD CADDIES: *Punk Rocksteady:* CD
Very few bands could pull off what the Mad Caddies have done with their punk covers record, *Punk Rocksteady*. Sure, there aren't any deep cuts here, but that's what makes this album special. While the lyrics to all your punk faves from the last thirty years are very recognizable, the music has been completely rearranged to fit reggae/ska melodies and tempos. That likely took *forever*. Jesus. Most of them lean towards a slower reggae tempo rather than traditional ska punk, and that's the way I prefer it, anyway. And they picked my top Descendents track ("Jean Is Dead"), to boot. It's tough for me to get behind a lot of modern ska, but this record was enjoyable. I have to admire the skill behind what it took to make this. –Steve Adamyk (Fat, fatwreck.com)

MALE PATTERNS: *Headaches:* 12" EP
As Mike Thrashead used to say, "Yeeouch!" Fans of Long Knife, Econochrist, and SFA sit up and take note. This record rules! Kicking off with "Depression" and upping the intensity with every song after. It's mid to somewhat fast hardcore punk with a catchy beat (not a bad thing). "Hype" scorches, and the title track doubles down. "Bought and Sold" slows the roll, but intensifies the punch. I say this is one of the best records of the year. Go ahead and quote me on it, I won't deny it later. –Matt Average (Peterwalkee)

MELTED: *Thin Skin:* CD
If Melted haven't crossed your path yet, you should make a point of changing that. They're a band with songs so well put together, catchy, and their own, that it makes you angry that your music doesn't sound the same. Melted are California garage meets pop punk, in the best possible way. Take the best parts of Pangea, make them hang out with Tony Molina for a while, and this is what you'd end up with. *Dirty* pop songs that aren't overproduced; catchy, poppy songs done properly. This could've easily been on Burger. Do yourself a favor and give it a spin. –Steve Adamyk (Stardumb, Stardumbrecords.com)

MESS: *Tree:* CS
Sleepy rock that draws from that mid-'90s moment when emo went indie rock. Think Promise Ring, early Braid and Modest Mouse, maybe Rainer Maria. It's pretty, especially "Blossom," and uncanny because there's no clue that it's any later than 1996 when this is on. –Chris Terry (Reflective Tapes)

MONSTER SQUAD: *Depression:* LP
Depression is certainly the tone of this record. They've even included a suicide prevention number in their liner notes. Monster Squad initially sounded like another hardcore band, with aggressive vocals and speedy riffs, but as the record played on I noticed a rock'n'roll influence. Songs like "Desolation" get more rhythmic and catchy, bringing in plenty of guitar solos. I could see this squad pairing well with the Bronx. –Ryan Nichols (Pirates Press)

MYSTERY GIRL: *"I Love Kissing" b/w "Shattered Dreams": 7"*
There's no mystery about why Albany's Mystery Girl are so damn good. The pair of fuzzed-out power pop tunes on this cassette was everything you could ask for. "Shattered Dreams" with its jangly guitar leads was my favorite of the two tracks, but "I Love Kissing," is sure to be the anthem to their live performances. Someone needs to investigate getting this band to record an LP. –Paul J. Comeau (mysterygirl518.bandcamp.com)

NAG / LIP: Split: 7"
I was super taken in by the Nag side of this split right off the bat: fuzzed-out vocals with a really good pacing, taking it slow but with sharp turns. Almost like a heavier, more angular Dead Meadow on the first track, bleeding into a more old school classic British punk feel on the second. Lip's side was a little less exciting on its own, but bringing these two bands together does something to elevate both. Lip's more gothic sound is amplified by the heavier dimensions of the Nag songs, making the songs sound less like the tracks from an old horror movie and more like a core-shaking sonic adventure of its own. I bet both bands are super loud live. –Theresa W. (Space Taker Sounds)

NEGATIVE SEX / HATE RECORDER: *Negative Sex Hate Recorder:* Split 7"
This release is only two tracks. Negative Sex brings an interesting

post-punk sound to the table, though the vocals throw me off a bit. Hate Recorder's contribution is very similar, where the nice instrumental work on the record is overshadowed by unpleasant vocal delivery. The solo on their track is pretty gripping, even if its performance isn't stellar. This release is generally fine, and should be interesting enough to punk and post-punk fans looking for intriguing instrumentals. –Anna Farr (Humaniterrorist)

NEGATIVE SEX: *Visions:* 7"
An interesting mix of styles is happening here. The basic sound of this Reno, Nev. band is anthemic punk, but then there are these '80s synthpop/major label goth guitar leads over the top that really give it some personality. Pretty solid single. Looks like the band has at least one other single. It's something to look for if you're interested in something that doesn't sound like everything else. –Mike Frame (Carbonated Sounds, carbonatedrecords.bandcamp.com)

NERVOUS EXITS: *Get Out:* LP
Well, this is a pleasant surprise! I was completely unaware that Nervous Exits existed or had an album until this here reissue and reunion show to commemorate the re-release. Nervous Exits were an Austin, Texas band from the mid-aughts and played noisy yet tight garage rock'n'roll. *Get Out* was apparently a CD-only issue from the band's active days, and it looks like they never really made it out of town. Fortunately, the good folks at Sonic Surgery (imprint of Super Secret) saw fit to reissue this beast (remastered by Exits' guitarist Patrick Travis—who also does time in Austin's Gospel Truth and Golden Boys, to name a few.) The rhythm section is driving, and the bass groove anchors the songs. The guitars slash and burn whenever they please, but the overall presentation is air tight. I'll gladly take seconds of this and keep any Oh Sees type nonsense off my plate. –Sal Lucci (Sonic Surgery, sonicsurgeryrecords.bigcartel.com)

NIGHT BIRDS: *Roll Credits:* LP
I have been reviewing Night Birds records since I got my first one in 2011 and they quickly became one of my favorite bands ever. That's right, I said "ever." I love thousands of bands in this wide world, but these rippers from New Jersey really do it for me. That said, I often feel like I might sound like a broken record when I gush about their records. I plead "no contest," your honor. This new "mini-album" is their first after a bit of a hiatus, but they haven't slowed down in the least—surf-tinged, genre-themed punk rock that is incredibly well put together. The record begins and ends with the instrumentals they have become known for and packed between are some of their best songs to date (like I said, I am a broken record). Original guitarist Mike Hunchback is back in the fold slinging git right alongside his successor PJ Russo, resulting in a huge sound. I look forward to seeing them live in their new, five-piece format. I also have to mention the work that went into the design of this album. I am reviewing the LP version of the album, but there was also a limited edition box set that includes four 7"s (of course I bought both versions… I am "that guy" about this band!). The band tapped eight of their talented artist friends to create a cover for each song. The LP cover collects all of the 7" covers together much like a Killed By Death compilation. I dig the concept and it all looks amazing. I also have it on good authority that nothing is to be read into the title of the record. Night Birds aren't calling it a day any time soon, and that is something I am thankful for. If for some reason you aren't familiar with the band, I am a little shocked but mostly excited, as you have a lot of fun catching up to do. –Ty Stranglehold (Fat)

NO BLUES: Self-titled: 7"
I love power pop and garage rock but when bands try a little too hard and end up veering towards overproduced cock-rock purgatory, well that's when they lose me. No Blues are the missing link when it comes to punks who are okay with guitar solos but would rather not sit through a forty-five minute set. Brevity is the name of the game here where the guitar solos are side by side with the vocals because there's no time to spare when you're working with three songs in three minutes. Round up the Marvelous Darlings, cut their songs into thirds, turn all the noisy levels way up, and do it all in one take. I present to you: No Blues. –Juan Espinosa (SPHC, sphcrecords.bandcamp.com)

NO LOVE: *Choke on It:* LP
Goddamn. This LP exemplifies exactly what's so great about Sorry State Records. Falling somewhere between labelmates Brain F≠ and Libyans, No Love have transformed from a punk band that did a fantastic job of paying tribute to their influences, to a rippin' monster of a band. Fast as hell, dynamic, and totally engaging. This should be a band that brings all the retired heads out in the same way that Night Birds and Neighborhood Brats do. You like the Avengers, Poison Idea, and The Wipers? Check out No Love. –Daryl (Sorry State)

NO LOVE: *Choke on It:* LP
I hate going down enclosed waterslides. I love swimming but I just can't cope with not being able to see the outside world as I hurtle downwards, enveloped in the noisy, sometimes raging, water. It scares the shit out of me. *Choke on It* opens in such a way I feel hemmed in in a narrow space and am being drenched by a flow of noise, much like the feeling the water gives me. However, I feel exhilarated rather than scared as I am saturated from all angles by the musical vortex. It reminds me a lot of Joint D≠, which also managed

to create such a thrilling experience and, similarly, No Love's debut album requires many listens to grab onto all that was going on within the songs. It is easy to find melody within the songs—as it's not noise for noise sake—which makes *Choke on It* an excellent album. –Rich Cocksedge (Sorry State, daniel@sorrystaterecords.com, sorrystaterecords.com)

NO PROBLEM:
***Let God Sort 'Em Out:* LP**
The last I heard of these guys was on their fantastic 2011 LP, *And Now This*, which was a ferocious salvo of long-winded hardcore songs reminiscent of early Fucked Up. They've been busy in the interim, with a few EPs and at least one other full-length, and my absence comes across as a pretty profound lapse in judgment, because these guys are good. It's years later and while there's still a few slow-burners on here ("Eyes of a Killer" tops the four-minute mark, which is unfortunate), *Let God…* shows the band *mostly* trimmed down to muscle and teeth, with their hard edges grown even more splintered and jagged. It's an acerbic and fractured record, tightly wound as hell; this is a band that appears to have only gotten meaner over time. –Keith Rosson (Deranged)

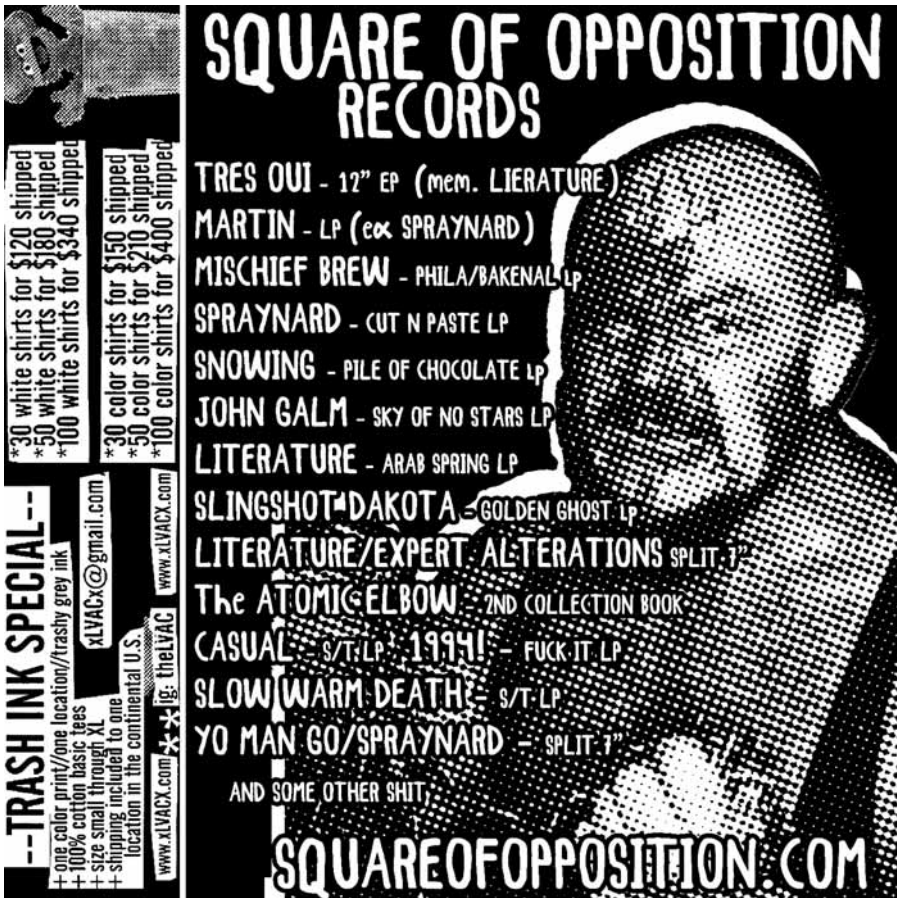
NOTCHES:
***Almost Ruined Everything:* LP**
Friends' bands in Worcester and New Brunswick played with these cats recently, so I tracked 'em down and hey: Notches live in Dover, N.H., a town where I lived for a while in college. My Dover days were during the height of both New Hampshire-based Ringing Ear Records—who put out great records by, among others, Sinkhole, Doc Hopper, and New Sweet Breath—and the Elvis Room in Portsmouth, the dearly departed coffeehouse where I saw a zillion bands (including but not limited to Boris The Sprinkler, Jawbox, Giants Chair, and Man Or Astroman?). I mention all this because it's easy to imagine Notches as seamless fits into that old Elvis Room/Ringing Ear scene: their thickly fuzzed hooks remind me of some of that old stuff. Outside of their geography and associations (and what might rightly be called nostalgia on my part), the songs on *Almost Ruined Everything* pick up where the band left off on their debut long-player *High Speed Crimes*. They switch off on vocals and meld sweet (like sugar) riffs and chunky heft, again providing song after song that got stuck in my head after a single listen. I love when bands compel me to buy shirts and drop their name to all my friends. Notches is such a band, and it's been their records which have been the soundtrack to my summer—and hopefully, now, to your fall. –Michael T. Fournier (Salinas, salinasrecords.com)

OLD CITY: *Future Dead:* 10"
Blindsided by another great band from Portland, Ore., a city that has yielded some of the best and darkest punk over the decades. From the Wipers to Poison Idea, Coldbringer to Long Knife, there's a common thread. Old City continues that tradition of creating the soundtrack to a bleak present and desolate future. Reminiscent of Terrible Feelings, this music is dark and infectious, epic and raw. The three tracks on this EP evoke a sense of dread and doom, expressing frustration with modern life and the very real demons unleashed by a society that has evolved to spend the lives of the underclass in its perpetual wars. A society that has constructed a way of life for the populace to keep them complacent, a way of life that is really just an alternate form of subjugation, without true freedom. From the song "Open Sleep": "The city's cold and dead / With plastic tombs for rent / And in our arrogance / We'll never live again." And this is the value of great music: it helps us exorcise those very demons that threaten to destroy us. Listening to music like this and connecting with kindred spirits through the songs can give us a sense that we're not alone in the daily struggle to live freely, to escape the clutches of that world that would bring us down. –Chad Williams (Old City, oldcity.bandcamp.com)

OND CIRKEL: *"Svavelvinter" b/w "Vilda Syrener": 7"*
Tribal, hypnotic drums meet driving bass and shimmering, atmospheric guitars abound on this Gothenburg, Sweden-based quartet's second release. Having been a life-long Sisters Of Mercy fan, I totally geeked out on the group's chosen packaging and graphic style and wasn't disappointed in the slightest once I played it back to back about five times. Not so much SOM-influenced, but still along the lines of moody, introspective, and tense. Recommended. –Garrett Barnwell (Never Understand)

PANDORAS, THE:
***Hey, It's The Pandoras:* CD EP**
I can already hear the whining going into high gear: "Waaah, it's the not the Pandoras without Paula, waah, waaaaaaah!" Fuck you and your snobby bullshit. This *is* the Pandoras, a fact that becomes crystal clear five seconds into the first song. A total of tunes here—three Paula-penned originals, two of which come from the band's *Stop Pretending* era, and two choice covers—showcasing their uncanny knack for melding '60s jangle with punk aggression and chutzpah. It admittedly takes a sec to get used to Kim's inimitable howl in this non-Muffs context, but she does every song here justice and the band delivers the goods via solid musicianship and multi-part vocals. This longtime fan gives this two enthusiastic thumbs up and hopes more tunes will be forthcoming. –Jimmy Alvarado (Burger)

PARASITE: *Reverberation:* CD
When I was in high school I listened to a lot of Christian metal (bear with


SQUARE OF OPPOSITION RECORDS
TRES OUI - 12" EP (mem. LIERATURE)
MARTIN - LP (ex SPRAYNARD)
MISCHIEF BREW - PHILA/BAKENAL LP
SPRAYNARD - CUT N PASTE LP
SNOWING - PILE OF CHOCOLATE LP
JOHN GALM - SKY OF NO STARS LP
LITERATURE - ARAB SPRING LP
SLINGSHOT DAKOTA - GOLDEN GHOST LP
LITERATURE/EXPERT ALTERATIONS SPLIT 7"
The ATOMIC ELBOW - 2ND COLLECTION BOOK
CASUAL - S/T LP / 1994! - FUCK IT LP
SLOW WARM DEATH - S/T LP
YO MAN GO/SPRAYNARD - SPLIT 7"
AND SOME OTHER SHIT
SQUAREOFOPPOSITION.COM
*30 white shirts for $120 shipped
*50 white shirts for $180 shipped
*100 white shirts for $340 shipped
*30 color shirts for $150 shipped
*50 color shirts for $210 shipped
*100 color shirts for $400 shipped
--TRASH INK SPECIAL--
+ one color print/one location//trashy grey ink
++ 100% cotton basic tees
+ size small through XL
+ shipping included to one location in the continental U.S.
xLVACx@gmail.com
ig: theLVAC
www.xLVACX.com
www.xLVACX.com

me here). One of my favorite groups was an act out of Southern California called Vengeance Rising. Their singer, Roger Martinez, was also a very charismatic pastor at a heavy metal church (sure, why not?) and they played a mix of thrash, grind, and death metal. They had such an influence on me that the first thing I thought of when I heard this Japanese punk metal band, Parasite, was Vengeance Rising. The vocals sound quite similar to Martinez's, but the music has more punk influence, although it's still pretty metal. Think a heavy version of Motörhead with grind vocals. I do like my fair share of grind vocals and love me some Motörhead, but the two here just remind me of weird Christian metal from my teens and I can't quite get past that. But that's my hang-up. It probably won't be yours. –Kurt Morris (facebook.com/metalpunkmassacre)

PAT SALWAY: *Yesterday's Freshies:* CS
Sounds kinda like how the Dream Syndicate might've started out if they'd have been more into Bowie instead of the Velvet Underground, e.g., sorta like the Quick or the Pop or the Dogs or someone like that, but with relaxed, Psychedelic Furs style saxophone occasionally wafting up into the mix to underscore the torment to which flesh is heir. One of the only two lyrical phrases I've been able to decipher involves the dude having a needle in his arm, so I'm guessing this is the cutting edge of the Acupuncture Rock movement and we should all take note. Overall, I found this cassette listenable and reasonably enjoyable, but, in the final analysis, the songs all sound like they'd fit right in on the *L.A. IN* compilation, and, unless we're talking about the Twisters, I don't know what that'd be worth to you. *Bring back the Twisters! Only they can save us!* BEST SONG: "Grown Up." BEST SONG TITLE: "New Surrender." FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: This dude was totally not in the Freshies. –Rev. Nørb (Crypt, cryptrecords.com)

PATCHOULI DEATH: Self-titled: CD
This stoner rock EP is Patchouli Death's debut. They bring a novelty attitude to unpleasant-sounding rock music. Nothing about this band is particularly appealing to me. The same vocal delivery is used on every track, where spoken deadpan lines are modulated with heavy reverb. Listening to this release makes me feel like there's a joke I don't get. The guitar's distorted sound is kind of interesting, but is used so blandly and repetitively that I got sick of it by "I Feel Like Shit All the Time." I want my eleven minutes back. –Anna Farr (Self-released)

PATOIS COUNSELORS: *Proper Release:* LP
Dissonant art-wave with a bit more sophistication than one usually runs into anymore. The songs, definitely the sum of some often-complicated parts, were initially off-putting, with their jerky-jerky rhythms and lack of obvious hooks, but they eventually sunk their teeth in thanks to some quality musicianship and clever arrangements. All told, challenging but rewarding. –Jimmy Alvarado (Ever/Never, evernever.bigcartel.com)

PATSY'S RATS: *Singles:* CS
Singles collection of competent and tuneful garage stuff, with nice male/female tradeoffs in the vocal department. Reminds me somewhat of Banditas and Massenger though it verges into the land of saccharine much more often than those bands did. Right at home on Burger. –Keith Rosson (Burger)

PINNED IN PLACE: *Rubbernecking at the Gates of Hell:* CS
It is incredibly tough, at least for this reviewer, to write about new releases without reference points to other bands. That being said, I try my best to make it really count when name-dropping. Pinned In Place has delivered an absolute knockout album of indie punk ear worms. Looping guitar leads and fills leading pop hooks leave my stomach in excited knots, not unlike the first time hearing Wreck Of The Zephyr (which I've referenced as the Rush of punk rock). Punk players doing guitar algebra around indie hooks. Would be a dream gig to have Pinned In Place open a show with Screaming Females. –Matt Seward (Reflective Tapes)

PIOUS FAULTS: *Old Thread:* LP/CS
This album leaves me feeling discombobulated. It is all over the place with barely any structure to speak of. It follows one course and abruptly takes on a totally new one in the blink of an eye. Pious Faults, from Brisbane, Australia, has not only thrown the kitchen sink at this but the sink has been hit with a mallet numerous times, such is the din that's created. It's like listening to Crass, Idles, and Big Black all at the same time. It's noisy as fuck and pulsating enough to dislodge fillings from your teeth. I like this a lot. –Rich Cocksedge (Feel It, feelitrecordshop.com)

PLAGUE BOYS: Self-titled: CS
Four-songer by this Austin synth punk duo. Short and tuneful, with a heavy high five aimed at the Spits. The best song, "Eno Sucks," wouldn't have been that out of place on one of the old *Rodney On The Roq* comps. –Keith Rosson (Plague Boys)

PMS 84: *Easy Way Out:* LP
Aggressive-as-fuck hardcore punk. The record starts out somewhat quiet and atmospheric on the first track. Then by track two all hell breaks loose. Were I to judge the band by their aesthetics, I'd have guessed they were an English oi band from thirty years ago. Instead, we've got a current day political hardcore band from Portland, Ore. Their stuff is heavy, fast, and fierce. And wouldn't you know it, they cover a bunch of topics

that tend to make the world a shitty place: Gaza, Nazis, police corruption, class war. Sometimes screaming about those things is all we can do. PMS 84's bass lines are robust, vocals are cord shredding, guitar is swift and melodic, and the drums are fast and cymbal/snare focused. This band comes out the gates swinging and are a perfect listen next time you want to rage. –Kayla Greet (Black Water)

PMS AND THE MOODSWINGS: Self-titled: LP
Okay, so first off, actual PMS and mood swings are nothing in comparison to the pleasantry this band brings. At least the name caught my attention. Think La Luz, Shannon And The Clams, and super chill, fuzzy, surfy lounge music, and you'll get pretty close to the creamy gooey center here. This band is perfect for Burger Records. It's easy on the ears and ready for the masses. –Camylle Reynolds (Burger)

PRIMITIVE HANDS: *Heartless Man:* 7"
The title track is a bit of potent Stoogey repetitive ride-the-groove drone. Two on the flip are much more in the uptempo '70s punk stomper vein—catchy and frenetic without coming near the "hardcore" dividing line. Not a naff track to be found here. –Jimmy Alvarado (Alien Snatch)

PRIMITIVE HANDS: Self-titled: LP
Blown-speaker garage rock from Canada. There's a touch of early '80s SoCal punk in there, too, a la Night Birds. These two guys manage to be catchy and to go hard. It's not every day you get both, so snap this one up if your favorite part of a skate video is the slams section. –Chris Terry (Alien Snatch!, aliensnatch.com)

PROUD PARENTS: Self-titled: LP
This mixed-gender Madison quartet's bounce house jangle-punk (featuring a third of a Hussy!) reminds me of a punked-up *Free to Be You and Me* in spots, and the mystery of whether that's done with smartly ironic intent or just perpetrated straight-up is one of the more attention-getting baubles on their charm bracelet. While they never manage to knock any one given song clear out of the ball park, they do get on base with alarming frequency, and there's nothing wrong with hitting for average. This band seems happy and well-adjusted. *Arts and Crafts is the new mosh pit!* BEST SONG: "Dead Wrong." BEST SONG TITLE: "Hypnotoad." FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: I watched that one bonus *Futurama* thing where it's basically just twenty-two minutes of the Hypnotoad, start to finish. –Rev. Nørb (Dirtnap, dirtnaprecs.com)

PSYCHIC DOG: *Lunch Went Well:* CD
This three piece band is hard to classify but rewards your ears if you give them a fair shake. "Road Rash" burns it out of a chrome tailpipe, while "Foreign Languages" provides information you may need one day. "Professional Ambulance" is wacky but it works. "Chinatown" is not a Thin Lizzy cover but I'm guessing the boys would approve of the end result. Great production and solid hooks make this a worthy addition to any thinking person's punk's collection. Grab this and you can play it anytime, not just at noon. –Sean Koepenick (Ocelot, info@ocelotrecords.com)

PUBLIC EYE / THE ESTRANGED: Split: 7"
Holy post-punk! Two Portland bands, The Estranged and Public Eye, share one song each on this split 7". The Estranged, boasting members of Remains Of The Day, Hellshock, and Warcry, is on the groovier end of the spectrum. Their contribution, "Sleepless," channels the pulsating moodiness of Sisters Of Mercy. (Side note: The Estranged's second full-length, *The Subliminal Man*, is a must-listen.) Flip the record over and Public Eye's "Redacted Memories" is minimal, bass-driven, and slightly robotic. It lacks the catchiness of "Sleepless," but it's nonetheless hypnotic. The only ding against this 7" is its brevity—it does leave you wanting more, however. –Sean Arenas (Black Water, blackwaterpdx.com)

RADICAL FUN TIME: *End All Wars:* CD
I'm shocked that this CD didn't come to me completely crusted over. It's crust through and through, from the cookie monster vocals to the punishing percussion. They do describe themselves as "hardcore combined with north woods anarcho environmentalist crust" and I really couldn't do it better myself. Songs against war and pipelines are coupled with more posi-oriented tracks like "Free Your Mind, Free Yourself" and "We Can Make a Difference! It's Our World," a politics that's visually emphasized with a chaotic line-drawing cover that seems to mostly be depicting the uprising at Standing Rock along with photos from Veterans for Standing Rock and Standing Rock Rising. I think all of that is super righteous and I completely back the sentiments this record puts forward. I'm more mixed about the execution, mostly just because it's so within the limits of the genre that it sometimes feels like a parody of itself. But I appreciate the allegiance to a political position—something that is super foundational to good crust punk—but is often lost in favor of absorption of the aesthetic on its own. –Theresa W. (Radical Fun / Dilapidated / Fields Without Fences)

RADICAL FUN TIME: *There Is Only One Race the Human Race:* 7"
This is a true punk record in the sense that Radical Fun Time seem to defy you to understand them. For instance, I still can't figure out how there are three songs on the A side; I swear it's only one. Musically, R.F.T. seem to have a tent pegged in the crust punk camp, but based on the moments of chaos and cacophony

I would bet that they would rage against being thus pigeon-holed. So as a brief, redundant summary, I would suggest that R.F.T. are more or less crust punk, (including overtly political lyrical content) that at times devolves into swirls of noise and, how should I say it, *un-beat.* And it works—I love the crusty stuff, but the noise took a bit of warming to, and now I like it a bit more with every listen. –The Lord Kveldulfr (Radical Fun)

RATCHETS, THE: *Gotta Be Cool:* 7″
This picture-flexi is a promo single for a forthcoming full-length effort. I have no larger frame of reference for the Ratchets' stylings, but this is a poppy rock'n'roll song that reminds me vaguely of mid-era Replacements sans production value. It's a pretty good song, but it lacks teeth, so it fell short for me. Note, however, that I cannot claim that to be true of all The Ratchets' efforts. –The Lord Kveldulfr (Pirates Press)

RAVAGED: Self-titled: 7″
There's something about relentless powerviolence shredding that feels absolutely true and pure and good. Ravaged are metalheads and they're living in this rat-filled heckhole of a world and I'm glad they're here. –Matt Werts (Sengaja, sengajarecords.bandcamp.com, Kink, kink-records.de, Chopped Off, choppedoffrecords.blogspot.com)

REAL SICKIES, THE: *Get Well Soon:* LP
Power pop riffs, plus rock'n'roll leads, over a driving rhythm section. The drumming is really well recorded and sounds amazing. Vocals have a bit of Leonard from The Dickies, Davey of AFI, and something else that I can't quite place. They're not super snotty though, and that's awesome. Many places on the internet call them Ramones-core and I definitely disagree. The song "Everywhere You Go" has a saxophone cutting in and providing a rad filler, plus a sharp piano intro and solo with both instruments in the bridge. It's a surprising rock'n'roll song in the midst of lots of power pop that flirts with pop punk at times. They leave off with a ballad that includes some Thin Lizzy-inspired guitar leads. The Real Sickies manage to root their sound in modern day, while clearly paying homage to their influences. They even include a cover of The Barracudas for good measure. –Kayla Greet (It's Alive / Monster Zero / This Is Pop)

RED HARE: *Little Acts of Destruction:* LP
Air raid guitars, teeth-rattling bass, cranium-pummeling drums. Vocals that ride above in a two car rollercoaster. Motives of untrustworthy people are questioned at every turn, from the title track to "Binary." Skillfully recorded by J. Robbins, it is the force of the punches that matter here, not the length. "Affirmation" and "Take a Walk" are particular favorites, but everything within cuts to the quick. Seek this out and many rewards you shall have.–Sean Koepenick (Dischord / Hellfire, jasonfarrell@hotmail.com)

REDD KROSS: *Oh Canada!:* CS
I dug the original Red Cross 12" when I was a high school sophomore, but quickly bailed on the band when 1982's *Born Innocent* failed to meet my stringent aesthetic requirements. After the name change and years of apathy on my part, *Neurotica* at least caught my attention, although I didn't worship as self-abasingly at its shimmering confluence of Partridge and Manson family influences as many of my friends did. I didn't *really* start liking Redd Kross again, in any serious fashion, until 1990's *Third Eye*, which I adored. If you ask me, Redd Kross's apex of creative excellence runs from about *Third Eye* through 1992's *Phaseshifter*, including that weird 10" with the Styrofoam head on the cover, the live 10", and whatever I'm forgetting—early '90s, basically. As fate and the roll of Certs that rules the universe would have it, side one of this 1997 live cassette draws heavily on material from that particular sweet spot, with a loud, full sound bearing additional appeal for the purists who might've found some of the production flourishes of that period a bit on the cloying side (if you told me this wasn't really recorded live, I'd probably believe you. However, if you told me it really *was* recorded live, I'd believe you, too. I'm a reasonable man). Side two gets a bit more overblown, and is kinda their KISS *Alive!* side 3, which I suppose has some manner of esoteric appeal, vague though it may be. All the same, I think that first side's solid gold, man. *Whatever they paid Reuben Kincaid to run sound, double it!* BEST SONG: "Lady in the Front Row." BEST SONG TITLE: "Switchblade Sister." FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: Remastered for CD by Dustin Moonshine, EMI. –Rev. Nørb (Burger)

REVENGE OF THE PSYCHOTRONIC MAN: *That Was Just a Noise 2004-2018:* LP
After nearly a decade and a half, these U.K. thrashers are calling it a day. In honor of this momentous milestone they have offered up this retrospective of their oeuvre, featuring tracks from three albums, assorted singles, EPs, and splits, plus a few unreleased tunes as well. Only ran into them in the review bins on rare occasion, but their vaguely pop-inflected take on hardcore was notable and very well represented here. At turns, one can hear in their sound shades of late-'80s Bay Area punk as well as influences closer to home as they zip through one short, slicing-yet-catchy tune after the next. Sad to see 'em go, but they definitely made their mark. –Jimmy Alvarado (TNS)

RIGHT IS WRONG!: Demo: CD-R
No-frills political punk that cruises at a mid tempo and has its charms. This is

not like Crass or Conflict, it's straightforward punk rock that sounds like a few people getting together, just going for it, and having fun with it. "Ban the Guns" is pretty self explanatory, as is "Not My President." They don't mince words or embellish their music with multi tracking or overdubbing. Really, a case of "plug in and go." –Matt Average (Right Is Wrong, bicycletraffic@yahoo.com)

RINGLEADERS, THE:
***Bi-Coastal Blasphemy:* LP**
This is a really solid record of skuzzy, high-octane rock'n'roll punk that includes the vocalist from The Candy Snatchers, so naturally, it reminds me a bit of The Candy Snatchers. There were no lyrics included, but based on the song titles alone, we're not dealing with the most sophisticated bunch here, and that's just how they like it. Dirty and unapologetic, if that's your kind of thing. –Mark Twistworthy (Hound Gawd)

RISE DEFY: *Demo 2018:* CS
This four-song release from a DC punk unit is thoughtful, passionate, and sincere. "The Noise and the Static" seems to be about remembering where you came from and what you have accomplished, even with the pressures of everyday life swirling around your head: "And all the noise and the static keeps your dreams in the attic / in a box with all your old trophies." "American Shooter" is a cautionary tale of the world we live in today, which is obviously unfortunate from this perspective. Musically, I am hearing Fugazi, The Clash, and early Stiff Little Fingers. I'm glad there's a lyric sheet, I'm glad that I can understand the vocals, and I'm very glad that Rise Defy is here. Well played, gentlemen.–Sean Koepenick (Self-released, risedefy@gmail.com)

ROMAN CANDLES:
***Can I Kiss You?:* LP**
Folk punk gets a bad rap. Performing with Christopher Gordon (aka Roman Candles) at house shows all over Southern California (with the likes of Blackbird Raum, Spoonboy, and an acoustic iteration of Joyce Manor) are some of my fondest memories. Being able to throw shows with only an empty living room and some pawnshop instruments was a way for suburb-sick teenagers to let loose. But, as the adage goes, time marches on. People bought amps, some completely disappeared, and others went woefully mainstream, but through it all, Gordon remained true to himself: releasing records, touring, and publishing his zine, *The Stowaways*. Fortunately, Gordon never quit writing heart-rending songs on his acoustic guitar because *Can I Kiss You?* is his finest achievement—personal yet painfully relatable. Songs like "In the Kitchen" and "Ryan" devastate with their penetrating honesty: "Ryan always thought she'd make it to the top / But she never wants to dance when she's falling apart." The world desperately needs songwriters like Christopher Gordon, but we don't always deserve them. –Sean Arenas (Self-released, romancandlesmusic@gmail.com, fuckthestowaways.blogspot.com)

SCARCITY OF TANKS:
***Garford Mute:* CD**
I had a scarcity of attention for the twenty-something tracks on this album, and a scarcity of interest in listening to this after the first play through. The opening track "Craven Adults," starts out monotonously, and that's about as exciting as the rest of the album gets. –Paul J. Comeau (Total Life Society)

SHATTERBOX:
***Strung Out on the Line:* LP**
Another "lost" LP pulled from the abyss, dusted off, and presented for an unsuspecting public to marvel at the fact that such things continue to be found. First-rate Dolls worship self-released outta Seattle 1979, a smidge less in intensity than their heroes, or even L.A. legends the Mau-Maus, but still in possession of much attitude and snot. Comes with liner notes and info on the original pressing. –Jimmy Alvarado (Dig!)

SHIT: *What Do You Stand For:* LP
A true return to form for this Toronto hardcore band. If you, like me, felt let down by their last 7" then you owe it to them and yourself to give them another chance because this LP is an absolute smoker from front to back. Imagine every classic international '80s hardcore band and drop all your notions about how those bands should sound. This is like if Wretched had a drummer who could play on time, if Gauze had fully embraced their noisier side, if Ratos De Porão had kept playing punk instead of leaning into their metal influences. The thing about this band is they now know exactly when to put the pedal all the way down and they still keep that intensity when they back off to midtempo riffs. Fantastic art, as expected from the curators at Iron Lung. –Ian Wise (Iron Lung)

SISTA BRYTET: *Hjärtat I Handen:* LP
The Swedes have proven themselves adept at creating high quality versions of some of America's best bands and styles of punk, and exporting them back to us, as if to say, "It ain't that hard, dummies. Just get some government arts funds and try and beat this." Sista Brytet is Swedish pop punk, sung in Swedish. Internalizing the best of Teenage Bottlerocket and others, they crank out an efficient—if derivative—import version of a classic American export. Tariff-free... for now. –Chad Williams (Luftslott)

SLOW MASS: *On Watch:* 12"
So far, my top record of 2018. I fucking love this band. It's like they took everything good from the early 2000s and carefully stitched it together without making something incomprehensible. It's the perfect

TANKCRIMES
DEATH
VIVISICK
GHOUL
FYPM
DENY THE CROSS
Final Conflict
CONNOISSEUR
KICKER
VICTIMS
SPAZZ
Plus punk and metal records from NECROT, FUCKED UP, MUNICIPAL WASTE, THE SHRINE, TOXIC HOLOCAUST, IRON REAGAN, EXHUMED, BRAINOIL, CANNABIS CORPSE and more.
Full catalog streaming plus cheap and free downloads direct. Great international shipping rates. Check our distributed music titles for more sick punk, metal, thrash, hardcore and grind LP, tapes and CDs.
Tell a friend about Tankcrimes today.
www.tankcimes.com
punk distribution:
Ebullition (US), Agipunk (EU)

combination of melodic and dissonant that made that era of emo/hardcore so good along with a promiscuous dedication to sound that necessitates organs, saxophones, pianos, vibraphones, and synths to really get the feel right, leaving the faint feeling of The Anniversary hanging in the air. There are moments, like the beginning of "My Violent Years," where I feel like I'm listening to the careful but understated guitar work of a mid-career Neil Young song, but then there are songs like "Suburban Yellow" and "Oldest Youngest" that come up to the five-minute mark, using alternating vocals, gutting drum fills, and unrelenting riff repetition that remind me of Portland's excellent Longclaw or other heavier shoegaze stuff that's been the sort of surprising descendent of a post-Fall Out Boy reclamation of emotional music with a heavy bent. This record is great, beginning to end. Just take an hour and listen to it, you won't be sorry. –Theresa W. (Landland, landland.net)

SPELLS: *Loose Change Vol. 1:* LP
This is a collection of never-before-released early tracks by a band I had never heard of before. Some hits and some misses, as comes with that territory. At its best, this is grade-A snotty, anthemic pop punk. A whole lot of Avail and Hot Water Music (and so on, and so on…) influence going on here, along with some strikingly recognizable Menzingers moments. A weirder and stompier Murder City Devils sound breaks through sometimes, sort of out of nowhere. As for the misses… they're fine? Gruff punk doesn't often do it for me anymore, but SPELLS tries so many variations on a style that some of them are bound to work. There's also a band theme song in here, so that's a plus, I think. –Indiana Laub (Snappy Little Numbers / Anxious And Angry)

SPIRITUAL CRAMP: *Police State:* 7" EP
These enigmatic San Franciscans lurch like lead Weebles between distorto-punk ("Spiritual Cramp") to evil anarchist reggae ("850 Bryant") to stabby Clash-punk ("I Feel Bad Bein' Me") to something that sounds like a heavier version of some of the more lucid moments of Fingerprintz or some band like that ("Blood Clot"), always somehow managing to sound like thirty-two ounces of toxic glop in a twenty ounce coffee cup in the process. I was not immediately attracted, but now I find myself strangely intrigued. I like them. I imagine them to be well-read, articulate, poor, able to lift fairly heavy objects with relative ease, and somewhat smelly. BEST SONG: "Blood Clot." BEST SONG TITLE: "Spiritual Cramp" FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: If the song timings on the back cover are accurate, the B side of this record runs for six minutes and twenty seconds on 45 rpm, which is nuts but doesn't sound at all bad. –Rev. Nørb (Deranged)

SPOILERS: *Recently Re-Released:* CD
U.K. pop punkers Spoilers' *Recently Re-Released* does exactly what the title suggests: collects previously released songs. If you already own the *Stay Afloat* EP, their split 7" with The No Marks, or the *Lost Your Way* acoustic EP, there's no reason to double-dip with this CD (unless you want everything in one place). There isn't much for me in this collection; I simply can't endorse anthemic pop punk in the vein of early Sum 41. The acoustic songs are especially cringe-inducing. When the gang vocals kicked in on the closing ballad "Punks Don't Die"—the chorus being, you guessed it, "punks don't die!"—I nearly lost my mind. So as to retain my sanity, I'm going to keep this CD very, very far away. –Sean Arenas (Boss Tuneage)

STIFF LOVE: *Trouble: 7"* EP
This is tuff stuff from the femme alphas in Stiff Love. Members from Beta Boys and Lysol dish out solid punk with rock'n'roll riffs, and I have to admit, I fucking love it. All four songs are mid-tempo rippers. Excellent follow up to their first release *For the Whole Family*. –Camylle Reynolds (Neck Chop)

STOMPER 98: *Althergebracht:* 7" flexi
This is a promotional flexi of the title track from the new LP by German/U.S. oi stalwarts Stomper 98. Pirates Press does a beautiful job with their flexis, using a contemporary process that ends up with a much better-sounding product than the flexis you might remember from the magazines and cereal boxes of your youth. Who wouldn't want the LP after hearing this awesome track? –Art Ettinger (Pirates Press)

STOMPER 98: *Althergebracht:* LP
I'm fortunate to have seen Stomper 98 live, and they're fucking incredible. Formed in 1998, the original lineup included current members Holgi the saxophonist and Sebi the vocalist. Based in Germany, but with U.S. members Phil from the Templars on drums and Lars from Rancid on rhythm guitar, this album was recorded in studios in both Germany and San Francisco. The lyrics are all in German. They're on the harder, faster end of oi, but with the unique twist of the inclusion of a saxophone in the mix. Staunchly not a right-wing band, they occasionally have problems getting shows booked anyway. As always, Pirates Press delivers incredible sound quality and packaging, from the colored vinyl to the gatefold sleeve. Amazingly, this album charted in Germany! It's at the top of my charts, too. They've been around for two decades, so if you've snoozed on Stomper 98 so far, isn't it time to finally give them a chance? –Art Ettinger (Pirates Press)

STRESS POSITION: Self-titled: LP
Noise rock that converges at the intersection between Big Black,

more recent Killing Joke, and an Amphetamine Reptile records collection. From start to finish they take a groove and ride it for all it's worth, stepping on and laying off the dissonance pedal to great effect. Add on some astute lyrical content and you have yourselves a winner, kids. –Jimmy Alvarado (Nadine, facebook.com/pg/nadinerecords)

SUL9B: *Neutralize:* LP
This record is so slow that I have to keep checking to make sure my turntable is at the right speed but it's already at 45 rpm. When it hits the fast parts it's this strange mechanical grind sound (is that a drum machine? I don't think so, I think those snare hits are just that precise) and I wish they sounded like that all the time without the long moments of slow chugging in between. Vocals are definitely of the "blackened" variety and even though this isn't a black metal band per se, that's probably where their audience is. –Ian Wise (SPHC)

SUPERCRUSH: *"I've Been around" b/w "Brutal Honesty": 7"*
I got a lot of pop this time around and couldn't be happier. Sure, I may be a crusty old skate punk but I sure love me some hooks and melodies, and Supercrush has both of those in abundance. It almost feels like the early '90s Pacific Northwest pop scene with bands like Fastbacks, Bum, and Flop. Both songs on this single have a dreamy feel, like Cheap Trick on ether or something like that. I really dig it and plan to check out more. –Ty Stranglehold (Debt Offensive)

SUPERCRUSH: *I Can't Lie: 7"*
Would it surprise you to learn that a band called Supercrush plays power pop? It's unlikely that it would. This is power pop and both sides of this single are quite well done. Sounds like *Thirteen*-era Teenage Fanclub to these ears and compliments don't get much higher than that. I just realized it is very likely that this band named themselves after the Tiger Trap song, so it seems that great taste abounds with these folks. It also seems that the main person behind this band is also a member of the Seattle metal band Black Breath, which makes this even more interesting. The flip, "Walking Backwards," is the stronger track but this is simply a fantastic pure pop single. This is leaps and bounds better than the last single I heard from this band and I am now hoping for the fantastic full length album they clearly have in them. –Mike Frame (Debt Offensive)

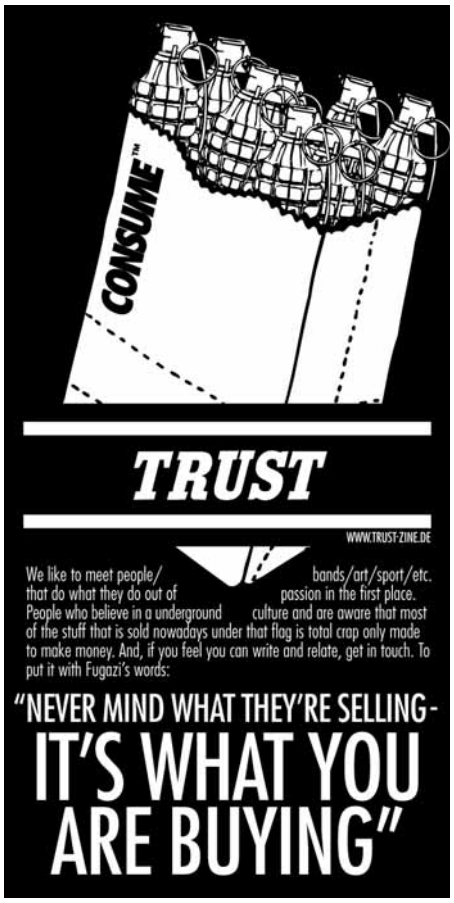
SYNDROME 81: *Béton Nostalgie:* LP
A collection of singles and splits from Syndrome 81 out of Brest, France. Tough as rusty nails punk and oi but with dark undertones, specifically on the song "Pulsions Électriques," which has much more of an afterhours club/post-punk feel to it. Whether it's fist pumping anthems like "Noublie Jamais" or a cover of Negative Approach's classic "Nothing," (reworked in French as "Que Dalle") Syndrome 81 accurately hit every mark with ease. If you're fond of No Hope For The Kids, Rixe, and Blitz then you're gonna be stoked. –Juan Espinosa (Black Water)

TAGGART: *L'Maskin:* CD
Heartfelt rock that pulls you under like that undertow you didn't see coming until it was too late. "Stock" gets the blood pumping at the onset. The pace backs off a bit in the middle with "Infinite Space" and "Afternoon Is Better." But the record starts smoldering again with "Nutso," which features thrashy guitar leads spit out over a fire and brimstone vocal. "None of Them" is fantastic song to close the record out with two guitars intertwining to great effect. This band has been at it for over twenty years. Trust me, Taggart knows the score. –Sean Koepenick (Self-released, taggartrocks.com)

TARANTÜLA: *The Very Best of Sex and Violence: 7"*
Another great record from Deranged, and like much of their high-quality output, it's unpredictably great. The cover doesn't betray the sound and the initial impression doesn't reveal the whole picture. A melding of a variety of the typical classic influences (plenty of the Spits/Ramones, a little Adolescents/D.I., a little Motörhead...) into something totally fucking fresh and compelling. As each year passes and another thousand punk records come out, it gets harder and harder to create something new to put out into the world that isn't derivative, rehashed, or perhaps worst of all, boring. Tarantüla is none of those things, and a truly killer punk record to throw on the turntable two or three times in a row. –Chad Williams (Deranged, derangedrecords.com)

TERRA VARIX: Self-titled: CD
Spoken word over ambient music and noises. Perfect for quiet contemplation and reflection, not quite as fitting for scrambling from one bus to the next on the way to work. –Jimmy Alvarado (Records Ad Nauseum)

TERRITORIES: *Heart That Breaks: 7"* flexi
One song worth of slickly (or at least well) produced festival punk, with an occasional neo-twangy guitar bit here and there, presumably to facilitate crossover into the lucrative brewpub background music market. I don't really hate this—in point of fact, I don't feel anything whatsoever towards it. I've been listening to punk records since 1979 and—I'm sorry—but stuff like this is just starting to sound like someone else's music, not mine. Is it yours? FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: I have to admit this is a pretty good sounding flexi-disc. –Rev. Nørb (Pirates Press, piratespressrecords.com)

HEAVY MANTLE
weights & measures
debut 12 song /
20 minute / one sided LP
TOR JOHNSON RECORDS
more records, tapes, cds, shirts, videos, zines, posters, etc available online
www.torjohnsonrecords.com

CONSUME
TRUST
WWW.TRUST-ZINE.DE
We like to meet people/ bands/art/sport/etc. that do what they do out of passion in the first place. People who believe in a underground culture and are aware that most of the stuff that is sold nowadays under that flag is total crap only made to make money. And, if you feel you can write and relate, get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:
"NEVER MIND WHAT THEY'RE SELLING-
IT'S WHAT YOU ARE BUYING"

BANDS INTERESTED IN APPEARING ON FUTURE RELEASES CONTACT US..
WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/TUNAFORSUSHIRECORDS
TUNA FOR SUSHI RECORDS PRESENTS
The TERRORNAUTS
4 PUNK BANDS WITH 5 SONGS EACH STRAIGHT OUT MARYLAND $10.00
STILL AVALIABLE F...CLASSIC PUNK ROCK FROM TAMPA $3.00 .

TERRITORIES: *Quiet Voices:* 7" flexi
I can't remember the last time I put a flexi-disc on—there's something about it—and the tone of this song was fun and nostalgic. The nicest thing I can think to say about this single was that I listened to it a handful of times in pure enjoyment and know that I'm not done with it, just because the review is complete. There's a great air and catchiness to this song. Gimme more. –Ryan Nichols (Pirates Press)

TERRITORIES: Self-titled: LP
Calgary strikes again, or what's old is new again. Western Canada's veteran punk band Knucklehead ruled the region for years, touring the continent and releasing records all over the world. Most of you will remember them, or at least you should. Fast forward to the present day; four of the five members have finally released this much-anticipated debut, and it was worth the wait. The good news being, it's precisely what you'd expect from these guys (and their label). Trust me, consistency is a good thing. Kyle has strapped on a guitar for this incarnation rather than solely focusing on vox, but otherwise it's more or less the same band you've grown to love. Classic street rock'n'roll puts it fittingly, with equal parts English oi! and slick greaser punk rock. "Heart that Breaks" was the first song to really stick out for me, but the whole record is a stomper from start to finish. Here's hoping they do some touring for this, since the rest of the world really needs to see them in the flesh (including me). –Steve Adamyk (Pirates Press)

TERRITORIES:
***There and Gone:* 7" flexi**
What a cool concept. This is a picture flexi-disc that you can see through, so it comes off like looking at a slide or a Viewmaster or something. Apparently, Pirates Press has made one of these flexis for each song on the album and is releasing them as a box set. Pretty cool. The song? Oh yeah. Melodic and heartfelt street punk not unlike *Hopeless Romantic*-era Bouncing Souls. I really like it. A little digging also informed me that these guys used to be Calgary mainstay punks Knucklehead. I saw them lots of times back in the old days—a good band that has evolved into another good band. Since I am on vacation while writing this, and don't have access to a turntable, I am listening online and found the entire album. The whole thing is great. I am going to keep an eye out to see if they come out to the coast to play. –Ty Stranglehold (Pirates Press)

TIED TO A BEAR: *True Places:* LP
I was stoked to discover that Jeff Rowe's a part of this Boston band. Dude's a great songwriter. He's one of the three vocalists here, and while Tied To A Bear is a far cry from his acoustic stuff, so much of that same boots-on-the-ground, careworn quality shines through in the lyrics here. Everyday topics about poverty, a failing economy and hammered industries, the passing of friends, and the simple willfulness required to stay alive sometimes. All of that buoyed up by some muscular, rough-hewn, melodic punk stuff akin to the Riot Before or Run Forever. Nicely done. –Keith Rosson (Gunner)

TOECUTTER: *Divin Be Daft:* 7"
Solid, well played, gruff hardcore is on display from this Seattle band with a very good hardcore band name. Probably huge Poison Idea fans and I'm getting hints of older Seattle/Tacoma bands such as Positively Negative or Portrait Of Poverty. –Mike Frame (New Audio Terror)

TONGUE PARTY:
***Looking for a Painful Death:* LP**
Tongue Party is an intensely odd stoner rock band from Minneapolis. There are marginally accessible moments interspersed between the complex, multi-layered levels of noise, but only fans of the sludge subgenre will get it. It's all a bit over my head, but I do appreciate it when this style is played by punks instead of metal dudes. Heavily influenced by The Melvins and Eyehategod, Tongue Party certainly has serious musicianship going for it. Recommended for fans of the aforementioned bands, but all others might get as confused as I did. –Art Ettinger (Learning Curve)

TOTAL MASSACRE: Self-titled: LP
It's no secret that the last two years of the political climate in United States has been an ongoing and utterly embarrassing pigfuck. People here are pissed, and this debut LP from Total Massacre provides a fitting soundtrack to alleviate some of that pissed-offedness. Hardcore done right, addressing the situation of the fuckface in chief and all his related issues with burning cuts like "Mother of All Fuckers," "The Devil & Don Jr.," and "#MAAFA." Fans of Antiseen, Cocknoose, Hellstomper, The Despised (ATL), and Riotgun will have no problem throwing this one on and bellowing along after the first five or six spins. Five hundred 180 gram vinyl versions of these guys floating around, so make like a proctologist and get your shit together, already! Can't wait to catch this outfit live. –Designated Dale (Self-released, totalmassacre.com)

TOWANDA: *Freak of Nurture:* CS
Montreal's Towanda are a dose of pure, menacing anger straight into your eardrums. I immediately dug their dark and brooding riffs accented by chunky bass lines and Rosie Gripton's raw, angry vocals. "Pain Now, Pain Later," was my favorite track on the cassette, with all three members of the band playing on full overdrive. *Freak of Nurture* is easily a contender for my top ten releases of the year. The cassette is sold out as of this writing, but definitely pick

up the digital, and keep your ears out for future releases. –Paul J. Comeau (Girlsville.bandcamp.com)

TOXENES, THE: *Hot Rod:* 7"
I have a special soft spot for bands that are playing garage/punk rock'n'roll of this ilk in the present day. It was done to death in the 2000s, but somehow feels fresh again after a bit of a sabbatical. This four-track ripper by The Toxenes from Minneapolis is an incredible blast of revved-up Trashwomen style garage, but even louder. Extremely well recorded, with perfect amount of grit and clarity where needed. No questions needed why this is on a German record label, as they'd do quite well over there for sure. It's possible an old band of mine even played with one of their members in another group many years ago at the Alamo in Minneapolis? Or not. It's a big world out there. –Steve Adamyk (Killjoy)

TRASH KNIFE / DUMB VISION: Split: 7"
The Trash Knife side of this split makes me feel like maybe there is a place where riot grrrl is still something that people honor instead of something people diminish on the internet for cred with their punk friends. At their best moments, they sound like Philly neighbors Mannequin Pussy (a comparison I can't be the first to make), though by the final song I wanted to hear something as complex as the first song. The Dumb Vision side is fine, some Midwest pop punk that I would be cool with seeing on a bill but not something I'd seek out. –Theresa W. (Kitschy Spirit, kitschyspirit.com)

TRIXIE AND THE TRAINWRECKS: *3 Cheers to Nothing:* CD
Eh, whatever. Pretty standard rockabilly overlaying alt-country, including covers from Loretta Lynn and Hank Williams. I imagine that rockabilly folks might be into it, but not my scene. –Theresa W. (Voodoo Rhythm, voodoorhythm.com)

T-TOPS: *Disease:* 7"
This EP is somewhere between Jet and The Bronx, with a good, solid rock'n'roll base. The forward riffs and textured vocals give it a totally listenable quality, though it might not turn my head in a record store if I was browsing. I'll be interested to hear what the full length sounds like when they get a chance to open it up a little more. –Theresa W. (Deadfinger / Magnetic Eye, merhq.net)

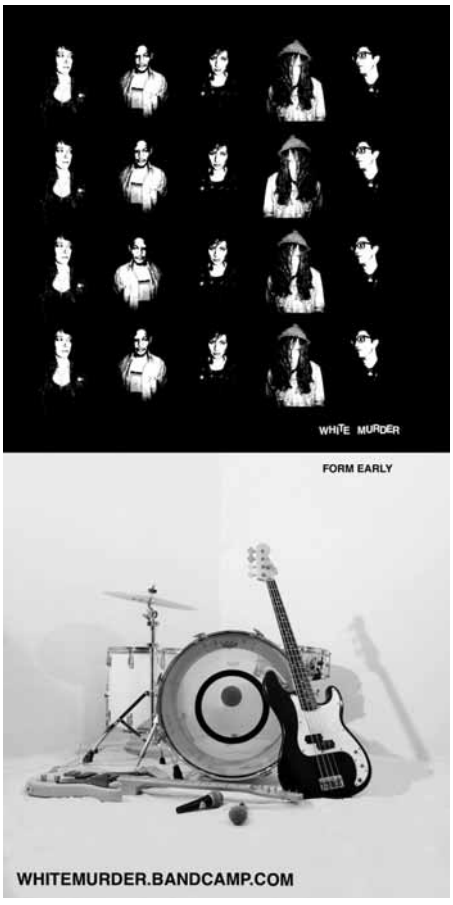
TURBONEGRO: *Rocknroll Machine:* LP
I realize we're seemingly light years past the weird times that were the '90s, and I fully realize that I haven't really listened to any Turbonegro records since their two classic records from the mid-'90s, *Ass Cobra* and *Apocalypse Dudes* (which are both straight-up classics), and I know Turbonegro put out a good amount of records over the past twenty years with a lot of lineup changes… but this has to be Turbonegro at their worst. Completely unoriginal AC/DC-styled rock that tries to be edgy but just falls flat in every way. The lyrics are as dumb as can be, seemingly trying to be shocking or offend at times, but they can't even seem do that right. This is a record so bland and uninspiring that I hope to never have to listen to it again. –Mark Twistworthy (Burger / Scandinavian Leather)

TV SLIME: *Slime Demon:* 7"
This EP of dark, distorted, moderately unhinged bass-heavy punk is mostly fine and unremarkable. But then there's side B opener "Timber," where TV Slime try buried agonized vocals, two repetitive chords and white noise guitars, and the result is hypnotic and compelling. They go for atmosphere and they land somewhere. –Matt Werts (Byaaaaaaah!)

TWIN GUNS: *Imaginary World:* LP
Even though the Big Neck label kind of has a built-in market without Gearhead or Estrus around, the releases I've explored have been consistently good. Loud, raw, aggressive punk rock with an emphasis on the later. Twin Guns continue that streak with their haunted greaser chic mix of Ventures reverb, spooky tremolo, and Gun Club sex beat. The sweaty leathered stranger who bumps into you at the bar but makes up for it by drunkenly apologizing with a new cold beer probably listens to Twin Guns (if you're lucky). The jacket art looks like a creepier version of Willie's *Red Headed Stranger* cover, which is a bonus. –Matt Seward (Big Neck, bigneckrecords.com)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Benefit for Big Frank:* LP
Assembled by Big Frank (bassist for Carry Nation, founder of Nemesis, tattoo artist, and more) in response to the label reaching out with an offer to raise money to help with his mounting medical bills. As with any compilation, the quality of bands varies, but I've found myself liking songs from some bands I've had a tough time getting into in the past, such as Himsa. Their Iron Maiden riffing can not be denied! Now, if they would let go of the 1990s breakdown stuff they would greatly improve. I can appreciate that Big Frank's taste is diverse in all sonic realms of the hard, fast, heavy, and loud stuff. Leviathan is on here, which for me was a welcome surprise. The pairing of his track with Done Dying works well, despite their apples and oranges genres. "Overcome" from Terror isn't too shabby either. It makes me want to do push ups until I pass out. Disfear close things off with their crushing Scandinavian hardcore assault with some NWOBHM riffing for extra ferocity. –Matt Average (Not Like You, notlikeyourecords.com)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *I've Got the Bible Belt around My Throat:* LP
Subtitled "A one-sided history of punk rock and hardcore form Alabama 1981-2003," this is a peek into how this punk thang has developed, however



one-sided this version may or may not be, in that state. Many of the bands here I've personally never heard of before—featured here, in order of appearance, are Ether Dogs, Grosses National Product, Knockabouts, The Accelerators, Ducky Boys, Dead Pigeons, Dispersion, Coup D'Etat, Vomit Spots, Random Conflict, The Order Of Flagellants, Crucial Change, The Slackers, Thik Chicken, The Jawas, and Green Beret—most put in some fine work that largely leans towards the hardcore side of the equation utilizing a variety of recording techniques, some rawer than others. The punker-cynic in me wonders how many members of the older bands here ultimately ended up embracing the culture they were rebelling against back then, but the punker-optimist in me wins out and I choose instead to remember fondly a time when a wildly varied segment of the country's youth thought we were gonna overthrow the established order with frenetic beats and weird haircuts. Good reppin' here, 'Bama. –Jimmy Alvarado (Foreign Legion, facebook.com / OurWayofLifeOi)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:
***Quarter Hour of Power:* 7"**
What an awesome little record—Encapsulated Records scores another direct hit! This is a fourteen-track compilation of St. Louis bands, and it's great stuff start to finish. Who knew St. Louis had such variety available in underground music? The tunes range from poppy, hypnotic Sleater-Kinney-ish stuff to blunt, aggressive hardcore and everything punky in between. Every one of the songs is a winner (with maybe one exception that will remain anonymous), and given the sheer volume of bands on it, I will not take the time to hone in on any of the songs individually. This is without a doubt, though, one of the best records I've heard this year. It also comes with a download code, so failure to be analog is no excuse for not getting this. –The Lord Kveldulfr (Encapsulated)

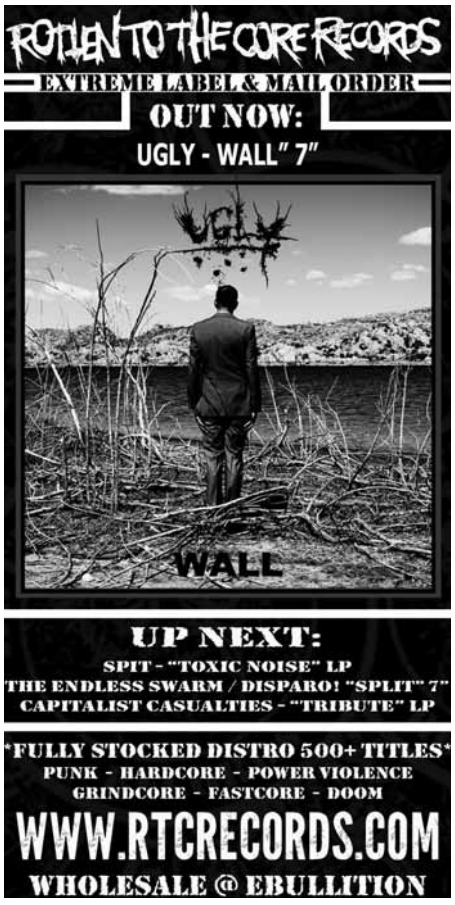
VERBAL ASSAULT: *Trial:* LP
Clear, crisp, and clean are the best ways to describe the remastering effort with this reissue. Each song seems to have a purpose—never give up, always keep searching, and maintain persistence when all hope is lost until you reach the end. On paper, that may look flimsy. On record, the band sells it with conviction: "Commitment is not measured by the months but by the years." Give this a spin and you will realize we need this now more than ever. Superb. –Sean Koepenick (Atomic Action, atomicactionrecords@gmail.com)

WAR ON WOMEN:
***Capture the Flag:* 12"**
This is the long-anticipated (to me, at least) sophomore follow-up to 2015's self-titled debut LP and an über-promising EP from 2012. Right now, I can't imagine this won't be one of my favorite records of 2018. It's everything that you'd expect from War On Women—unapologetic and clever lyrics over fast and clean hardcore that is creative instead of derivative (surely, this is what makes some people reluctant to call it hardcore, like Pitchfork's description of the band as "hardcore inspired alt-rock," but they can bite me). Even with some lineup changes, they sound tight as ever, losing none of the exuberance of Potter's live performance that makes the band such a force. The lyrics are as biting and aggressive as you've come to expect, but a bonus for this record is that the band also released a college-level workbook that is "based on the lyrics and themes" of the record. To my mind, this speaks volumes to the spirit of punk and hardcore that's aimed at actually communicating with people on multiple levels. I can't believe how much I learned as a young person reading the liner notes of records like Propagandhi's *Today's Empires, Tomorrow's Ashes* and I'm stoked that this could do that for young people today. –Theresa W. (Bridge Nine, bridge9.com)

WEATHERED STATUES:
***Borderlands:* LP**
A platter's worth of chilly, thunderous tunes here, bringing to mind stuff like Signal Lost or Arctic Flowers if they'd unrepentantly embraced their goth and darkwave sides. Think the Epoxies or the Nuns if they'd eschewed buoyancy for coldness and you're getting close. Utterly convincing stuff, and if I have a complaint it's that some of the songs have a tendency to go on a bit long, but the atmosphere here is so rich and textured that you don't mind getting a little lost in it. I bet this band is fun as hell live. Recommended. –Keith Rosson (Svart)

WOORMS / A HANGING: Split: 7"
Two bayou bands on a split of sludgy hardcore. Woorms go down the dirty, sludgy, left hand path with their five-minute, two-part head nodder. A Hanging go for the throat with three short, fast, thrashy slices of NOLA grit. –Chad Williams (Paranoize, paranoizenola.com)

YOUNG ROCHELLES, THE:
Self-titled: LP
This extremely catchy pop punk LP is the debut full-length from a Long Beach, N.Y. band that spent the past five years playing tons of shows and churning out a series of great 7"s. I am happy to report that this long player is well worth the wait. Plowing through fourteen tracks in twenty-five minutes, The Young Rochelles understand the value of keeping it short and sweet. Lovable and instantly retainable—the way pop punk should be—this album is a hit! –Art Ettinger (Sounds Rad)


ROTTEN TO THE CORE RECORDS
EXTREME LABEL & MAIL ORDER
OUT NOW:
UGLY - WALL" 7"
WALL
UP NEXT:
SPIT - "TOXIC NOISE" LP
THE ENDLESS SWARM / DISPARO! "SPLIT" 7"
CAPITALIST CASUALTIES - "TRIBUTE" LP
FULLY STOCKED DISTRO 500+ TITLES
PUNK - HARDCORE - POWER VIOLENCE
GRINDCORE - FASTCORE - DOOM
WWW.RTCRECORDS.COM
WHOLESALE @ EBULLITION

NEW JUNK CITY "SAME PLACES" LP OUT OCT 12TH

PRE-ORDER AT NIGHT ANIMAL RECORDS BANDCAMP

OUT NOW:

BLACK PAW 7"
(EX RUMSPRINGER)

NOISY NEIGHBORS 7"
(TEXAS GRINDCORE)

ORGAN DEALER NERVE GRIND SPLIT 7" INVERTEBRATE

NO QUESTION 7"
(MADISON HARDCORE/POWER VIOLENCE)

THE RIDICULOUSES 7"
(MEMBERS OF RAGING NATHANS RED CONTAINYS HOOKER SPIT WIMPIX)

NEW / UPCOMING RELEASES

REBELLION 2018 NEW BANDS INTRODUCING STAGE

50 BANDS ON THE NEW / INTRODUCING STAGE 2018. AVAILABLE AT REBELLION INTRO STAGE OR ONLINE AT JSNTGM.COM OR VIA BANDCAMP

HIGGINS AND THE MAGIC OF THE MARKETPLACE

DREAM CONSUMER DREAM PRE-ORDER – LIMITED 200 RUN ON 12" YELLOW VINYL AND CD. AVAILABLE VIA JSNTGM.COM OR BANDCAMP. SHIPS IN OCTOBER 2018

JUST SAY NO TO GOVERNMENT MUSIC RECORDS BLEMPOOL, ENGLAND

WWW.JSNTGM.COM
WWW.JSNTGMRECORDS.BANDCAMP.COM
EMAIL: ANDY@ WWW.JSNTGM.COM

CONTACT ADDRESSES

to bands and labels that were reviewed either in this issue or recently posted on razorcake.org.

Adagio830,
Marchlewski Straβe 107,
10243 Berlin, Germany
Alien Snatch,
Rodenbergstraβe 31,
10439 Berlin, Germany
Bcore, C/ Montmany 25,
08012 Barcelona, Spain
Big Neck,
39877 Thomas Mill Rd.,
Leesburg, VA 20175
Black Water,
PO Box 5223,
Portland, OR 97208-5223
Boss Tuneage, PO Box 124,
Belford, Northumberland
NE66 9EE, United Kingdom
Burger,
645 S. State College Blvd.,
#A, Fullerton, CA 92831
Dead Beat,
PO Box 361392,
Cleveland, OH 44136
Dead Broke, 139 Huber
Ave., Holbrook, NY 11741
Dead Society,
74 Birchmont Dr., Leduc
AB, T9E 8N6, Canada
Deathwish, 59 Park St.,
Beverly, MA 01915
Deranged c/o Gordon
Dufresne, 2700 Lower Rd.,
Roberts Creek, BC, V0N
2W4, Canada
Dig!, 212-A Loudoun St.
SE, Leesburg, VA 20175
Dirt Cult,
79030 NE Prescott St.,
Portland, OR 97218

Dirtnap, PO Box 7533,
Madison, WI 53707
Dischord, 3819 Beecher
St. N.W., Washington, DC
20007-1802
Don Giovanni, PO Box
628, Kingston, NJ 08528
Encapsulated,
2607 A Bellevue Ave.,
St. Louis, MO 63143
Fat Wreck Chords, 2196
Palou Ave., SF, CA 94124
Feel It, PO Box 25045,
Richmond, VA 23260
FTWNU2, PO Box 822,
Hopkins, MN 55343
Fysisk Format,
Postboks 8828 Youngstorget,
N-0028 Oslo, Norway
Gunner,
PO Box 105824, 28058
Bremen, Germany
Hold Fast, PO Box 12311,
Hamtramck, MI 48212
Hound Gawd!,
Lychener Strasse 7, 10437
Berlin, Germany
Iron Lung, PO Box 80172,
Seattle, WA 98108
It's Alive, 11411 Hewes St.,
Orange, CA 92869
Learning Curve,
PO Box 18378,
Minneapolis, MN 55418
Looney Tunes, 69
Wykeham St., Scarborough,
N. Yorks, Y012 78A, UK
Lost Cat, 717 Callaway St.
#E, St. Joseph, MN 56374

Luftslott, c/o Lindkvist,
Furuvägen 10, 91335
Holmsund, Sweden
Major Letdown,
7074 S. Clarkson St.,
Continental, CO 80122
Monster Zero, Innsbruck,
Triol, Austria, Europe
Neck Chop, PO Box 5635,
Fullerton, CA 92838
New Audio Terror,
2127 2nd Ave. #210,
Seattle, WA 98121
No Front Teeth, PO Box
27070, London, N2 9ZP, UK
Not Like You, 102
Richmond Dr. SE,
Albuquerque, NM 87106
Paranoize, PO Box 2334,
Marrero, LA 70073
Peterwalkee,
299 West Delavan Ave.,
Buffalo, NY 14213
Pirates Press,
1260 Powell St.,
Emeryville, CA 94608
Plague Boys, 2307 Windsor
Rd. #2, Austin, TX 78703
Rad Girlfriend,
2311 Munger Pointe Dr.,
Dayton, OH 45459
Rat Town, PO Box 50803,
Jax Beach, FL 32240
Records Ad Nauseum,
1443 Highland Ave.,
LA, CA 90028
Red Scare c/o Tobias Jeg,
4625 Hazel Ave., Apt. 1F,
Philadelphia, PA 19143

Right Is Wrong c/o C.K.,
5302 Duke Fld., San
Antonio, TX 78227
Sabotage, C/O Klein Von
Wisenberg, Fehrfeld 28,
28203 Bremen, Germany
Screen Test,
3040 Cook St., Victoria, BC
V8T 3T1 Canada
Slope, 11430 N. Cave Creek
Rd., Sunnyslope, AZ 85020
Snappy Little Numbers,
PO Box 370602, Denver,
CO 80237
Sorry State,
317 W. Morgan St., Ste.
#105, Raleigh, NC 27601
Sounds Rad, 5203
Columbia Rd. Suite A,
Columbia, MD 21044
Stardumb,
PO Box 21145, 3001 AC
Rotterdam, The Netherlands
Sudden Death, Cascades
PO Box 43001, Burnaby,
BC V5G 3HO Canada
Svart, Hämeentie 13A,
00530 Helsinki, Finland
TNS, 17 Heywood Rd.,
Prestwich, Manchester M25
1FB, England
Total Life Society, PO Box
6592, Cleveland, OH 44101
Total Massacre,
7955 Haskell Ave. #6,
Van Nuys, CA 91406
**Valley King / Secret
Serpents,** PO Box 533,
Novato, CA 94948

RAZORCAKE RECORD REVIEW GUIDELINES AND FAQS

• The address to send all review material is Razorcake, PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042. You may address it to specific reviewers. Just make sure they're active.

• Full album art is required for a review. Pre-releases go into the trash.

• We will not review download cards or a link to an album.

• We will not review a CD-R version of a vinyl release.

• We know mail's expensive, but we send full copies of the zine as a thanks to all who send us material to review (if your postal address is provided).

• Put a postal address on each and every piece of music sent in. Many packages get separated and given to different reviewers.

• Reviews may take six months. Be patient. We're bi-monthly and have reviewers worldwide.

ZINE REVIEWS

Send all zines for review to:
Razorcake,
PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042
Please include a postal address (that's how we trade), the number of pages, the price, and whether or not you accept trades.

***Trust* is one of the longest-running zines in the world.**

–Art Ettinger
TRUST #190

ADRIFT, 5½" x 8½", copied, full color cover, 16 pgs.
Earth is uninhabitable or else destroyed completely; it's not totally clear in *Adrift*. A survivor, perhaps the only one, floats through space in a capsule and this collection of poetry is of her isolation. She reflects on her time on earth and her current state of loneliness and exile. Patti Jean Pangborn has the nuance and quiet dignity to bring you into the mind of this sequestered, reluctant astronaut. With a lesser writer this would come across as trite or forced, but Pangborn pulls it off to create an introspective and inward study of the human condition. –Craven Rock (spacecowboybooks.com)

ASYMMETRICAL ANTI-MEDIA, Issue 1, $1, stamps or trade, 5½" x 8½", 6 pgs.
A short, photocopied zine review zine that focuses more on the esoteric and the fringe. Most of the zines that are reviewed seem to reflect the sentiment of its author, old school zinemaker Jason Rodgers, who has no love lost for the internet and the information age. It's a great resource if you want to order some zines. –Craven Rock (Jason Rodgers, PO Box 10894, Albany, NY 12201)

BIG TAKEOVER, THE, #82, $5.99, 8½" x 11", printed, 144 pgs.
You must know the *Big Takeover*, right? Since 1980, editor Jack Rabid has lived up to his name, obsessively interviewing and reviewing bands from the punk and indie scenes. This time around, bands like Yo La Tengo, No Age, and X (wuddup, Berlyant!) are interviewed. Tons of reviews, too. Each new issue reminds me of the days when *Big Takeover* was one of a dozen zines I'd pick up on a trip to Newbury Comics. Now, that number has dwindled drastically because there aren't as many stores, or zines—but the *Big Takeover* survives. At six bucks for 144 pages, it's a steal, whether you're a longtimer or first timer. Worth seeking out. –Michael T. Fournier (shop.bigtakeover.com)

CIAO CIAO PAGES #1, free, 4¼" x 5½", copied, 16 pgs.
The Giallo subgenre, the love child of horror and mystery, is only really known by hardcore horror fans. Ciao Ciao focuses on this genre as an extension of their podcast. Its first issue deals with one famous actress in the genre, Edwige Fenech, who became an Italian sex symbol. This zine is, in essence, a fanzine/review zine, but it's a great primer to those who want to learn more about one of the genre's best and sexiest actors. It gives you the seven best films to start with, to get yourself into the Fenech bandwagon. The tone of the zine is very much in the eyes of a huge fanboy whose infatuation with Edwige Fenech is really endearing, happy, and wide-eyed. It's gotten me interested in some of these gory sex romps, and I'm taking this list with me to find these films. The scale in which the movies are rated is pretty great, too, taking into account how good the film is and how fashionable Edwige Fenech is. –Iggy Nicklbottum (Creep, giallociaociao.com)

DEAD IN HOLLYWOOD #3, $3, 5" x 5½", LaserJet, 24 pgs.
The Menendez Brothers are the subject of this extremely well-made and thick zine. Inside is what looks like a website made in the late '90s and early '00s, with information about the case in great, but brief, detail. The design is amazing, and at times funny. One section plasters "Power Bottom" on the face of Jose Menendez, and there's a section that creates a poster of the Menendez Brothers calling them "Scum Fuck Flower Boys." I love some humor in the face of gory death. If you're a lazy ass true crime fan, this may be a series you'd love to read. It has great detailed information (with sources!) in just twenty-four pages. –Iggy Nicklbottum (Castroburger, deadinhollywood.com)

DEEP FRIED ZINE MPLS #14, $1, 5½" x 8½", copied, 20 pgs.
"The Mall Issue" indeed—*Deep Fried* #14 boasts blurbs and features on such pillars of mall culture as boycottable fast food chains, mall cops, mall punk hairstyles, and Kevin Smith's *Mallrats*. There are cheeky reviews of various Minnesota malls and an activity page with a maze that leads to Hot Topic. Seamlessly interwoven with the general mall content are brief mall-centric interviews with the bands Dreamdecay, Mommy Long Legs, Wimps, and Sass. In keeping with *Deep Fried*'s greasy fast food theme, Sass is asked to rank the staples of the food court (Orange Julius comes out on top). Perfectly irreverent reading material for when you've got nothing to do but ride the escalators up and down all afternoon. –Indiana Laub (No address listed)

FIXER ERASER #5, $3, 5 ½" x 8½", copied, 22 pgs.
Jonas's latest issue of *Fixer Eraser* comes just a few months after his last. It's got the same general layout—black pages (oh the toner!) with blocks of white filled with black typewriter print. What it lacks in design it makes up for in fictional tales of messages in a bottle, echo chambers, friendship speed dating, and ghosts in hospitals. Jonas's writing is exploratory of a great range of emotions, primarily on loss and reflection. While the tales are fictional, there's a large amount of personal experience included (I know this from having interviewed Jonas about mental health). Some of these pieces could easily be developed into longer stories and with that is my only complaint: I wish the zine had been a bit longer. As it stands, they're brief glimpses of things that need more detail and description, but they're a good start and certainly worth reading. –Kurt Morris (Jonas, PO Box 633, Chicago, IL 60690)

FLUKE #4, $6, 5½" x 8½", offset, 52 pgs.
Fluke is one of those zines that I wish was a hundred pages or more each issue. It really is one of the best out there. This issue is the "Lust for Life" issue, which as stated on the last page, is "about getting older yet still following one's passion." This issue has excellent interviews with Ian MacKaye, Gary Floyd, Mike Watt, and photographer Adam Smith, who has gone as far as living in his car to follow his passion through and get the photos. There's also a story from Linda Kite about her time with D. Boon, Steve Hart of *New Wave Chicken* zine has a story about Tex the Magical Rooster, and more. Buy this for yourself and see. –Matt Average (PO Box 1547, Phoenix, AZ 85001)

LAST NIGHT AT THE CASINO #13, $3, 4½" x 5½", copied, 39 pgs.
I don't know why it's taken me until issue thirteen to read *Last Night at the Casino* for the first time. I'm kind of bummed I haven't because this is great. As Billy (who also does the long-running zine, *Proof I Exist*) points out, the reason people like this zine is because it serves as a doorway between the capitalist world of gambling (where Billy has worked for years) and the anti-capitalist world of punk rock. A big change has occurred with this issue, though. Billy quit his job working as a dealer at a casino in New Mexico and moved to Baltimore. However, he can't stay away from the gambling bug and decides to start dealing at private parties (think fundraisers or holiday parties where no one uses real money but instead does it for fun and/or prizes). This issue is all about his experiences with those parties. And it is fascinating! The events are so varied he finds himself at a charity event attended by professional football players and then at an elegant booster club fundraiser for black college fraternities. The writing follows a step-by-step account of the various gigs Billy has, and thus isn't very imaginative or exploratory, but it provides great insight into a world of which I know very little. If you have even the faintest interest in casino culture and a sense of curiosity, this zine is for you! –Kurt Morris (Billy, PO Box 22551, Baltimore, MD 21203, iknowbilly@gmail.com)

MAXIMUM ROCK'N'ROLL #422, $4.99, 8½" x 11", newsprint, 112 pgs.
One of my favorite parts of *Maximum Rock'n'roll* is the columns. While the ones in this issue varied in terms of quality, I did want to make a special mention of the "Sex Work Is Real Work" column by Natly Loveless. Sex work is such an important thing to discuss and any attempts to humanize it are worthwhile. So, it's very cool that *MRR* gives it a place in their pages. As for the interviews, once again it's a thorough collection of bands I've never heard of, including Muro, Haircut, Gen Pop, and more. It seemed that in more than prior issues, the band

interviews were rather dull. Even if you're not into the bands *Razorcake* covers, it can be interesting reading the interviews because they have a conversational tone. A number of the interviews in the latest issue of *Maximum Rock'n'roll* are simple Q&A. I'm guessing they were done via email. They remind me of the kind I used to do when I had a fanzine in the '90s. Such interviews can be interesting, but they don't allow much of an interest to build in the band unless you already know who the act is. All of this means that this issue is rather lackluster compared to others I've read recently. –Kurt Morris (MRR, PO Box 460760 SF, CA 94146-0760)

MINIMUM ROCK + ROLL #11, $1, 5½" x 4¼", copied, 6 pgs.
Compact zine containing compact interviews of indie bands! This issue features interviews with New Jersey band Secretary Legs and new label State Champion Records. Also features record reviews of Eureka, California (the band), Temporary Eyesore, Heavy Pockets, Talk, Tired Thanatoid, Tim Woulfe, and Moon Racer. Please note that the handwriting in this mini-zine is very wee, so break out your glasses! –Tricia Ramos (Minimum Rock + Roll, no address listed)

OUT FROM THE VOID, 6½" x 8", copied, 14 pgs.
This is a long piece on missing persons and the author's obsession with them. To be honest, the first few pages rubbed me the wrong way. It felt like the author had an unhealthy obsession with missing people in the same way people geek out over serial killers or devour true crime pulp. *I get it,* I thought, *this is how you're dealing with your mortality.* I'm okay with someone having such morbid obsessions, but to put together a zine with real missing people's photos and discussing how and when they disappeared seemed a little exploitive. Closer inspection reveals this is a reprinted column of the same name that runs in *Eugene Weekly*. The author writes it because he "think(s) missing people matter. That getting to the bottom of things matters" and he "wants cases to get solved." Whether it comes from a place of compassion or is a subconscious way of dealing with mortality, fear, or inner darkness (probably a bit of each) he does something positive with this obsession. It's a lot more than I can say for myself. If real life stuff like this gets under my skin, I just put on some movie about kids getting hacked up at a summer camp to ease the anxiety. –Craven Rock (outfromthevoid@yahoo.com)

POSSUMS DON'T GET RABIES, $?, 4¼" x 5½", copied, 84 pgs.
Technically a novella but produced and printed as a zine, *Possums Don't Get Rabies* follows a pair of unlikely companions—a demon named Iodine, and their familiar/love/lover, an opossum named Chernobyl. Desolate and heart-wrenching but beautiful, *Possums Don't Get Rabies* works as an allegorical tale of coming-of-age and love, in sickness and in health. Would you die for the people you love most? What would you do to keep them alive? Simple in formatting and copy, this story sticks with you. Ripe with quirky metaphor, fascinated with birth, death, and all the human (or, in this case, demon and possum) parts in-between, this is worth the read for anyone who loves an eccentric, gritty, and meaningful journey through the city and life. Also, the author, Arthur Sprague at Blue Snake Zines, is super sweet and will probably send you homemade lick and stick stickers or other fun stuff with your order. –Jimmy Cooper (bluesnakezines.tumblr.com)

PROOF I EXIST #28, $2, 4½" x 5½", copied, 35 pgs.
I've read *Proof I Exist* on and off for well over ten years. I've always enjoyed Billy's writing, but this issue is by far the best he's ever done. On a superficial level, the paper stock and typewriter he used are beautiful. The paper is off-white and the type is kind of black but also kind of blue. Whatever it is, it makes the words easy to read. The content, on the other hand, is more difficult to swallow. But that's not because of how Billy writes (to the contrary!) but because of what he's covering. This issue delves into Billy's relationship with Aaron, his brother. Aaron and Billy grew up in what seems to be a good household. But as the brothers grew older, Billy steered clear of substances while Aaron got involved heavily. It got to the point where the two brothers were fairly well estranged from one another. This was primarily because Aaron went missing for periods due to drug and alcohol use. I don't want to give away the entire content, but the writing is compelling and deep. It goes back and forth between Aaron's story with drugs and Billy's life without them. Aaron's life is tragic and Billy doesn't shy away from that, but neither does he hit you over the head with it. This is, ultimately, not a hopeful tale, but as Billy reminds us in the zine, "this isn't a movie, and the final scenes of resolution aren't coming through all clean and smooth…." If you've ever had a family member struggle with addiction, or want to understand the pain of what that is like, this is essential. For more info, email iknowbilly@gmail.com. –Kurt Morris (Billy, PO Box 22551, Baltimore, MD 21203)

QUEERFUCK: THE BIG ONE, free, 5½" x 8½", copied, 26 pgs.
Stressing over a comprehensive, queer-inclusive sexual health resource? Look no further! Longtime sex educator Eli Scriver provides an awesome guide to everything you could possibly want to know (and maybe a little more) in the first volume of *Queerfuck*. It's handwritten and drawn with a few handy printed graphics, which is super cute. Don't worry, though, all the words and diagrams are easy to read, which is often a problem with zines done by hand. The overall visual is cute and welcoming, unlike many a sexual health resource. It's perfect for educators and educatees alike, especially those whose school and parent-provided sex ed. was lacking (and whose among us wasn't?). *The Big One* even includes a section for "Things They Don't Tell Us" and "LIES," aimed at correcting misconceptions folks may have picked up along the way, in addition to the basic information that composes most of the zine. There may be more issues coming, so watch out! –Jimmy Cooper (eli.scriver@gmail.com)

Perfectly irreverent reading material for when you've got nothing to do but ride the escalators up and down all afternoon.

–Indiana Laub | DEEP FRIED ZINE MPLS #14

READY FOR WAR, $13 ppd., 5½" x 8½", fanzine booklet, 100 pgs.
The term "battle jacket" isn't one I was immediately familiar with. It's what the photographer of *Ready for War* calls a denim jacket or vest covered in patches, studs, pins, et cetera. In over one hundred photographs from 2013 to 2018 inside this glossy booklet, we see the backs of various punks and metalheads and their battle jackets. Seeing all the personalized jackets from pristine patches in a row, to faded and cracked paint pen-scrawled band names, they're all so unique of each individual. I've always liked seeing people's design choices (or lack thereof?) for the back of their vests and jackets, and these full color photos do not disappoint. The zine also includes two postcards with eight different battle jacket pictures on them. –Tricia Ramos (Ready for War, adelsouto@adelsouto.com)

SHOES FANZINE #8: INTERVIEWS OLD & NEW
$3, free to prisoners, 5½" x 8½", copied, 71 pgs.
Vancouver punk, Nate—whom you might know from great bands like Siren Songs, Poor Form, and Unfun—dropped this zine full of interviews and you're really going to want to get it. Each interview is with people who are friends with Nate, so the tone is relaxed and casual. This also gives him the advantage of knowing what's interesting about his subjects and drawing that out. With Karmin, he has her talk about sailing the Pacific Ocean, a quixotic seven month, 8,600 mile trip she took with her father. They barely escaped with their lives during a lightning storm. For the thrills, this harrowing tale was by far my favorite interview. Nate's childhood buddy, Will, talks about organizing Anti-Racist Action in Sarnia, Ontario in the nineties. He talks to Matt Hern, author of *What Is a City for: Remaking the Politics of Displacement* and other titles about gentrification and rises above the same tired conversation that's usually had about it. Shellshag talk about their history in the San Francisco punk scene, 50 Million, Hickey and more. And with Cometbus, he recycles questions he asked him from an interview in 1999, then he prints his current answer and the one from way back then. –Craven Rock (Nate/Shoes Fanzine, PO Box 88023, Chinatown, Vancouver, BC V6A 4A4, shoesfanzine@hotmail.com)

SLINGSHOT #127, free, 11" x 17", newsprint, 16 pgs.
Does it get more classic than *Slingshot*? The radical newspaper behind punk's most ubiquitous daily planner celebrated its thirtieth birthday this year, and it's clearly still going strong. As usual, this one is packed with insightful pieces on a broad range of issues. This time, major articles cover topics including

erik nervous, bikini cops, impotentie, the fritz, iss, freak genes, fashionism, the whiffs, sex tourists, denim and leather, dark thoughts, slumb party, personality cult, c.h.e.w. vanilla poppers

drunken sailor records.

DEBUT 7" OUT THIS FALL

SEAGULLS (ATL)

FEAT ART BY KEITH ROSSON

DEBTOFFENSIVERECS.COM

MINT RECORDS

DUMB
SEEING GREEN
LP/CASSETTE/CD/DIGITAL

LIÉ
HOUNDS
LP/CASSETTE/DIGITAL
SPLIT RELEASE WITH MONOFONUS PRESS

PEACH KELLI POP
GENTLE LEADER
LP/CD/DIGITAL

www.mintrecs.com @mintrecords

Sometimes local legends

GRABBAG

are better than they sound

FLORIDACORE EP AVAILABLE NOW!

grabbag-floridacore.hearnow.com
grabbag.bandcamp.com

the defense of forests in Northern California, the dangers facing sex workers in an increasingly hostile political climate, and ongoing activism against police violence around the States. I was also impressed by the thorough and thoughtful discussion in the "Dear Joan" advice column about how punk scenes deal with sexual assault. Everything in here is remarkably accessible in style and content, even the pieces on topics I know little to nothing about. That accessibility is exactly how *Slingshot*, after all these years, can be both a regular read for longtime activists and a manageable point of entry for newly minted young (or old) anarcho punx. As the jubilant editors' note explains, the strength of the Slingshot Collective lies in the diversity of its members' and writers' radical imaginations—as shifting and conflicting as some of their ideas may seem, each is a strong-willed "attack on reality" in its own way. –Indiana Laub (Slingshot, PO Box 3051, Berkeley, CA 94703, slingshotcollective@protonmail.com)

$PARE ¢HANGE #36, $3ppd. or trade, 5½" x 8½", copied, 40 pgs.
Long-running zine $*pare ¢hange* starts off with a declaration that this issue will be the first of a series of collections of flyers from their own house shows. Located in Chattanooga, Tenn., lies a punk house called "Anarchtica." The author gives us punk tips and info on what exactly is a "punk house" and how to throw successful shows in one. Throughout are small stories about the house shows and tons of flyers. Pretty straightforward; probably a good zine to grab if you're one of the locals who attends a lot of shows there. –Tricia Ramos ($pare ¢hange, PO Box 6023, Chattanooga, TN 37401)

TRUST #190, €3, offset, 8" x 11¼", 68 pgs.
The German language publication *Trust* is one of the longest-running zines in the world. I don't speak German, so I can't read it, but it sure is pretty. Formatted similarly to *MRR* and *Razorcake*, it's packed with columns, articles, and reviews. This issue's highlights include coverage of Phantom Winter, Refuse Records, Martin Büsser, Joseph Boys, Hank Wood, and Hairy Lights. Nice! –Art Ettinger (Trust, Postfach 11 07 62, 28087 Bremen, Germany)

XEROGRAPHY DEBT #43, $4, 5½" x 8½", printed, 74 pgs.
I still get a kick out of sitting down with a pile of zines and reading through reviews, circling records and zines to seek out via mailorder. As such, *Xerography Debt* is right in my wheelhouse: columnists review zines on their radar screens. It's been a few years since the last issue I read, but the format remains the same: per the mission statement inside, the columnists/reviewers are all about hyping stuff they like rather than bashing stuff they don't. It's nice to have such a collection of positivity handy for mailorder scouring. –Michael T. Fournier (order through Microcosm: microcosmpublishing.com)

YELLOW WALLS: THE MONKEY BIZNESS CONFESSIONS
$5/no trades, 5½" x 8½", copied, 60 pgs.
Author Chris Kill provides a comic chronicle of his time working at an indoor kid's playground. He and his co-workers are young and raw, and behave accordingly throughout. I know this is supposed to be a funny rendering of the good ol' days at the job, smoking weed and having parties at the place after hours, so I tried to read accordingly. Mostly, though, it made me sad by reminding me of times when I was similarly young, stupid, and obliviously entitled. –Michael T. Fournier (11051 Grassyglen Dr., Houston, TX 77064)

***Slingshot*, after all these years, can be both a regular read for longtime activists and a manageable point of entry for newly minted young (or old) anarcho punx.** **–Indiana Laub | SLINGSHOT #127**

SPIDDER #19, $?, 5½" x 8½", copied, 16 pgs.
This one's all over the place—some comics, some tour photos, some cool illustrations, a short interview, some meditations on Southern blues highway ghosts… wait, what? The few pages of prose in this zine seem somewhat intentionally obscure and meandering, but I think what they culminate in is a brief, hyperliterary take on a tour journal. Based on the details provided, I'm finding it easier to picture what the smoky hills and cemeteries looked like from the road than to determine exactly what exactly happened when, and to whom. The bands are in Japan at some point? A Japanese band is playing in New Orleans? Maybe it's not for me to know. –Indiana Laub (No address listed)

STILL SANDLER #1, $?, 5½" x 8½", LaserJet, 20 pgs.
I was handed this zine at Pomona Zine Fest by Ever Velasquez, and was told it was a zine about Adam Sandler. Obviously, I laughed a bit and thought, "Damn. This is gonna be something." Before I started reading this, I thought again about what a great concept this could be as a study of Adam Sandler's insane movies. This is an interesting zine. It focuses on three movies of Adam Sandler's career. Each movie includes two essays on the film and a really strange narrative on the film. These narratives are really weird, have run-on sentences, and confuse me. It's interesting but needs some work on the writing. I'm just glad they're not blind Sandler fans, because that would be an awful zine. Also, if I read "Mr. Sandler" one more damn time, like he deserves this title, I'm going to explode into a bunch of disgusting Little Nickys. –Iggy Nicklbottum (Arlen Beck, Jeremy Leasure, and Renjit Rajan)

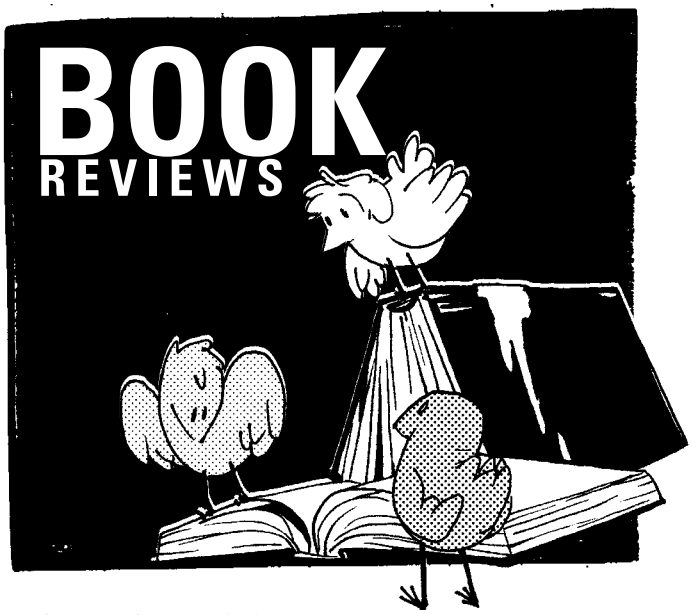
subTERRAIN #79, $7, 8" x 8", printed, 96 pgs.
I love when this Canadian litmag hits my mailbox. *subTerrain* consistently features excellent writing, usually themed. This time around the editors and writers conduct an issue-long lament titled "Goodbye, Vancouver." The general story is likely familiar: development and real estate prices are forcing longtime denizens out. The depth of this loss is relayed not just through stories on real estate (though there are these), but also through discussions of squats, old theaters, and through photo essays and poetry. The Vancouver situation is sadly all too common, but the level of nuance with which it's discussed here is sadly uncommon. Always a recommended read, this issue especially hits hard. –Michael T. Fournier (PO Box 3008, Main Post Office, Vancouver, BC, V6B 3X5, Canada)

YOKAI WHY, $2, 4¼" x 11", copied, 20 pgs.
I dig the humor of this zine right away. It's always the little things that make me laugh, and the first joke with the little kid was hilarious. Unfortunately, I can't really say much about it without ruining the joke. But that little kid's reaction to fucking disaster is great! The story follows a demon hunter's reluctant path into turning something she hates into a profitable job. She reeks of regret in every panel, but continues because we all hate our jobs but need money. This is just an intro to the series, but I'm interested enough to see what happens next. Well, I was sufficiently interested until I saw that the next issue would include an otaku, and that is not a character I would ever want to see continually. Then, there was promise of a ghost puppy, so I was pulled back in. –Iggy Nicklbottum (Tina Horton, Dan Candal, and Conor Rank, yokaiwhy.tumblr.com)

YOU SHOULD HEAR THIS!, $3, 5½" x 8½", copied, 24 pgs.
A fun, light mini-comic about music Ricky loves. In *You Should Hear This!* he deconstructs artists he likes like AFI, Jeff Rosenstock (Bomb The Music Industry), and Weezer. You don't have to be a fan of these bands to enjoy these comics, but you should be a fellow music freak. He also gives us "6 Skull-crushing Songs about Pro-wrestling," lauds the breakdancing game, Floor Kids, and there's more. I'm not going to give it all away. My only complaint is it was too short. –Craven Rock (rickyvigil.bigcartel.com, rickyvigil@gmail.com)

ZINE CUISINE #4, $4, 5½" x 8½", copied, 32 pgs.
Hey, here's another offering by *Zine Cuisine* on the topic of winter in L.A. with the coolest artists in the area. I swear that was not supposed to be a pun or anything. It's got some great stories like the one by Ari that's a boundless comic on the troubles of gifts. It's not a new topic but the art style, humor, and fixation with My Super Ex-Girlfriend makes it memorable. There's also this Whodunit? a la The Thing that has diarrhea jokes. I'm a sucker for diarrhea jokes. It's poop jokes for someone with fine taste. Some artworks are a little confusing, narratively, but this is a great anthology nonetheless with lots of great stories.
–Iggy Nicklbottum (Dan Kosmo, crookedghostproductions@gmail.com)

VIVA
LAS
VEGAS
APRIL
18TH-21ST
2019
©VINCE RAY
ROCKABILLY
WEEKEND
22
www.vivalasvegas.net



Confessions of a Radical Chicano Doo-Wop Singer
By Rubén Funkahuatl Guevara, 376 pgs.

Rubén Guevara's musical-artistic career has been something like a cross between Laurie Anderson's performance art and Rudy Ray Moore's willingness to try anything that might allow him to make a living in show business. He appeared on the '60s teen pop/rock/R&B showcase *Shindig*, was part of the L.A. punk scene—all of the East L.A punk bands from that era that I've heard of make an appearance in the book—and he has devoted much of his creative energy to the Chicano cultural and political struggles.

His memoir documents in detail the shows he's performed in, what the shows consisted of, and who was on the bill. On the one hand, it's not always the most compelling reading. On the other hand, every so often, there's going be someone who wants to know all of those details of a specific show, and they will freak with joy that this book exists.

It's also a memoir of his life, which includes a lot of interesting L.A. history, and a lot of passages in which, as The Hound In Winter, he looks back on his life as a ladies' man, not uncommon for a memoirist in his '70s, but, at times, it's like what I assume it's like to read about former FBI Director James Comey's childhood: *That's not why we're reading this book, sir*.

As I've written about another University of California Press release, the book is expensive, so have a library order it. –Jim Woster (University of California Press, ucpress.edu)

Hard Stuff, The: Dope, Crime, the MC5 & My Life of Possibilities
By Wayne Kramer, 296 pgs.

Mike Faloon and I did a Midwest tour in support of Mike's new book *The Other Night at Quinn's* this summer. When we hit greater Detroit, a guy at the bookstore there told me that he, too, was reading *The Hard Stuff*. "I wish Wayne had run some of the stuff by me," the guy at the bookstore said. "His chronology is all fucked up."

I don't doubt this for a second, because "fuckup" is the operative word for most of *The Hard Stuff*. Wayne Kramer, of course, was the guitarist for agitprop protopunks the MC5, who manage to immediately shoot themselves in the foot upon the release of their debut album *Kick Out the Jams*. They pal around with a biker gang called the Motherfuckers, who get the band blackballed from any number of East Coast clubs by inciting violence from the stage—and that's *before* promoter Bill Graham gets his nose broken in New York City, and before the band takes out an ad proclaiming that the biggest record-selling chain in Detroit can go fuck themselves.

The MC5's records don't go anywhere because of these missteps—all of which take place in the first third of the book. From there on out, Kramer has chance after chance to turn things around, but can't manage it. Instead, he robs houses, goes to jail, gets out, starts bands, gets hooked on drugs, half-ass quits, gets hooked again.

But I kept reading. Kramer's a skilled storyteller: it's easy to root for him through his many fuckups because of way he sets readers up. The first bits are about his childhood, where he conveys effectively to the reader the sense of warmth and safety he felt, before his mom becomes involved in an abusive relationship. The abuse spills over to him, his world is turned upside down, and the numbing influence of booze and drugs wrestle with his prodigious guitar talent for dominance. It's not a new story—especially if you're a fan, as I am, of rock bios—but Kramer's short, sharp bursts of prose, reminiscent of Alice Bag's in her excellent debut *Violence Girl,* are brutally effective.

After fuckups too numerous to recount here, Kramer finally burrows into the bedrock of his substance abuse and comes through the other side, discussing his addictions and recovery with frank honesty. The end result for me was an appreciation for Kramer's survival skills (and the incredible dumb luck which kept him from an early grave) and a reassessment of later MC5 records I hadn't spent much time with. Serious back-in-the-day heads might have a legitimate bone to pick with Kramer's chronology, but I think that even rearranged, the short chapters in *The Hard Stuff* would continue to pack a serious wallop. –Michael T. Fournier (Da Capo, dacapopress.com)

Boxing anyone into a purely and rigidly masculine or feminine nature is shitty, especially when you link it inherently to their sexuality.

–Jimmy Cooper | *Henry and Glenn Forever and Ever: The Completely Ridiculous Edition*

Henry and Glenn Forever and Ever: The Completely Ridiculous Edition
By Tom Neely, 320 pgs.

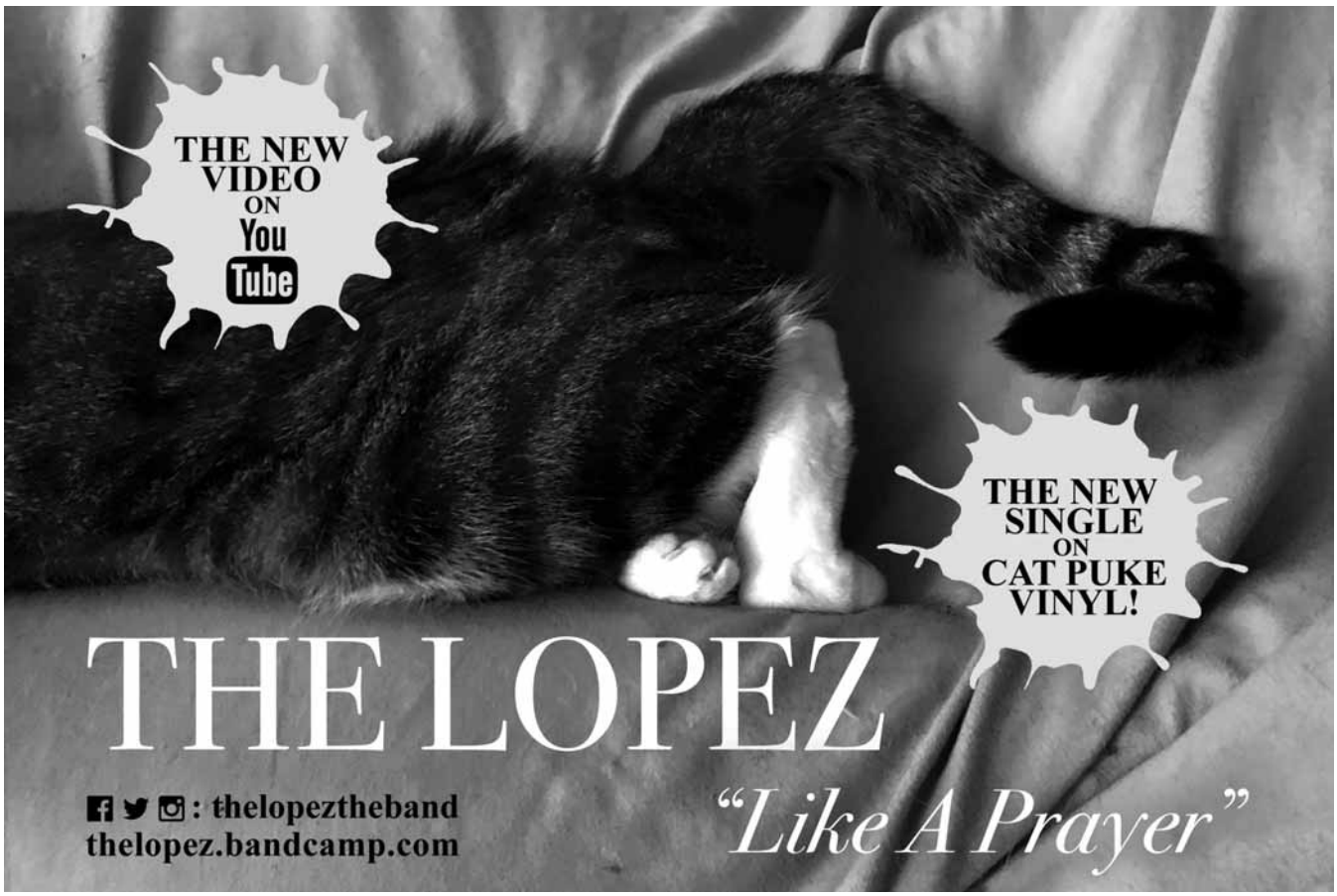
By now, many of us know about Henry Rollins and Glenn Danzig, punk rock's meathead darlings and toned butts of never-ending jokes, largely speculation about their sexualities. *Henry and Glenn Forever and Ever: The Completely Ridiculous Edition* is one of several collections of these jokes. If you're unfamiliar with the concept of *Henry and Glenn Forever*, the comic started as a series of zines, which started as barroom napkin doodles, which started as drunken jokes between friends.

I'll admit it conceptually drew me in. Being a sometimes-gay, definitely queer man-type person, I'm always here for scantily clad muscley dudes professing their undying love and cuddling under hand-crocheted blankets, especially if they're tattooed and musicians and wear lots of fishnetting (honestly, though, who among us isn't?). I didn't give it much more thought than the occasional chuckle/vague enjoyment from afar until I saw the most recent collection—as I see many of the books I end up reading—on a display at my library. I, checked it out, read it, and enjoyed it.

And then I made the crucial mistake when enjoying a lot of media: I thought about it. I'll give you the disclaimer now. This review is

www.jxrxkx.bigcartel.com
• Enameled Pins • ART (i draw stuff)
• Embroidered Patches
• CUSTOM MADE MERCH
jxrxkx@gmail.com
JXRXKX
CREATE TO DESTROY!
ARCANE
facebook.com/jxrxkx
@_jxrxkx_
IF YOU CAN'T SMASH IT, SET IT ON FIRE.
NO ONE DOES MERCH BETTER!

Off Center and the Holes
san luis obispo
california
budget RAWK!
facebook / bandcamp


THE NEW VIDEO ON YouTube
THE NEW SINGLE ON CAT PUKE VINYL!
THE LOPEZ
: thelopeztheband
thelopez.bandcamp.com
"Like A Prayer"

now getting into "destroying something a lot of us love because it's actually more problematic than we thought" territory. *Henry and Glenn Forever*, on second glance, reeks of the same internalized homophobia—and misogyny for that matter—that all that art of Trump and Putin making out reeks of. Of course *Henry and Glenn Forever* is funny! Two incredibly masculine men could *never* be gay! Then they'd have to be *feminine* and we all know being *feminine* is shameful and wildly contradictory to their true beefy manly nature! Also, isn't male-male affection hilarious? The entire joke here is playing on a sense of masculine, heterosexual superiority and an inherent sense of wrongness about queer identities, particularly gender non-conforming ones.

At the end of the day, gender expression and sexuality are fluid beasts. Boxing anyone into a purely and rigidly masculine or feminine nature is shitty, especially when you link it inherently to their sexuality. We're all weird, fabulous beings, with our own notions of what it means to be men or women or none or all of the above, and maybe Henry and Glenn should be left to decide for their own what being a man means. Even if it involves leaving each other sweet notes about cleaning the litter box. But hey, the art is cute! –Jimmy Cooper (Microcosm Publishing, microcosmpublishing.com)

Lemon Jail: On the Road with The Replacements
By Bill Sullivan, 145 pgs.

By my count, this is the fourth book in recent memory about The Replacements. I'm certainly not complaining, as they are one of my favorite bands of all time. I once lied to my parents (gasp!) as a teenager to get to a Replacements show in DC on a school night at age seventeen, but that's another story. While never claiming to be a biography, instead this book tells a story from someone who was actually there, tour after tour after tour, until (almost) the bitter end.

This is the journal of being in the smelly van with the band. Spirited hi-jinks regularly occur. By not actually being a member of the band seems to provide the author with a more balanced perspective. Roadie, and later tour manager, Bill Sullivan tells it like it was, with grainy, off-the-cuff photos included. There is some really funny stuff here. There's also crap in here that will make you wonder how he survived for so long. It is insightful, hilarious, but sometimes tragic. While only one former band member gives a ringing endorsement, that shouldn't stop you. *Lemon Jail* presents a highly entertaining look at a fantastic band that played for keeps out on the road. To the victor the spoils. –Sean Koepenick (University of Minnesota Press)

Stained Inside Out: A Selection of Brush & Ink Drawings 2013-18
By Bob Rob Medina

This is a massive collection of art from Mr. Bob Rob. If the name doesn't ring a bell, he did the cover of *Razorcake* #94. The pieces are colorful and often pleasantly saturated with ink, like a glimmering pool of paint. The subjects of the pictures are mainly bands and assorted punk people. Some pictures ran in the *Denvoid and the Cowtown Punks* (2015, Robot Enemy), which is an oral history of the '80s Denver punk scene. And some illustrations are slated to run in its sequel: *Denvoid and the Cowtown Punks: 2, The Kolorado Krew*. Each piece is accompanied and with some autobiographical context. Definitely worth reading for sentences like: "My first encounter with Klaus Nomi was right after my friend Jimmy and I transformed from being quasi cholos to wannabe punk rockers." Fans of Tim Kerr and Chris Shary take note. –Daryl (Robot Enemy, bobrob.bigcartel.com)

We Are The Clash: Reagan, Thatcher, and the Last Stand of a Band that Mattered
By Mark Anderson, Ralph Heibutzki, 376 pgs.

The two most universal things anyone with even a passing interest in punk can say is, "I love the Ramones" and, "I love The Clash." The anarcho bands that came along and made hay criticizing The Clash for selling out probably loved The Clash. Even Johnny Ramone stated The Clash was the only band he thought lived up to the Ramones, and he was on the other (right wing) end of the ideological and political spectrum from progressive firebrand Joe Strummer and company. Across The Clash's five studio albums from 1977-1983, and various singles and EP's, there's something that appeals to nearly any lover of guitar-driven music. And then there's the little addendum that the band lasted until 1986 and put out an album, *Cut the Crap*, that no one talks about. These last overlooked years are the meat of this book.

Things pick up at the US Festival in Summer 1983 and move quickly into what could described as The Clash II, when Mick Jones and Topper Headon were replaced by guitarists Vince White and Nick Sheppard, and drummer Pete Howard. Authors Andersen and Heibutzki pull a lot of their day-to-day and big picture perspective of the band during this period through interviews with the replacement Clash members and archival materials, while crafting a parallel narrative about the resurgent rise of conservatism in the U.S. and U.K. during this time under Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher.

The authors make an effective case for these newer members as committed to soldiering The Clash forward musically and ideologically in the face of this global ideological rightward shift. But they're continuously thwarted by things outside their control such as an increasingly erratic Joe Strummer who was prone to disappearing and self-medicating with alcohol and weed to cope with possible depression issues, and the dictatorial return of original Clash manager Bernard Rhodes. While Rhodes did probably have a large hand in the initial formation and conception of the band in the 1970s, after Mick Jones left Rhodes became a Svengali-like figure who began to push The Clash as his personal musical vehicle. Rhodes is portrayed as belittling or dismissing both the new and old members' ideas, and largely crafting the conceptually interesting but musically weak *Cut the Crap* LP on his own. Despite these obstacles, the newer members contributed to The Clash for nearly three years, and culminated in a back-to-basics busking tour of England undertaken by the five members with no outside support or planning during a period when The Clash name alone could sell out large venues.

The history of The Clash traditionally ends with the firings of Topper Headon and Mick Jones. *We Are The Clash* instead stakes its claim on the overlooked last three years and mines a surprisingly robust history for rise of neo-conservatism but waning of The Clash. –Adrian Salas (Akashic, Akashicbooks.com)

"My first encounter with Klaus Nomi was right after my friend Jimmy and I transformed from being quasi cholos to wannabe punk rockers."

Stained Inside Out: A Selection of Brush & Ink Drawings 2013-18

Something seemingly complex that we see everyday comes up and Passmore breaks it down to the bones of the issue while retaining a humor and beauty about it.

–Jimmy Cooper | *Your Black Friend & Other Strangers*

Your Black Friend & Other Strangers
By Ben Passmore, 199 pgs.

I first encountered Ben Passmore's work online in the form of the title comic, "Your Black Friend." Though admittedly not the most glamorous of beginnings, it stopped me scrolling through Facebook or Tumblr or whatever soul-sucking conveyor line of shitty news and shittier spelling I was consuming, and I read the comic. I thought it was beautiful, and relevant, and witty, and the colors were gorgeous, and all those good things, but I mostly forgot about it as one tends to forget things they read on the internet.

This did not quell my surprise and joy when I saw *Your Black Friend & Other Strangers* on the new graphic novel display at my library. I was ecstatic to find out there were more comics out there by Passmore, and even more ecstatic that he seemed like more than a one-hit wonder. Even just reading the introduction to the volume, I was stoked. This guy gets it, I thought.

I got lucky, because he does get it. Not only are the comics gorgeous—and they are gorgeous: the colors are fantastic, the characters well-designed, with an overall great visual vibe—if you'll let me use that weird expression, about the collection, but the stories ring honest and true. Though some are more abstract in storyline, many address completely contemporary issues in an almost biting manner. A particular favorite is "It's Not about You," an introspective look into Passmore's reaction to being introduced—and attracted to—someone who uses the gender-neutral pronouns "they/them." At first, he's confused and angry, but as the night goes on, he comes to the realization that their identity isn't about him.

The comics in the *Your Black Friend* collection tend towards a similar framework. Something seemingly complex that we see everyday comes up and Passmore breaks it down to the bones of the issue while retaining a humor and beauty about it. Even the more abstract comics, such as "ok stoopd!" and "The Vampire" serve as metaphors for social and political conditions in the way only comics can. The visuals are central to this metaphor, as in "ok stoopd!," in which an anthropomorphic chicken serves as a visual metaphor for reactionary fuckheads. Without this visual, the incredibly short scene wouldn't have the clever punch it does.

Again and again, Passmore draws you into his world, even if just for a single page, and teaches you something, all the while making you laugh and your heart swell in the fun of it all. These comics are good for the tired, jaded, and cynical soul of 2018. –Jimmy Cooper (Silver Sprocket, silversprocket.net)

Putting out so many records that we can't even afford this ad.

pink lincolns
suck and bloat LP Reissue

parasites/raging nathans
split 7"

starter jackets
decisions LP

chris barrows band
live fast die old EP

the spears
ghosts LP

the slow death
born ugly got worse LP reissue

hospital job
haze like me LP

The OTHER NIGHT at QUINN'S
New Adventures in the Sonic Underground

***The Other Night at Quinn's* is a fascinating window into a community of creators surviving beyond the mainstream in an otherwise overlooked outpost of the cultural underground that cuts across distinctions of culture, gender, race, age, and genre.**

Available for $12 (free shipping) through Razorcake, PO Box 42129, LA, CA 90042 or razorcake.org/gorsky-press

MIKE FALOON
Foreword by Joe McPhee
Photographs by Michael Bogdanffy-Kriegh

texas. punk.

bum out LP
tuneful emotional austin bummer punk

poizon LP
AU inspired swampy punk from houston

ex-optimists/economy island split 7"
GBV tribute - GBV covers and originals by both bands

heater 7"
dischordish sounding four song debut

economy island LP
GBV/AOL/Dino Jr influenced jams

total sound group direct action committee LP
previously unreleased LP from ex-big boys/ex-poison 13 legends

boss eye LP
texas sized rock n roll noise

ghost knife 7"
super hooky four songs from members of j church & riverboat gamblers

flesh lights 7"
powerpop/punk'n'roll from austin

plus lots more: livids 7", wet lungs 7", weird party 7", the best 7", camp x-ray 7", paul newman cd +more!

twistworthy records
po box 4491 austin tx 78765
http://www.twistworthy.com
twistworthyrecords.bandcamp.com